RADIO MIRROR

April
25¢

SUSAN DOUGLAS

Color Pictures

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

there is no substitute for the professional touch . . .

YOUR BEAUTICIAN'S SKILLED
PROFESSIONAL TOUCH AND A

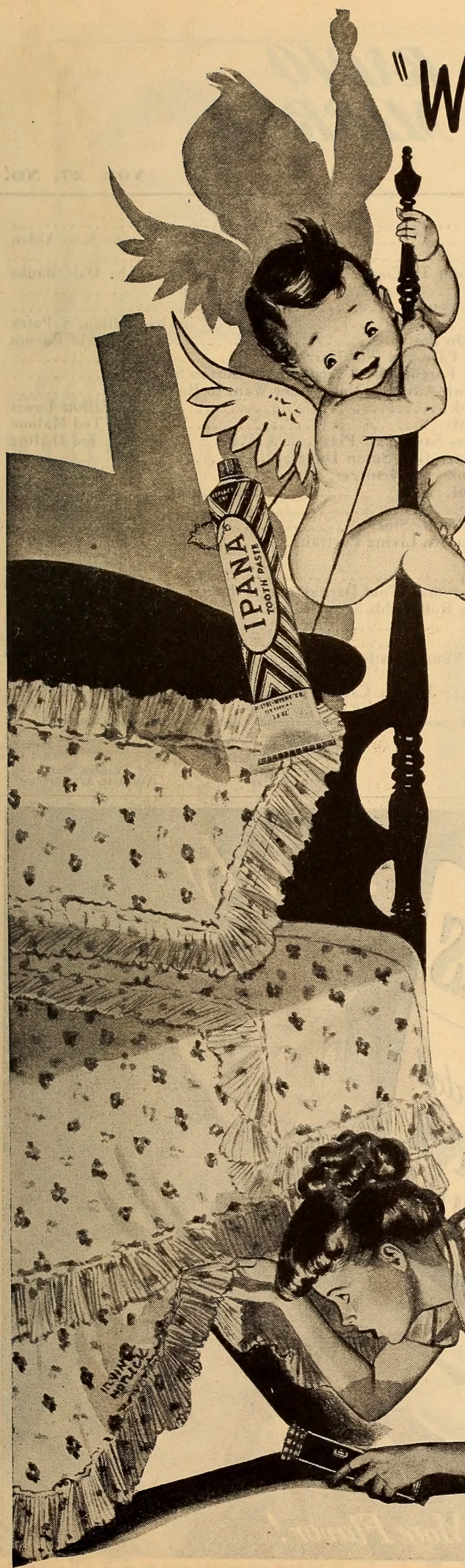
Helene Curtis Cold Wave

BRING OUT THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
. . . THE SYMBOL
OF PROFESSIONAL SKILL

For the most natural looking permanent you've ever enjoyed—soft, manageable and long lasting . . . ask for a genuine Helene Curtis Cold Wave, given by the skilled hands of your professional beautician.

"What're you scared of?"



GIRL: Of mice, not men, Nosey. There's no man-trouble in *my* life. In fact, there's no man in it.

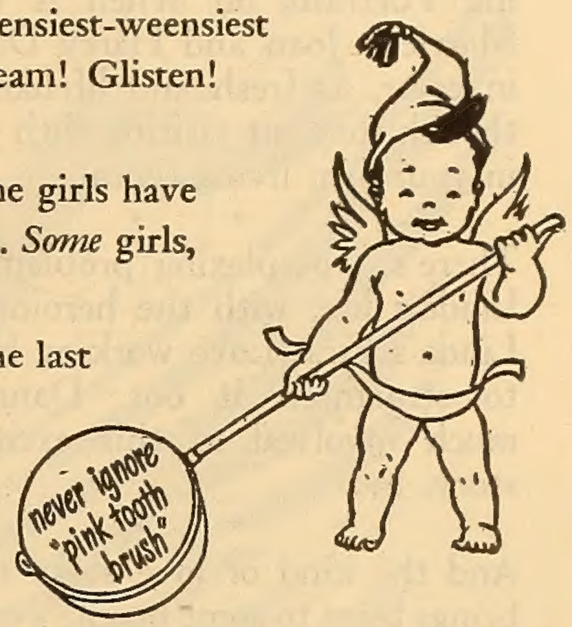
CUPID: Know *why?*

GIRL: No, why, Mr. Know-it-all?

CUPID: 'Cause you won't smile even the teensiest-weensiest bit. Has the cat got your smile? Then gleam! Glisten! Dazzle 'em!

GIRL: Listen Stupid, I mean Cupid. Some girls have smiles so bright you could read by 'em. *Some* girls, that is. But include *me* out.

CUPID: Hmmmmmm . . . when was the last time you saw "pink" on your tooth brush?



GIRL: Yester . . . "Pink"? weren't we talking about *smiles* a minute ago?

CUPID: I was. Still am, Quarterwit. That "pink" you saw means *see your dentist*. Let *him* decide what's what. If it's just another case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And 1-2-3 I start gleaming like *ma-a-ad!* People mistake me for a Neon sign . . .

CUPID: Yappity yap! Look, Glumdrop, a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, take his advice . . . and there'll be Men, not mice, in your life. Plural!

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA and MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Coming Next Month

We saved it for May! Because so many other nice things happen in May, we thought we'd come forth with an especially nice thing: Living Portraits on When A Girl Marries—Joan and Harry Davis in color, as fresh and lifelike as though they sat visiting with you in your own living room.

* * *

There's a perplexing problem in Linda's life, with the heroine of Linda's First Love working hard to straighten it out. Danny's much involved in this exciting story, too.

* * *

And the kind of love story that brings tears to some people's eyes, and makes others want to burst into song—the young-as-Spring-itself story of the romance of Donald O'Connor and his bride. Plus all the other features you've voted "yes, yes, yes" on—in the Radio Mirror with Dinah Shore on the cover!

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Introducing

MARIAN CARTER

ANYONE who thinks that women in radio all drool along in an atmosphere of cake batter and soap operas, just hasn't run across Marian Carter, radio director of New York's Town Hall and one of the key people responsible for the exciting America's Town Meeting, on ABC Thursdays at 8:30 P.M., EST.

In her nine years with this popular radio forum, Mrs. Carter has maintained a hectic behind-the-mike traffic with senators, statesmen, lawyers, labor leaders and all sorts of experts in every field of public life. It's her job to "build" the show. That requires a special ability to observe and analyze trends in the news so that she can plan ahead in such a way that a future discussion is still timely and so that the people involved in the panel are the most newsworthy authorities on that subject.

"That takes a bit of doing," Mrs. Carter smiled. "Even after you've got the perfect subject and have made a list of the best speakers on it, the hardest job is ahead—convincing the speakers."

An Illinois girl, Mrs. Carter came to New York upon graduation from Denison University in Ohio. In the big city, she landed a job as a hostess at NBC.

A little later, Mrs. Carter switched to CBS and, shortly after the switch was put in charge of daytime programs for that network. She met George V. Denny, Jr., the moderator and originator of America's Town Meeting, who was looking for an able assistant. Through Denny, Marian obtained a Rockefeller Foundation Radio Fellowship, which placed her on the Town Hall staff for a year's trial period. And the rest is history.

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That April shower won't bring you flowers!

LEAVES YOU whistle-clean and sweet—a refreshing shower like that. But don't stop there, honey. Think of your *future* charm!

Remember, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum protects underarms against risk of odor *to come.*

So follow up your bath with safe, dependable Mum. That's the way so many popular girls win bouquets and *keep* a beau enamored.

Mum

Product of Bristol-Myers

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

Rainbow Jackson starts his day all bright and shining with the aid of Ed Schaughency. Most anything can happen when the Musical Clock sounds alarm over KDKA each morning. Sometimes Ed and Rainbow are surprised, too.

MUSICAL CLOCK

Ed "Ole Getter-Upper" Schaughency.

THOUGH there are folks who regard him with as much fondness as they do the alarm clock whose harsh bell yanks them out of bed in the morning, Ed Schaughency and his Musical Clock program have proven most popular with KDKA audiences throughout Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio.

An early morning feature, Monday through Saturday, 7:10-8:00 o'clock, the "Musical Clock" has won for Schaughency the title of the "Ole Getter-Upper," and his unusual gift of chatter and sense of showmanship bring in as much mail, if not more, than any other KDKA program.

Schaughency began the program in 1934, shortly after joining KDKA's announcing staff. He had enrolled in Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa., but gravitated toward radio because of his liking for amateur dramatics.

In 1938 Rainbow Jackson, outstanding character actor of the Pittsburgh area, was added to the show and the joint efforts of the pair have turned what was originally a standard musical clock program into something which might best be described as a highly personalized and entirely irresponsible variety show.

Recently they have added another personality to the show, "Miss Satchelheart," characterized by Rainbow. She is proving so popular with the early morning listeners that letters of sympathy for her problems and gifts of all kinds come to her at the station.

Things are different now than when Ed first wound up his Musical Clock. His dramatic leanings, in fact, set him off on the wrong foot with the listeners. He conducted a turntable-and-time-signal opera every morning with all of the dramatics of the final scene of Hamlet. And never a word to mar the perfection of his diction. But he soon had his doubts, and transcribing a few of his programs, he listened to the records.

"What I heard," he said, "nearly scared me to death."

Then he dropped all formality and got friendly with his audience, and by the time Rainbow came along, the Musical Clock was already a favorite.

Ed and Rainbow are seldom without a new idea for their morning stint. After starting the first record they usually open the mike and sing with it for a chorus or two, and the show is on—tunes, gags and arguments, the pouring of oil on the troubled waters of matrimony and romance by Miss Satchelheart as she advises the lovelorn. As Rainbow says:

"It's de heavenliest program dere is—at least, dere ain't nuthin' like it on earth!"

Your hair is magic to a man . . .

Be good to it!

Make Listerine Antiseptic a Part of Your Regular Hair-Washing Routine as so Many Fastidious Women Do.

THEY know . . . and so do you . . . that infectious dandruff is a constant threat . . . that its ugly flakes and scales can rob hair of its beauty, and affect the health of the scalp.

And they know also that Listerine Antiseptic . . . famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene . . . is a wonderful precaution.

You simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and hair and follow it with vigorous fingertip massage for a few minutes. That's all there is to it.

How wonderfully clean and cool your scalp feels! How wonderfully fresh your hair looks! How quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear! And, most important of all . . .

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) which, many great dermatologists say, is a causative agent of this trouble.

Don't try to whip this stubborn invader with lotions and messy salves devoid of germ-killing power. Attack it with Listerine Antiseptic and its germ-killing action.

Use it Regularly

For your own protection, and that of your husband and your children, use Listerine Antiseptic regularly every time hair is washed. It's a delightful habit that helps people to look their best.

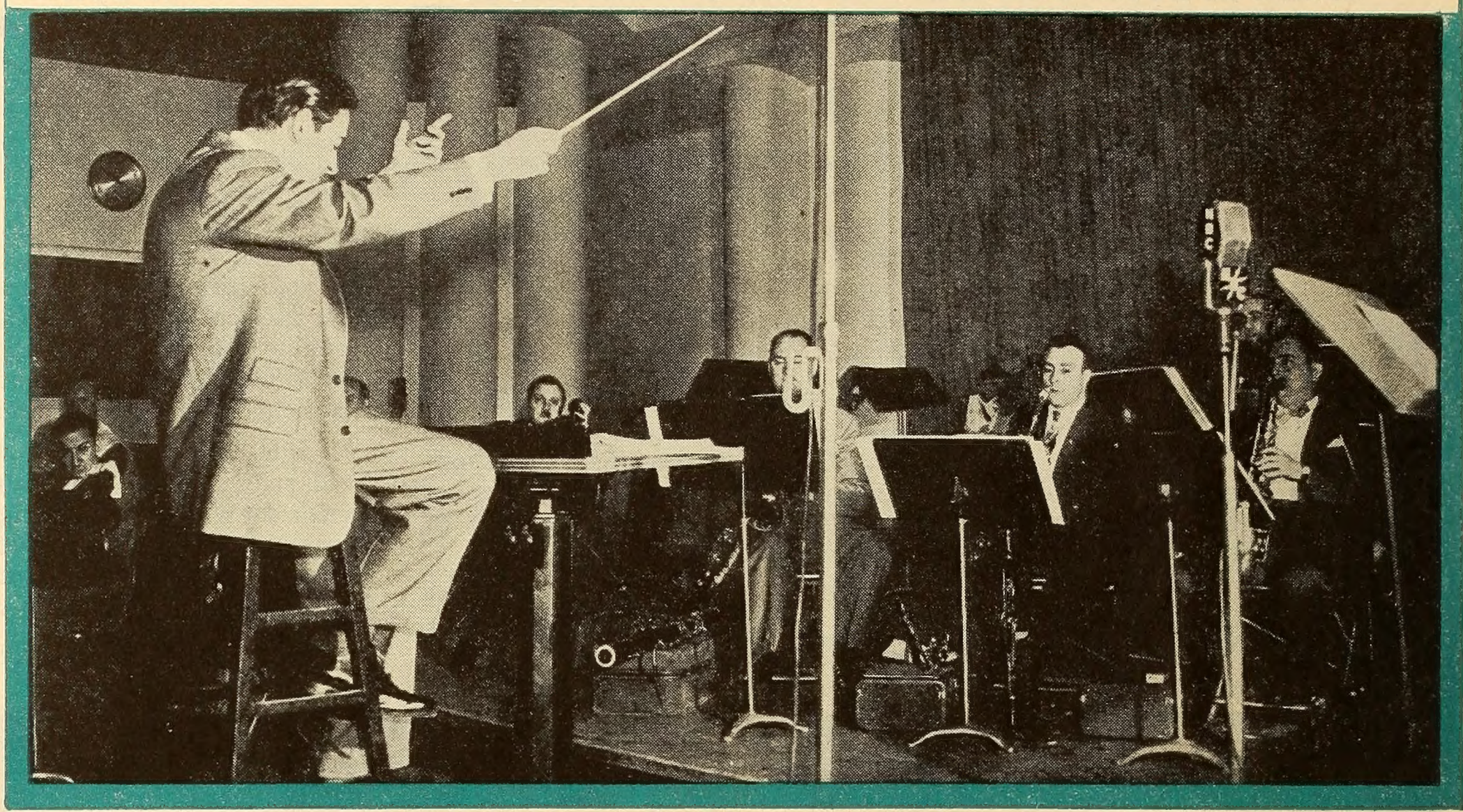
If infectious dandruff should get a head start, increase the treatment to twice a day which usually brings prompt improvement . . . in a clinical test it brought marked improvement to 76% of dandruff sufferers within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *for* **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**

The "Bottle Bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale)

The Music Hall Thursday nights at 9:00 P.M., EST, on NBC, features Russ Case and his orchestra.



Russ Case himself started in music business as a trumpeter.

Eddy Duchin plays that incomparable piano of his.

Facing

ABOUT six months ago, the parents of Russ Case paid their first visit to New York and Radio City to watch their son conduct the orchestra for the Eddy Duchin-Eddie Foy Music Hall show. They were very proud of Russ and his glittering jazz symphony stylings. They could remember, as if it were only yesterday, when little Russ, just turning ten years old, received his first musical instrument, a trumpet, and how his brown eyes shone when he first saw it.

"It seemed like a miracle to them," Russ told me. "We had been very poor, perhaps the poorest family in Hamburg, Iowa, and brother, when you're poor there, it's a dubious distinction. Lord knows how we had the money for the trumpet. There wasn't enough left to get a teacher. I got my first lessons out of the instruction book that came with the horn."

From that, a brilliant musical career was begun, although traveling from the modest Hamburg homestead to the upper radio brackets was no easy journey for tall, brown-haired Russ.

"I played that trumpet so much back home, I knew little else," he explains.

It was, therefore, obvious what career the Iowa boy would pursue. When he was 16, Russ joined a radio studio band in Davenport. He then proceeded to make himself unpopular with his fellow tooters by rising every morning and practicing from nine to twelve. They preferred sleep. Russ preferred perfection.

"I learned that the great music teacher, Ernest Pechin, was in the midwest; I decided to try and study with him. The only hitch was that Pechin was in Chicago, 200 miles away,"

Eddie Foy Jr. talks with Duchin, guest-star Robinson.

Milena Miller beautiful girl and lovely voice.

the Music

By KEN ALDEN

Russ recalls. But he recalls his determination, too. Each Thursday he commuted, covering 400 miles in a second-hand jalopy.

Russ married early. When he was 17, he met Lois Savage and they were married a few months later. Their first child, Barbara Frances, was born in 1936. Russ calls her "Sugar."

Three years later, Fate dealt Russ a hard blow.

The Cases were blessed with identical twins, Jimmy and John. When the twins were four, Jimmy became desperately ill, victim of a rare ailment, known as lymphatic lukemia, for which there is no cure.

"I tried every medical man in town. It was hopeless. Jimmy passed away."

It was a bitter blow, this first setback, but more followed. Russ was doing fine professionally, playing his golden horn, first with Paul Whiteman, Hal Kemp, Kostelanetz, and in rapid succession, with Rubinoff, Warnow, and Al Goodman. He began to make more money than he ever thought existed.

When war came, Russ was brought up for his Army physical. In the course of his examination, the busy trumpeter suffered a heart attack and collapsed.

"Case," the doctor warned, "you must stop playing the trumpet. Further pressure on your lungs will prove fatal."

Without the horn, Case's income vanished overnight. He had proved himself a trumpeter. To begin over again as a musical director was something else again.

"I was a nobody. No one wanted to take a chance. I was a well-known trumpeter but an

Mills Brothers rhythms are the crowning Music Hall touch.

Touch Up Your Smile with IVORYNE

More than a delicious chewing gum . . . IVORYNE is the *Chewing Dentifrice!* Ivoryne's famous extra ingredient, calcium peroxide, slowly bathes your teeth in New-Born Oxygen as you chew. Refreshing, purifying oxygen helps sweeten the breath and add new charm to your smile. Look for the handy little yellow-and-red box of IVORYNE GUM. You'll like the flavor —and the results!

The Gum That Brightens Your Smile

Martha Tilton's stylized singing can now be met with at Parky's, any Sunday night on NBC at 10:30.

unknown conductor," Russ continued, "My finances ran low. I'll never forget the night I hocked my typewriter to keep going."

But then the needed break came. Former musician Herb Gordon, who had become an agent at the William Morris Agency, heard of an important opening. Victor, largest of the recording companies, was looking for a new musical director of their popular music division. He recommended Case for the job and in a few days, contracts were signed. Russ Case was on his way.

His first assignment, arranging and conducting for a new singer, was a tremendous success. The singer was Perry Como; the record was "If I Loved You" from "Carousel" and it sold, eventually, more than a million copies. The next Como-Case collaboration was "Till The End of Time" and again the record passed that fabulous mark, as did a subsequent revival of the old Russ Columbo favorite, "I'm Just A Prisoner Of Love." Case was established.

He arranged and recorded Dinah Shore's backgrounds, supervised the waxed efforts of such topnotchers as Vaughn Monroe, Duke Ellington, Charlie Spivak, Tommy Dorsey, Tex Beneke and Sammy Kaye. He is in demand by the longhairs, too, and in a typical day, supervises the records of the distinguished Fritz Kreisler and then goes to another studio to conduct "Pee Wee, The Piccolo," a kiddie album.

In a short while, radio beckoned. When the new Music Hall show, post-Bing Crosby, was formulated, Case was given another musical opportunity, and he has delivered satisfactorily. On Music Hall he teams with such familiar radio people as the Mills Brothers and Milena Miller.

Case's hobby is midget autos. He attends all the races in New York and outlying towns and owns two cars playing the circuit. He designed his own plans to convert a jeep into a racing-type passenger car. The project is under way and is about half completed. His other hobby is "quonking" about music, a subject of which he never tires.

* * *

Tex Beneke and the Glenn Miller

Band are making musical history wherever they make an appearance—on stage, in a ballroom or on the air. The band is distinguished these days for its powerful brass, rhythmic sax section, a rhythm section that jumps, plus of course the well known Miller trademark, the clarinet lead; and it has developed a group of entertaining vocalists, and a string section.

Tex Beneke, Glenn's own discovery, is now directing the band Glenn would have led were it not for the fact Major Miller is "missing in action." He went down flying from London to Paris on a mission for his well-remembered Army Air Forces Orchestra. The new organization is in some ways typical of Miller's pre-war orchestra, considered by many experts and millions of non-professional music lovers to be the finest in the land, and in more ways typical of the Army Air Forces Orchestra he led for the millions of GI's in the European Theater of Operations who greeted it as the greatest gift from home they'd known in all their Army days, a living reminder of what America meant to them, of many things they were fighting to get back to.

Tex and the band are currently featured on two major network programs, the Judy 'n' Jill 'n' Johnny airshow with Johnny Desmond over Mutual (Saturdays, noon EST) and the Treasury Bandstand over Columbia (Saturdays, 3:30 P.M. EST). In addition, the boys have frequent remotes over all the webs from whatever night club or ballroom they happen to be playing while touring the country.

* * *

Frank Sinatra and his sponsor came to a mutual parting of the ways, with the Voice tired of it all, and the cigarette company tired of disappointing ratings. However, this will not discourage other bankrollers about Frankie and several bids have already come in, so the airwaves won't be long without a new network program for Mr. S.; and to fill the gap, the disc jockey shows will continue to merrily spin his records.

Unconfirmed, but interesting, is the report that Frankie will probably rejoin the Hit Parade next Fall.

(*Continued on page* 11)

Bob Hannon sings the romantic, nostalgic songs featured on NBC's Waltz Time (Friday, 9:30 P.M. EST.)

Are you in the know?

If you drop your fork, should you —

- ☐ *Pick it up*
- ☐ *Have your date pick it up*
- ☐ *Ask for another*

Ah-ah—mustn't touch. Let slipping silver lie! When your fork or *any* tableware falls, ignore it. Ask for another. By meeting trying moments serenely, no one will be the wiser. Cherish that thought for trying *days*, too. You'll meet the eye without a qualm by choosing Kotex . . . because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines. And you can keep your *daintiness* beyond doubt—thanks to the *deodorant* locked in every Kotex napkin.

If your hands are clammy, what helps?

- ☐ *Hold a hanky*
- ☐ *Wear gloves*
- ☐ *Use an anti-perspirant*

Smoothness and drippy hands don't mix! To keep them un-clammy, cross your palms with an anti-perspirant before you go dancing. And to keep confident at certain times, choose those partners-in-comfort—Kotex and Kotex belts. That heavenly softness of Kotex stands by you, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And, because your Kotex Wonderform Belt is elastic, fits divinely, you'll feel so carefree—so s-m-o-o-t-h!

Should you remember your beau's Mom?

- ☐ *If you want to*
- ☐ *By all means*
- ☐ *No; you'll seem forward*

Send a gift to your best beau's Mom? On Mother's Day or her birthday, why not—if you want to? Maybe a hanky or a little cologne. (It needn't cost a month's lunch-money.) If etiquette puzzles you, bone up. And to outsmart "problem day" uncertainty—learn for yourself how Kotex protects you in an extra-special way. Yes, that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you extra security. You're sky-high in confidence!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

That Bandbox Look

isn't come by accidentally, Lamby . . . You achieve it only by paying close attention to the little details of grooming . . . The prettiest hair-do, for instance, can go limp around the edges fast —if you don't anchor it with Bob Pins that have a Stronger Grip. And that means DeLong Bob Pins.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They're made of high-carbon steel so they can't slip and slide and they keep their snap and shape indefinitely.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

R BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
M SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

New Records

RECOMMENDED by KEN ALDEN

FRANK SINATRA:
The Voice truly comes of age with a stirring king-sized singing of "Soliloquy" from Carousel. A must. (Columbia)

JOE MOONEY:
The newly discovered quartet that features the smooth vocalizing of its sightless leader makes its Decca disc debut, wrapping up "Just A Gigolo" and "September Song."

FINIAN'S RAINBOW:
Victor has just issued a fine sounding album of eight bright tunes from Broadway's smash musical.

NORO MORALES:
Painstaking piano polishes off in rhumba style the rugged "Tea For Two" and "Escucha Mi Son." (Majestic)

DINAH SHORE:
Is there anything finah than Dinah singing "And So To Bed" and "Sooner or Later"? (Columbia)

PHIL HARRIS:
Two of Phil's favorites, "That's What I Like About the South" and "If You're Ever Down in Texas." (Victor)

HARRY JAMES:
A slick treatment of "Jalousie" with "Man On The Horn" sharing this wonderful work. (Columbia)

DINNING SISTERS:
Syrupy harmonizing of "Years and Years Ago" and "He Like It, She Like It" for Capitol.

JOHNNY LONG:
Re-issues his all-time disc hit "Shanty In Old Shanty Town" and pairs it with "Blue Skies." (Decca)

DOROTHY SHAY:
The Park Avenue Hillbillie is introduced to record fans in a new Columbia album that's new and different.

DICK LEIBERT:
The Radio City organist has a bright Victor album that features a lovely version of "Laura."

JO STAFFORD:
Stylized perfection with "Give Me Something To Dream About" and "That's Where I Came In." (Capitol)

BUDDY CLARK-RAY NOBLE:
A handsome combination with a potential hit in "Linda" backed up by "Love Is A Random Thing." (Columbia)

DICK HAYMES:
A fine foursome of ballads, "Where or When," "They Didn't Believe Me," "Star Dust," and "You Are Too Beautiful." (Decca)

KING COLE TRIO:
Soft and mellow things are done with "You Should Have Told Me" and "Want To Thank Your Folks." (Capitol)

SKITCH HENDERSON:
Bing's ivory-destroyer comes up with an exciting version of "Misirlou" and "Far Away Island." Worth attention. (Capitol)

DICK JURGENS:
May have a danceable hit with "Wyoming" and "Bless You." Jimmy Castle vocals both sides. (Columbia)

FREDDY MARTIN:
The modern master again clicks with an old master, dressing up Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique, and calling it "Rainbow's End." The reverse is the pleasant "Funny Thing Called Love." (Victor)

FACING the MUSIC

(*Continued from page 9*)

The thing every radio orchestra leader fears finally happened recently to Ray Bloch. Busy scoring and making rehearsal cuts for the new show, McGarry And His Mouse on Mutual, the tired Bloch left the studio an hour before the premiere, returned shortly before broadcast time, only to discover his entire musical score had been stolen. He got by all right, thanks to a photographic memory.

* * *

After all these years, Kate Smith and her sponsor part company after this season. Ted Collins, Kate's mentor and radio colleague is busy now listening to attractive offers from prospective bankrollers.

* * *

Bess Myerson, Miss America of 1945, is busy rehearsing an all-girl 21-piece orchestra for radio. Beautiful Bess is an accomplished pianist.

* * *

Although we reported Woody Herman had temporarily junked his band, he is anxious to do radio work as a soloist-master of ceremonies. Woody has also decided to remain on the Coast and won't reorganize his orchestra, until business conditions improve.

* * *

Hottest candidate for stardom this year is young Mel Torme, who wrote the recent hit, "Christmas Song." Carlos Gastel, who mentored the Stan Kenton and King Cole careers, is master-minding Mel's future.

* * *

The increasing number of record companies that blossomed and then died almost a-borning, has left several fine singers and orchestra leaders without disc releases. Hal McIntyre was among those affected and though he had a sure disc best-seller for Cosmo, they were unable to produce the records.

* * *

Metronome magazine has named Stan Kenton the band of the year and Peggy Lee as the singer of the year, two selections this corner won't argue with. Peggy is doing a bang-up job on Bing Crosby's record series.

* * *

Don't be surprised if Kay Kyser revises his College of Musical Knowledge next season, adding to the popular series several novel ingredients.

* * *

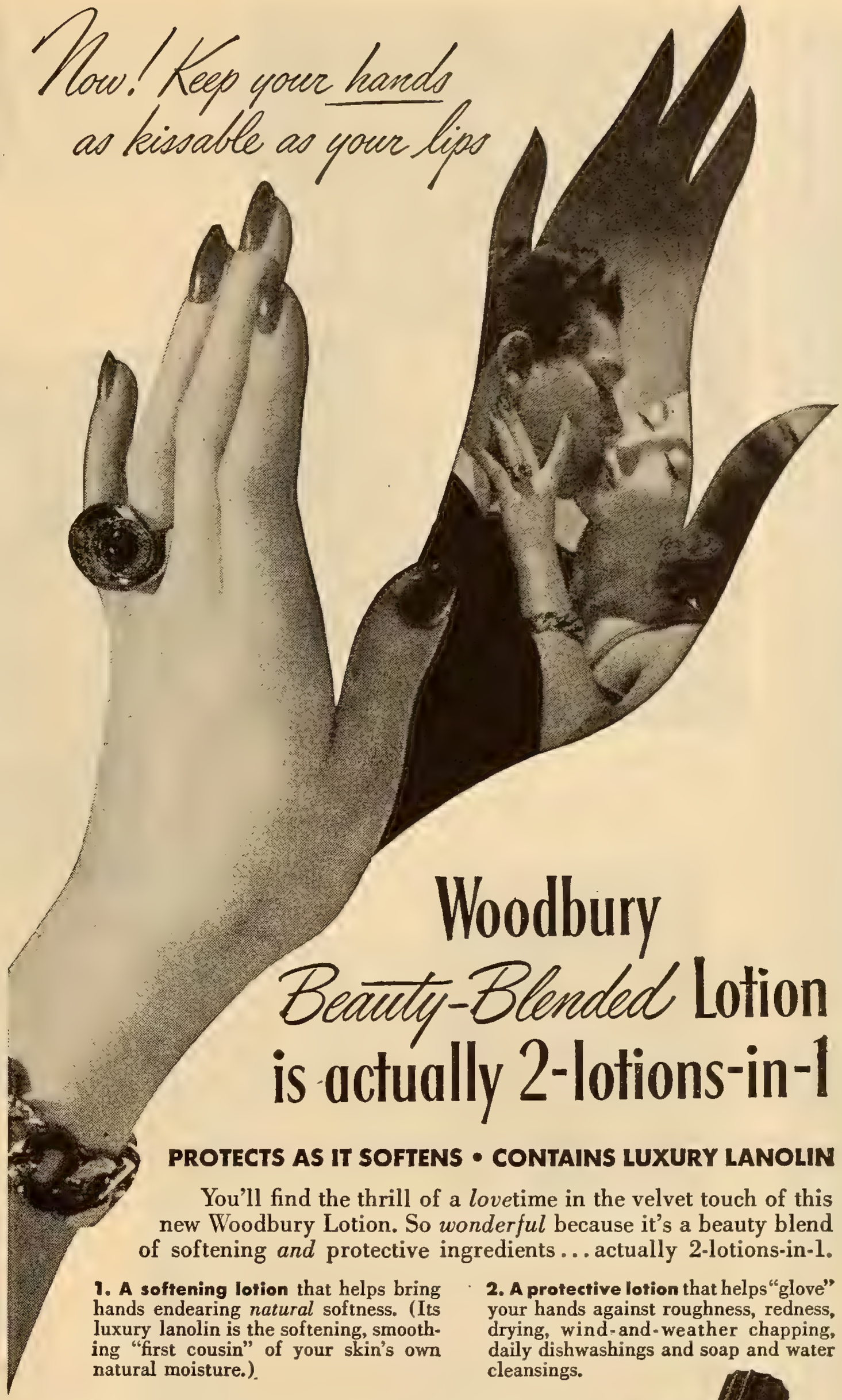
Frank DeVol, Ginny Simms' orchestra leader, has suddenly emerged as a funny man. His deadpan, dry and caustic wit was accidentally discovered one day in rehearsal by Ginny's new writers, Hugh Wedlock and Howard Snyder, and they immediately went to work giving Frank comedy lines. He became an overnight click in his new role and the public and press quickly accepted him. Now comes word that three big motion picture companies are dangling juicy contracts before Frank to work as a comedian, not a musician.

* * *

It will be interesting to see if Ruth Etting is serious about her radio comeback. The former Ziegfeld singing star and radio personality of a decade ago, has been in complete retirement and recently emerged on the Rudy Vallee show. In her day, Ruth was a fine and sincere performer with a distinctive style.

* * *

Don't expect the curious partnership of Victor Borge and Benny Goodman to continue on the air much longer. Such feuding!



Woodbury *Beauty-Blended* Lotion is actually 2-lotions-in-1

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS • CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN

You'll find the thrill of a *love*time in the velvet touch of this new Woodbury Lotion. So *wonderful* because it's a beauty blend of softening *and* protective ingredients . . . actually 2-lotions-in-1.

1. A softening lotion that helps bring hands endearing *natural* softness. (Its luxury lanolin is the softening, smoothing "first cousin" of your skin's own natural moisture.)

2. A protective lotion that helps "glove" your hands against roughness, redness, drying, wind-and-weather chapping, daily dishwashings and soap and water cleansings.

This very day, let your hands meet the new Woodbury Lotion. Its peaches-and-cream richness is instantly absorbed . . . becoming a beautiful and fragrant part of you. Smooth it on elbows, shoulders, legs, too. Get it at your drug or cosmetic counter, 25c and 50c. Or, we'll pay the bill for a 7-day test. *That's how sure we are you'll love new Woodbury Lotion.*

Free! **MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE.** Your own hands will show you the wonderful difference in Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion.

Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio • Dept. 526 • Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion sounds exciting. I'd love to try it. Please send me a FREE purse-size gift bottle.

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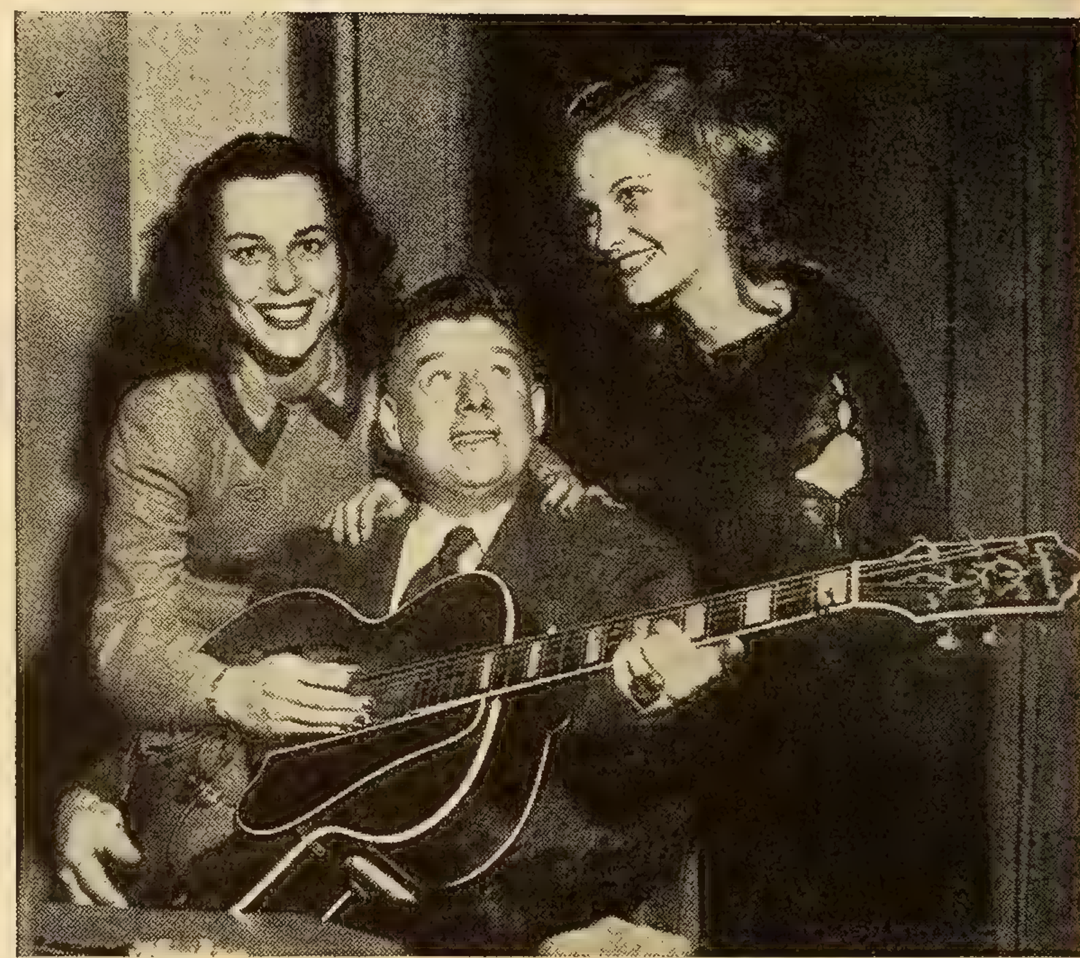
Print name and address plainly. (Sorry, this offer good in U.S.A. only.) Paste on penny postcard if you wish.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER AIDS TO LOVELINESS

What's New

Bill Stern

lets visiting Vivian Blaine in on his script before putting it on CBS air in his Sports Newsreel.



Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts

put two recent Miss Americas to the talent test on CBS. Bess Myerson and Jean Bartel put on a good program, too.

Isabel Leighton

has the chair on Woman's Club, CBS daily at 5:15.

WE know a number of modern, young parents, whose kids are getting to the avid radio listening stage, who are a bit worried. They listen in with the kids on occasion and, as one young mother put it, "Some of those adventure shows are enough to keep me awake half the night. It can't be good for children to hear that hair-raising stuff."

Relax, parents. There's some difference of opinion about the children's shows on the air. For that matter, there's some difference between the shows themselves. Some of them are sheer horror stories that could easily fill a young mind with night terrors, but with a little care and attention, kids can be directed toward other programs which have just as much action and furious sound. On the other hand, there are shows—like "Superman"—which are entertaining while being instructive, subtly teaching tolerance and understanding. In addition, for many children—and this is the opinion of several eminent child experts and psychiatrists—programs filled with action, violence, destruction, provide a vicarious outlet for the entirely normal tendency toward destruction which most normal children have. By imagining themselves as the heroes and heroines of these adventures the kids get a lot of their natural defiance and hostility out of their systems in a perfectly harmless way.

* * *

Word comes to us from out in the West that Lurene Tuttle is busy working on her first movie assignment, a role in "Heaven Only Knows." We're strongly tempted to fiddle around with that picture title, because it's a mystery to us why the movie moguls haven't glommed on to the lovely Lurene long before this. She's been one of the hardest worked radio actresses in Hollywood for some time, now.

* * *

Found Corwin grinning like a big kid over a letter he had just got from the Czechoslovak Broadcasting Corporation, informing him that his script, "Untitled"—remember, the case history of an average American soldier who died in battle—was being performed for the third time in four months, by popular request. One Czech, the letter went on, had even taken it upon himself to print posters announcing the broadcast, so his fellow citizens would be sure not to miss it. Looks like Corwin's One

from COAST to COAST

By DALE BANKS

Norman Corwin

is all things to Columbia Presents Corwin, CBS.

Vicki Vola

frequently involved with The Shadow, MBS, Sundays.

Bob Hope and Eddie Bracken

Two comedians, no feud—not even in fun—when Hope guested on Bracken's show, CBS, Sundays.

Lawson Zerbe, Elaine Rost, Harold Studer

Back to Yale at the turn of the century in NBC's Adventures of Frank Merriwell, Saturdays at 10 A.M. EST.

World Jaunt is bearing fruit in more ways than one, and in good ways.

* * *

Here's an idea other public figures could use. Fannie Brice has two signatures. One "Fannie Brice," is used in signing autographs. The other "Fannie Brice," is written with a few minor differences in letter formation and is used in signing checks and business papers. Among other things, Fannie says, the double signature tends to make life a little more difficult for possible forgers.

* * *

We're glad that Susan Peters is getting a break in radio. Acting is her business and ever since she's had to be confined to a wheel chair because of an accident, the movies and stage have been out. Radio is a perfect solution.

* * *

Burl Ives is our idea of a real troubadour. Not only does the music he sings spring from deep in the life of the people of our country, but he has that magic ability to pull others into the performance. In Louisville, Kentucky, he turned every show into a community singing bee.

WHO is Sylvia?

The dark lady who, although she was educated in Canada, sings South American songs—when she is not introducing a current ballad, swinging a golf club or listening to the classics—that is Sylvia, of WLW.

SYLVIA'S hair is like the night, just as the old song has it, and beneath those dark locks is an acute mind which can do research for a master's thesis on German Philology while vocalizing "All That Glitters Is Not Gold" or "Wyoming," both of which she introduced on WLW.

She lends her song-styling to "Coax Me a Little Bit," and yet loves to hear the classics—especially Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. She plays a wicked hand of bridge and drives a good 275 yards off the tee, and still spends many an hour reading French, Spanish or German literature in the original. And that is WLW's Sylvia, singer par excellence of South American and boogie tunes, pianist, linguist, sportswoman, cook—in short, lady of myriad talents.

It was Sylvia's rendition of the new tune, "Texas and Pacific," on WLW, that prompted the president of the Texas and Pacific Railroad to write for recordings. And Sylvia has introduced over the Nation's Station many a current ballad or boogie. The new "Passe" bears Sylvia's picture, because she gave the tune its initial WLW airing.

Her own career was launched in Canadian radio, when she was a student at the University of Toronto, and a leader in campus activities. At graduation she won a scholarship in languages to Ohio State University, left her home town of Mount Forest, Ontario, Canada, and came to the Buckeye State.

And then came a choice. The teaching profession lost a real linguist, but radio gained a charming and skillful vocalist—for Sylvia picked the road that led to the airways. She brought her skill and her genuine friendliness and warm personality to WLW in September, 1945.

Thousands of WLW listeners hear her now on Sylvia Sings, Sundays at 11:30 A.M., EST; Fashions in Melody, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6 P.M.; Housewarmers, Mondays at 11:30 P.M.; and "Sunnyside Revue," Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 P.M. Her distinctive song styling reaches listeners to WINS, New York, on "Fashions in Melody," five days weekly at 7 P.M.; and WINS patrons hear her too on "Housewarmers," Mondays at 10 P.M.

ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the double treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

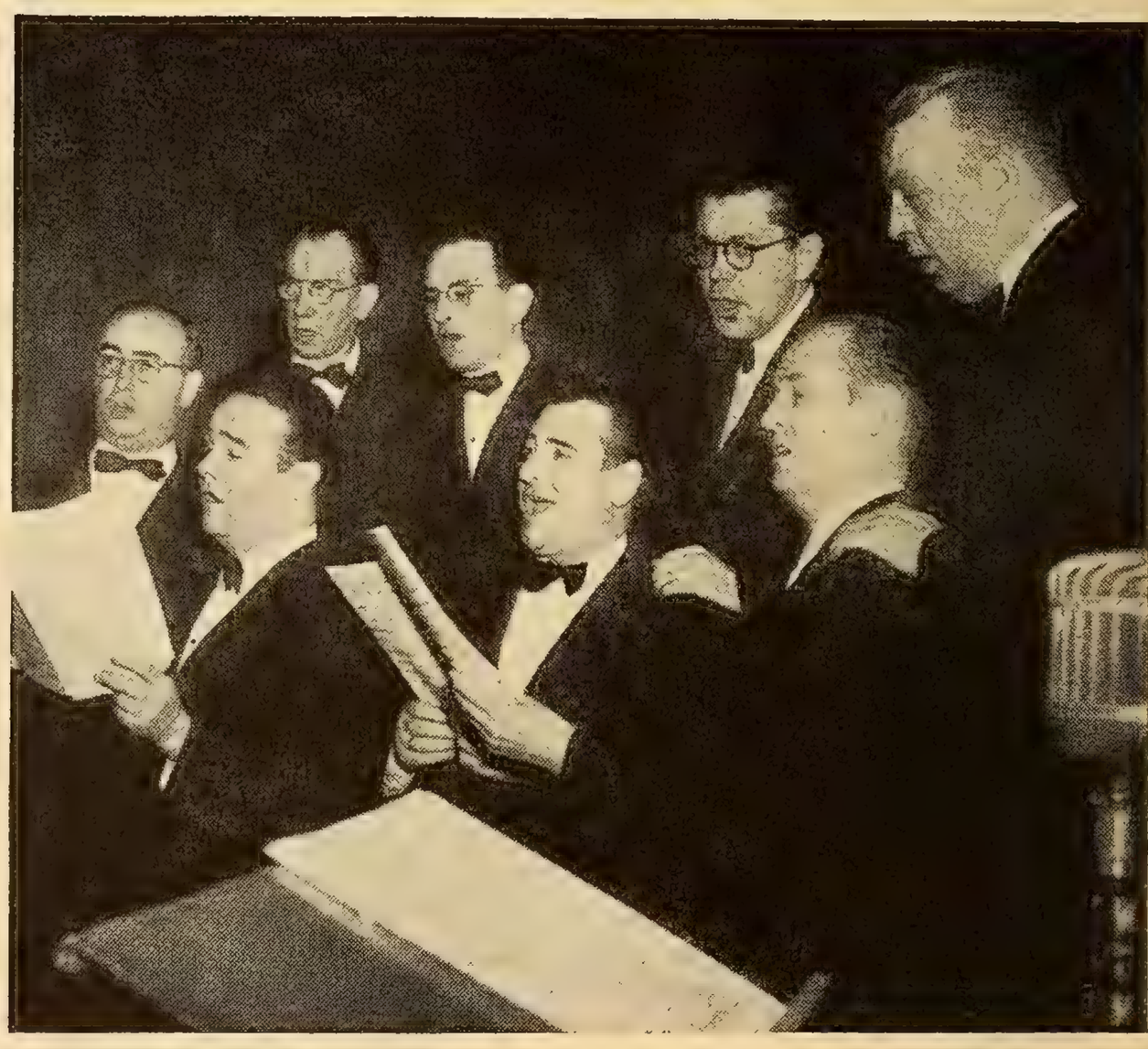
Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

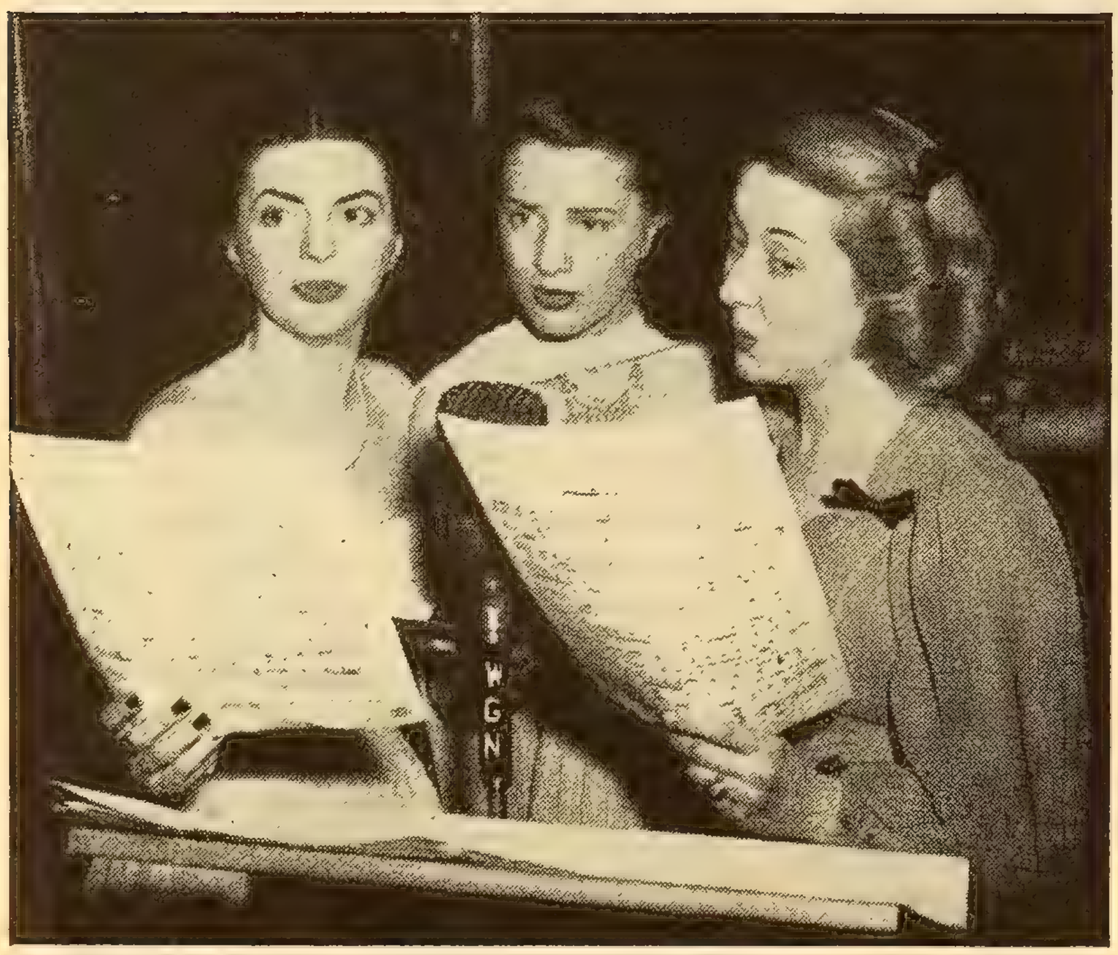
Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept.104, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent. *(Advertisement)*

Out of the Dusk to YOU

Distinguished conductor Walter H. Steindel directs the Northerners, is also assistant director of WGN's Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra.





The three female voices recently added to the male octet belong to Marilyn Palmer, June Brown, Irene Verner.

WHEN A RADIO program has met with continued success for more than fifteen years, it might grow to feel that it held the magic formula for radio entertainment. Not so the Northerners.

This weekly half-hour musical presentation will start its thirteenth year on WGN, Chicago, in April, and holds the distinction of being the oldest continuously sponsored program in Chicago radio, having been heard on another Chicago station before coming to WGN in April, 1935. Since its inception, the Northerners program has been sponsored by the Northern Trust Company Bank.

This series began Sept. 1931 on its first Chicago station, with the mellow harmonies of a male octet and a guest soprano soloist in selections which have lived through the years. Today the same octet has three feminine colleagues who add balance to the ensemble numbers, and take turns stepping into the solo spotlight.

Concurrent with this change in policy, the Northerners acquired a new director—Walter H. Steindel—who left his own orchestra in Europe at the age of twenty-three to come to America and is assistant director of WGN's Chicago Philarmonic orchestra in addition to his Northerners directorship.

The success with which the Northerners new vocal ensemble was met is indicated by such an increase in requests to visit the program that station executives arranged to present the Northerners from the WGN studio-theater before 500 guests each Wednesday.

One night Nanette Fabray and Dick Smart, stars of the stage production, "Bloomer Girl," appeared to present a medley of the hit tunes from that show; another evening Paula Stone appeared to comment on "Sweethearts," while the Northerners ensemble sang hits from that old favorite.

Radiance is spelled: C-O-L-O-R... for the NEW "2-0-8" EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER enlivens your skin with a vivacious radiance of color.

Allure is spelled: P-E-R-F-U-M-E...

for this new face powder brings you in an INTENSIFIED, more lasting form, the alluring perfume of EVENING IN PARIS!

and—
it covers and it clings
and it covers and
it clings!

"2-0-8" is the sensational new face powder process developed by the House of Bourjois! A modern miracle of jet-propulsion *infuses* every tiny powder particle with color and perfume at the rate of 2.08 miles a minute!

Covers so well it hides tiny surface flaws . . . and as for cling, you've never seen a powder stay on the way this does! It's moisture-resistant, too . . . which means the radiant color stays true on the skin.

$1 plus tax

NEW

Evening in Paris

Face Powder by **BOURJOIS**

NEW Clear-Base Box...it's transparent!

Choose your shade from the eight new *true-skin* colors through this *clear-base* box —exclusive with Bourjois.

NEW true color...it's moisture-resistant!

NEW truer scent—it's intensified!

NEW long-clinging texture—it's vitalized!

NEW "2-0-8" process—it's exclusive!

Helen Neushaefer, color and style authority, finds in tropic birds Nature's warmest, richest colors.

Captured for your nail-do...flaming color from the enchanted tropics

Your fingers, groomed with Helen Neushaefer Nail Polish, fairly dance with life and color . . . flame like sunlight caught on the wings of tropic birds in flight. And . . . most wonderful to know . . . PLASTEEN, miracle ingredient, found only in colors Helen Neushaefer has created, helps shock-proof your nails against chipping . . . makes more brilliant all twelve of her brilliant color-creations. Only ten cents at chain store and leading drug cosmetic counters.

The Miracle of PLASTEEN

Plasteen is the secret ingredient that makes Helen Neushaefer Nail Polish so easy to put on . . . so hard to chip off . . . keeps it smoother-flowing, free of bubbles . . . adds lustrous, jeweled brilliance to her ravishing colors. And to hers exclusively!

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It lasts so long . . . it looks so beautiful

And ask for these exciting Helen Neushaefer creations:
Liquid Mascara • E-Z Hair Removing Glove • Lipstick Brush

Radio AND ITS CRITICS

Radio Mirror, aware of much present-day criticism of radio, presents here one informed authority's answer to that criticism. The following is a shortened version of a speech delivered by William S. Paley, Chairman of the Board of CBS, before a meeting of the National Association of Broadcasters.

DURING the past twelve months or more, ever since I became a private broadcaster again, I have been reading and hearing—and I know all of you have, too—growing criticism of American broadcasting.

The sheer volume and frequency of these attacks, together with the wide circulation they receive, constitute an enormous influence on public opinion. I for one have come away from all this criticism with a conviction that we broadcasters, collectively, have been guilty in the main of dangerous silence and inaction. We have allowed criticism of radio, for lack of appropriate reply, to assume the dimensions of a fad.

I am not speaking against critics and criticism as such. In a democracy we not only expect but encourage the citizens to express dissenting views. Essentially that is healthy. So I am not complaining against complaint. As for professional by-lined criticism in newspapers and magazines, I believe all broadcasters should welcome it. It is desirable that radio should receive the same sort of intelligent reviewing which books, plays, movies, concerts and so on receive.

The kind of criticism of all radio which serves no constructive purpose is something else entirely. It is marked by superficial generality. It is too often the technique of those who listen to one or two programs and then set themselves up as radio experts. These attacks on radio sometimes are hard to understand. A recent independent survey, conducted on a scientific and comprehensive basis, indicates that 82 per cent of the people believe radio is doing a good job or an excellent job. The churches, as a social institution, ranked next in public favor, with 76 per cent of the people believing that they do a good job or an excellent job. The public school systems, on this same scale, scored only 62 per cent, local governments 45 per cent. Evidence from impartial outside sources also indicates that of many great institutions in America radio serves the needs of the people best of all. Why then should an industry which apparently has such a fine record of public endorsement nonetheless be under so much fire?

I believe much of the answer lies in a problem which confronts no other business, no other medium of information, no other medium of entertainment: the basic, extraordinary fact that private broadcasting in America must be two things at the same time.

Primarily, radio is a mass medium which must serve the masses. Secondarily, it is a medium which must also serve the specialized needs of minority groups.

Here I want to hold up to candid inspection one of the fundamental premises which many of our detractors stand on. This premise is usually expressed in some such terms as these: "Radio supported by advertising—advertisers want only mass circulation—that's the reason why most radio programs ignore the interests of smaller groups and are aimed only at reaching audiences measured in the millions."

This premise simply will not stand the light of day. Let's remember that radio exists to serve the people. Is it conceivable, in (*Continued on page* 69)

The Year it Snowed

David Harum

EVERY year, a couple of weeks before Easter, my sister Polly begins turning the house upside down. She takes all the rugs and hangs them out in the breeze, she yanks down the curtains and washes them, she scrubs the woodwork and floors, and she makes me take off the storm sashes and put up screens on all the windows. About one year in two the weather, while Polly's doing all this, is cold enough to freeze the ears off the bronze Civil War soldier in the square, and I say to her:

"What in thunder are you making all this commotion for, Polly? Don't you think you're rushing the season a mite, doing your spring cleaning in the middle of winter?"

I never faze her. No matter what the thermometer stands at, she goes right ahead with her scrubbing. "Easter," she says. "A week from next Sunday is Easter, and that means it's spring."

"My bones say different."

"Then you're getting old," she retorts. "I've been doing my spring cleaning right before Easter for a good many years, David Harum, and I aim to go right on doing it then. As you go out, take that stuffed living room chair out into the backyard—I want to beat the dust out of it." There's no arguing with Polly when she's in a cleaning mood. She's a woman, and women are set in their ways. They operate on instinct, not logic.

But ever since a couple of years ago I've had the feeling that maybe Polly's right. Maybe her feminine instinct knows what it's up to when it sends her scurrying around the house with a scrubbing brush in her hand and her head tied up in a towel. Because something happened that Easter—something kind and happy and uplifting—to a young couple I know, a boy who thought Easter was just another Sunday and a girl who knew it was more than that.

They woke up, this Tim and Peggy McArdle, on Easter morning, and they looked out of the window and saw it was snowing. The first snow of winter can be a mighty exciting sight, but snow on Easter is a horse of a different color. Far as that goes, even the snow seemed to be of a different color from ordinary, honest snow. It wasn't white, it was a dirty gray, and it came out of a low gray sky, sifting down lazily through air that seemed too thick to let it fall. Once on the ground, it turned into slush.

"Easter!" Tim said, letting the window-curtain fall back into place. "Now what're you going to do with all those new clothes you bought?" There was a sort of disgusted triumph in his voice, an "I told you so" tone, and as he confessed to me later, he really was glad to think that the money and effort Peggy'd spent on new clothes for herself and the youngster was wasted. Tim wasn't mean, but he was young and he had a hard job in the mill, and he and Peggy'd been married just long enough so it wasn't a novelty any more and—well, for some months he'd been unable to shake off the feeling that life wasn't much fun, at least the way he was living it.

Peggy buttoned up the front of her faded cotton housedress. "Do with them?" she asked coldly. "Wear them to church, of course, just as I planned."

"Ye gods and little fishes!" Tim said. "In this weather?"

"In this weather."

By DAVID HARUM

David Harum, a radio dramatization produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard Monday through Friday at 10:45 A.M. EST on CBS. David Harum is played by Cameron Prud'homme.

on Easter

A Springtime parable of two young people who seek the Rebirth this Season brings

"Of all the crazy notions!" Tim flared at her, full of scorn and bitterness. "It isn't enough that you've got to run out and spend money we can't afford for fancy new duds—it isn't enough you've stayed up half the night, every night for a week, sewing—now you've got to wear the things in a blizzard and ruin 'em! You—"

But he stopped, because Peggy had turned her back and walked out of the bedroom. He could hear her in the little nursery next door, getting Timmy out of bed, making soft, cooing mother-sounds. Tim scowled, and threw on his clothes—old ones. He usually shaved before breakfast, and would have done so this morning, since he and Peggy and Timmy were going to church, but he told himself he didn't know whether he'd go or not. Peggy could go by herself, if she was so set on it. Or he might decide to go finally, but he'd let Peggy wonder awhile first.

Knowing Tim and Peggy, you'd have said they had everything in the world to be happy for. Oh, they weren't rich, in fact they were on the poor side, but lots of people are poorer, and Tim was smart and active; everybody who worked with him said he was going to get ahead. He was a good-looking youngster, in a thin, nervous way. He had black hair and alert eyes, and a wide, engaging grin when he felt like using it—which hadn't been often, lately. Peggy was a little, milky-skinned red-head, pert as a canary-bird, but with a quick temper. Timmy was two years old, and Peggy saw to it that he was healthy and clean; but he was mischievous and could be a holy terror at times. I wouldn't want a kid that couldn't.

All the same, it had been a hard winter for them. First Tim was sick, then Peggy, then Timmy—and then it had started all over again with Tim. He lost a good deal of time at the mill, and the many doctor and drugstore bills were always high. Peggy was very often tired and cross when he got home at night, and (*Continued on page* 72)

Phil's silver-mounted saddles, too good for the stables, are on dining room display. Alice was understandably startled the first time she saw them, but "You get used to it!" she says.

Come and Visit

How a bachelor's life was changed by three lovely blondes —changed for the happier

Good family life comes before the Harris career, the Faye career, or the joint Faye-Harris venture.

IT'S very easy to get lost driving out from Hollywood to the home of Alice and Phil Harris. The wandering, crooked road changes its name a dozen times as it climbs up into the Encino foothills from Ventura Boulevard. You have plenty of time to wonder what sort of setting Phil has conceived for the three beautiful, blue-eyed blondes who are the women in his life, his wife, Alice Faye, and their two daughters, Alice, who is five years old now, and Phyllis, who is three. Whatever your preconceptions are, you are certain to be surprised.

The women-folk may rule in numbers, as it turns out, but there is nothing delicate or Dresden-tinted about the sprawling ranch house where the Harrises live. Phil built the place fourteen years ago when he was a confirmed bachelor, and the feminine invasion has only slightly modified its mannish character. The siege of this particular one man's castle began seven years ago when Alice came there as a bride.

"I loved the place just the way it was," she recalls. "I liked the feeling that you could put your feet on anything you liked. The house invited you to let your hair down and relax." She liked the big, rather bare rooms, the massive fireplaces.

She was a little startled—as one is, visiting there today—to find silver-mounted riding saddles—rather than old Georgian coffee pots—in the dining room, and a professional size pool table and enormous gun cases (but no books) in what in most houses would be the library,

On the opposite page: Alice and Phil Harris at home, with little Alice, left, and Phyllis on her Mother's lap.
Alice Faye and Phil Harris star together on the Bandwagon program, Sunday nights at 7:30 EST on the NBC network.

ALICE FAYE and PHIL HARRIS

"Smart Californians," say the Harrises, "live outdoors all the time." They make good use of every one of their eight acres.

Come and

The low, sprawling

For a man-managed house, Alice admits, Phil's was inviting and comfortable. But the collection of early American china came in with the bride.

Work and leisure overlap when business is a family affair. Relaxing at home, the Harrises critically check a playback of their program.

ouse Phil built fourteen years ago has been modified only slightly—just enough to make room for the first Alice, the second Alice, and Phyllis.

but she got used to it. So would you. It takes about five minutes for the relaxation to set in.

"I wouldn't have changed a brick or a board of it," Alice confides, "but things happened."

"We didn't expect," she adds, with a broad grin, "to have all these children."

In its original design, Phil's house provided for one "family" bedroom—a good big one, with bathroom and dressing room built to scale. The only other sleeping rooms were the servants' quarters and they were far away on the other side of the house.

THE first baby's impending arrival five years ago posed a problem. With eight acres to spread out on, there was plenty of room for the house to grow but Alice didn't want to change the compact feeling of it. Consequently, architects and builders were called in, a hole was knocked in the roof, and a second story—a bedroom, two baths and two dressing rooms for Phil and Alice—added. The former "master bedroom" became the baby's nursery.

Now, with Phyllis getting big enough to want a room of her own, the house has growing pains again.

"As soon as we can get materials," Phil says, "we're going to build a suite for the children on top of the garage. They'll be far enough away from our room to make as much noise as they like."

The present arrangement makes for one stringent "house rule." No yelling until (*Continued on page* 62)

After all of my worrying, the day turned out to be much more pleasant than I had dared to hope for.

Gathered on the younger Burtons' lawn is "the Family." Left to right, they are: Terry, the Second Mrs. Burton, played by Claire Niesen; Mother Burton, played by Evelyn Varden; Louise, Stan's sister, played by Patsy Campbell; Stan, played by Dwight Weist; and Brad, played by Carl Weber. The second Mrs. Burton is heard Monday through Friday, 2:00 P.M., EST, on CBS.

Some Things are Best Forgotten

Once more The Second Mrs. Burton finds her thinking at odds with that of "The Family"—She tells what happened when snobbishness went too far

SOMETIMES I think it's funny, the way the Burtons never forget that they *are* Burtons. In a way I suppose it's understandable. Their ancestors helped build Dickston; the Burton store is an institution in town; people come from miles around to trade with faith in the Burton name.

So, when Mother Burton draws herself up to her full height and gets the "family" look on her face, I usually just chuckle to myself and remind myself that she really has reason to be proud, and that if she enjoys thinking about it—well, it doesn't hurt anybody.

But sometimes it isn't funny. Sometimes it does hurt. I'm thinking particularly of an incident that happened this last Easter—only "incident" isn't the right word. It was very nearly a catastrophe. It began on Good Friday evening, with the ringing of the front door bell. Stan was upstairs napping, and I went to answer. On the threshold was a very tall young man, with hair so blond that it was almost white and a copper-brown skin. "Mrs. Burton?" he asked tentatively.

I nodded—just as tentatively. You see, until recently there were three Mrs. Burtons here in Dickston. Stan's mother, and Marion, Stan's first wife and the mother of his son, Brad—and I. A few months ago Marion became Mrs. William Sullivan, and about the same time Mother Burton sold the family home she had shared with Stan and me and took an apartment with Stan's young sister Louise. But still, when a stranger comes to the door and asks for Mrs. Burton, there is some question as to which Mrs. Burton he means.

"I'm Jud Clarke," he said. "I just got in from Arizona. Your brother told me to look you up."

At that I stepped back with a smile of real pleasure. Living here in upstate New York, I miss my family. They're all in the Midwest, except for Jim, who is in Arizona, farther away than any of them.

"Come in," I invited. "I think Jim's mentioned you—"

"We're pretty good friends," he agreed. "He lives not far from our ranch, and we see a lot of each other. I brought you a note from him—" He was following me into the living room as he talked, moving with the awkward caution of a man who is used to space and who suddenly finds himself closed in among fragile furnishings and delicate knick-knacks.

"Dear Terry," Jim had written. "I'm glad you have this chance to meet Jud Clarke. He's gone out of his way to help me many times, and if there's anything you can do to make his stay in the East more pleasant, I'll regard it as a favor to me. . . ."

I smiled at Jud over the note. "How long are you staying?"

"I can't tell, exactly," he answered. "I've come to meet my girl. She's a WAC, and we got to know each other overseas. I got my discharge a year ago, but she'd signed up for Occupation Duty, and she's just now coming home. Her ship's supposed to dock in New York today, but she cabled me before she left England, telling me to meet her here—figured that if there was any delay in her getting off the boat, there'd be less chance of our missing each other in Dickston than in a big city like New York."

"This is her home town, then?" I asked partly for the sheer pleasure of listening to his soft, slow speech. His *I* was *Ah*—"Ah cain't tell. . . Ah got mah discharge. . . ."

"Sort of," he said. "Mary's an orphan, and she's been brought up by different sets of kinfolk from Maine to California. An aunt of hers has a farm a few miles from here, and she's going to stay with her until she gets her discharge and we can be married."

It was touching, the way his face lighted when he spoke of his Mary. "And you haven't seen her for over a year!" I marveled. "Oh, you must be excited!"

"Excited!" His blond lashes lifted; his eyes glowed darkly blue. "I'm so excited, I'd like to throw a rope over that train and pull it in!"

I LAUGHED. "Well, since you can't do that, you'd better make yourself comfortable and wait—" A thought struck me. "Where are you staying?"

"I'm trying to get in at the hotel. It's full now, but they said they might have a room later tonight—"

I knew what that meant. Dickston is as crowded as any place else, and promises from the hotel were just—promises. And I knew what I ought to do, what I wanted to do. My own mother would have told Jud to move right in for as long as he wanted, and that's what Jim would expect me to do for his friend. But the Burtons are different. Not that they are inhospitable, but their hospitality is not as casual as ours. And this was Easter, as exclusively a family occasion to the Burtons as Christmas or Thanksgiving.

"Then you'll stay here, of course," I said with more heartiness than I felt.

"But it's a holiday," he objected, "and you'll have made plans—"

I insisted, and he accepted without too much urging. I understood his reasoning: if I had called at his home under the same circumstances, I'd have been asked to stay. Then Stan came downstairs, and I introduced them, adding quickly, "Jud's staying with us tonight, Stan. He's here to meet his fiancee, who's on her way back from Germany—"

There are advantages in the Burton training. Stan didn't like it a bit that we had an unexpected guest, but he didn't show it before Jud. He was cordial, offered to drive to the station for Jud's bags. But Jud refused, saying that Mary expected him to be at the hotel and that he wanted to stop there and leave our address should she call or wire from New York.

After he'd left, Stan turned to me. "What ever possessed you?" he demanded. "Easter, and Aunt Lavinia coming—"

I gasped. I'd forgotten about Aunt Lavinia. I'd never seen her, but I'd heard a great deal about her from the Burtons. She wasn't a real aunt, but a distant cousin, old, half-crippled, very wealthy, reportedly eccentric, who divided her time between Florida and her estate outside of Dickston. She kept to herself; no one presumed to visit her without an invitation, and her invitations were rare. Her visits to the family in Dickston were even less frequent, the last having been just after Brad was born, nearly ten years ago. I was the last person who should have forgotten about her impending visit. I was aware that it was regarded as something of an honor, and I very much wanted her to like me. Also, the note announcing her coming had specifically stated that she wanted to see Brad. I love young Brad, but his being with us means that Marion is close at hand, and when Marion and I are together—well, it's like the unsheathing of invisible swords.

"Oh," I said faintly. "Stan, I didn't think. . . . But I don't really know what else I could have done."

Brad was enchanted with Jud—a two-fold hero, cowboy and bomber pilot!

"Never mind," said Stan. "He seems to be a likeable guy, and anyway, he'll probably be gone before she shows up. If he isn't—" he shook his head, "—it might be inconvenient."

It soon became apparent that it was going to be more than that. Jud came back with his bags; one of them bulged with presents for me. A Navajo rug—real Navajo, not one of the machine-made things put out for tourists. You could tell by the clear colors, the small irregularities in the pattern. A pottery bowl as big around as a small table, as colorful as the rug. Beautiful, both of them, and utterly out of place in our conservative living room. I was admiring the rug, and wondering what in the world I was going to do with it, when Louise and Mother Burton arrived. Stan let them in, but he had no time to warn them that we had a guest. The sight of Jud, and his suitcases, stopped them short in the living room doorway.

"Mother Burton, Louise," I said, "this is Jud Clarke, a friend of my brother Jim."

JUD ROSE to his full height, beamed down impartially upon pretty little Louise, and dignified Mother Burton. "I'm happy to make your acquaintance," he declared.

Mother Burton said, "How do you do?"—coolly, with a rising inflection that questioned his being there. For the first time I realized how extraordinarily tall he was, and that his coat, if it was not actually too short in the sleeves and peaked at shoulders and collar, seemed to be.

"Jud's staying with us tonight," I began awkwardly, and then he took the explanation out of my hands.

"Ah'm waitin' on my girl," he said. "She's—"

Louise interrupted. She had been almost openly gaping at Jud. Now her eyes went a fraction wider. "You're—what?"

Jud's eyelids flickered. He repeated patiently with no change of tone, "Ah'm waitin' for my girl. She's due in from Europe—"

I drew a shaky breath. Louise hadn't meant to be rude. She honestly hadn't understood Jud's idiom. But it had been close; Jud could have thought that she was deliberately making fun of him.

Mother Burton sat down, missing by an inch the pottery bowl. "What in the world—"

"Presents," I said quickly, "that Jud brought us from Arizona." I rescued the bowl, showed her the rug. Before her unsympathetic eyes the bright colors became gaudy, the bold designs merely crude.

"Very interesting," she commented.

"Gorgeous!" breathed Louise, (*Continued on page* 90)

Make Them

It's easy for the Mayor to talk discipline, sniffs Marilly; Butch will do anything for him. But so will acid-tongued Marilly herself, though she'd never admit it. (Lionel Barrymore as The Mayor of the Town, Agnes Moorehead as his housekeeper Marilly, Conrad Binyon as Butch, are heard Saturday nights at 8:30 EST, on CBS network stations.

THE screen door just slammed so violently that Butch, who's been sitting at my study table doing his lesson, almost fell off his chair. Marilly's gone off somewhere in a huff. And I'm wondering just how Marilly ever expects to teach Butch to close doors quietly—that is, how she really hopes to accomplish it. Because her steady complaining about it hasn't worked.

I can understand why, too, although Marilly wouldn't like my saying so. Maybe I'm getting to be an old man, but I'm not so old that I can't remember what terribly logical minds we all have when we're kids. I can see why Butch doesn't take Marilly's tirades too seriously. Marilly, who hands down the orders, doesn't follow them herself. So, why should he? I can still remember how mixed up I used to get when I discovered that rules around the house were *always* supposed to apply to me, but that grown-ups—frequently the very ones who made the rules and enforced them—were the first to break them. That used to bother me. I'm afraid it also used to make me mad and resentful.

Discipline is something that needs definition, I think. I know that Marilly thinks discipline means training a child to obey adults. If getting a child to obey calls for endless reminders, nagging, screeching and talk, talk, talk, why that's a burden Marilly is willing to bear. I can't seem to make her see that her method doesn't work very well.

This business of children being forced to obey adults is a little too much for me, anyway. As Mayor I come in contact with too many adults who can't run their own lives properly, without making a mess of everything they touch. It's always been a source of wonder to me what makes these same people think—and they do unfortunately—that the simple act of parenthood has suddenly showered such wisdom on them that they have the right to order another person—and children are persons—to do this and not do that all day long. Sometimes, it's my hunch, this kind of parent is just using his children unfairly to get back his self respect. He can't hold his own in the world outside, so he becomes a little tin god, a dictator in relation to his kids. Maybe it makes him feel better, but it surely must be agony for his children.

Marilly merely sniffs when I point out to her that most cases of juvenile delinquency come not from homes where children were "undisciplined" in her sense of the word, but from homes where parents were unusually strict and even cruel in enforcing obedience. She calls it modern foolishness when I try to explain that it's natural for a healthy young mind to resent being pushed around and forced to obey simply because an older and bigger person insists on it.

My own feeling about discipline is very different. And I'm pleased to see that modern educators are on my side. One of the best definitions I've come across (*Continued on page* 79)

WANT to Behave

You can't bully a child into behaving well, but you can ease him into it

"Kids have logical minds," the Mayor says. "You've got to expose them to good behavior, not just nag about it."

Young Married World

Like young-marrieds everywhere, when the Lewises say "We both work" they mean just that, whether they're talking about radio work or their share-the-tasks household.

THERE is a popular myth to the effect that every girl wants to get married. She may pretend she loves her job, her career, she may try to convince you that she loves the gay, gay whirl of her spinster life. But don't believe it, boys, the legend goes—what she really wants is a long, white veil, a wedding ring, and thou.

What you shouldn't believe, boys, is the legend. It is a fake. And this story of my long, uphill fight to convince Cathy Lewis that she should be Mrs. Elliott Lewis (she didn't even have to change her name) will prove it.

It will prove as well that sometimes, if you're lucky, boy gets girl at the fade-out. But no one will want to emulate my technique—which was showing up half-dead one day and

Cathy Lewis is heard in Michael Shayne, Tuesday nights at 8, EST, on MBS.

Charm couldn't win Cathy. Persistence was useless. How was a man to know a case of jaundice would do it?

"Cathy could have been a decorator," Elliott boasts; he contributed the prints.

Fire-screen, stool and sampler are heirlooms.

By ELLIOTT LEWIS

breaking her heart. Cyrano dying under the tree was in no worse shape than I was when Cathy finally opened those big eyes at me and asked "*When* shall we get married?" That I didn't go on and die, I suppose, was a dirty trick, although Cathy has been nice enough in four years as *Mrs.* Lewis not to mention it.

I'm not sure how any man who wants to try my system today will go about it. In those days there was the infantry. I was in the Army for three and a half years, but the first six months—in the infantry—did the job that won over Cathy.

I was drafted in August, 1942, and sent to a training camp in Oklahoma. For a radio actor like me who has had no more physical work to do than to stand (*Continued on page* 75)

"It's nice and warm and friendly, inside."

Elliott Lewis is in The Case Book of Gregory Hood, Mondays, 8:30 P.M. EST, MBS.

BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS

Butterfly

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

I am the worm
that dreamed a dream—
a dream beyond belief.
I am the worm
that made me a bed
and lay in a silken sheaf.
I dreamed it deep
and I dreamed it true
that a worm might rise and fly—
That I would awake,
a flying flower
in a blowing heaven of sky.
—Mary White Slater

RESTRICTED NEIGHBORHOOD

I dreamed Death came the other night
and Heaven's gate swung wide;
with kindly grace St. Peter
ushered me inside.
And there to my astonishment
stood the friends I knew on Earth,
those I had judged and labeled as
"Unfit . . . of little worth!"
Indignant words rose to my lips
but never were set free . . . . .
for every face showed stunned surprise,
not ONE expected ME!
—Helen Hyde Jensen

ONE CROWDED HOUR
(From Old Mortality)

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
—Sir Walter Scott

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.
I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.
—William Wordsworth

OLD ORCHARDS

We find old orchards have a way of life,
They face the sun or rain with equal grace.
And lift their patient arms from year to year
Receiving blight or blessing. Petaled lace

Disguises all the winter-lines of age
With each recurring spring. A blossom breathes
The fragrance born of April sun and rain.
It proves its constancy in storm, when wreathes

Of battered petals shield the robin's nest.
The orchard seems to feel no deep regret
In losing this brief loveliness. Each hour
Of beauty-barren moments soon will net

Gold-ripened fruit: old orchards know the plan.
They have borne fruit since gardens first began.
—Adelaide Long Lawson

From THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven, with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes

NO TRUER WORD

No truer word, save God's, was ever spoken,
Than that the largest heart is soonest broken.
—Walter Savage Landor

Dream beset

The poets sing of radiant dreams
But the kind I have are gruesome—
If friendly fairies bring sweet dreams,
I surely wish I knew some!
—Laban Thomas Johnston

IN LOVE, IF LOVE BE LOVE
(From Idylls of the King)

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go;
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.
—Alfred Tennyson

Old favorites for pleasant remembrance: new poems to add to memory's lovely store

By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

ONCE UPON A TIME

So dear, so very dear, so far away
Those half-forgotten, half-remembered nights
When life was like a new, exciting play
And fancy took us on fantastic flights.
Our little dingy flat, a palace fair—
A walk around the block, a trip to Spain—
A hot dog on a bun, a filet rare—
A soda at the drugstore, pink champagne!

We were so gay, so confident, so brave,
So much in love, and oh so very young!
We cheered for banners that would some day wave,
Applauded songs that some day would be sung.
But now, more wise, we mourn that sweet "some day . . ."
So dear, so very dear, so far away.

—Virginia Phillis

Family Group

(in the churchyard)

Yonder is the plot where
Grandfather laid his wife to rest;
Cassandria, they called her;
Twenty-two, the tombstone states.
Two infants were beside her,
And one at home. Yet life was blessed—
Grandfather ordered angels
And a pair of lofty gates.

Yonder is the slope where
He planted ever-bearing rose,
Then courted young Sarah
Beside the cyclamen.
She mothered Cassandria's child,
And bore him six and wiped each nose.
Sarah was my grandmother;
She died when I was ten.

Yonder is the narrow space
Where Grandfather sleeps between the two
Angels he married.
(They were not the marble ones)
Buttercups and daisies mark
Their place of final rendezvous.
It's fairly clear that Grandfather
Could pick the paragons.

—May Carleton Lord

FULL DEFINITION

Some say that love becomes an arm
About them circled, some a warm
Shawl for the wearing, or a sweet
Song, or a lantern for the feet.
But I have found your love a kind
Of music, lamp, and robe combined,
And this besides: a wreath of flowers
To wear in sun or starlit hours—
And, added sensibly to all
Of these, your love for me is plain
Rubbers, raincoat, and parasol
To keep me happy through the rain.

—Elaine V. Emans

DOUBLE STANDARD

As a general thing, the wife of your heart
Is the party of the second part
Who, if you happen to arrive
At five-fifteen instead of five,
Explodes, in an excited state,
"Good heavens, William, why so late!"
Yet calmly at your office door
Arrives at five instead of four!

—W. E. Farbstein

THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind.
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.
Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.
Cupid is winged and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change;
But change she earth, or change she sky
Yet will I love her till I die.

—Unknown

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING

To everything there is a season,
And a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
A time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose;
A time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;
A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate;
A time of war, and a time of peace.

—From Ecclesiastes
Chapter 3

Radio Mirror *will pay $50 each month*

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed. Address Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for publication in Radio Mirror.

Demonstrating was part of the work.

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

YES, it happened to Jed and me—a strange adventure in living that began when we were chosen contestants on Truth or Consequences, and that turned both our lives topsy-turvy for one long week . . . an adventure we hoped would settle, once and for all, the old argument between husbands and wives that goes something like this:

"All you women need is a little knowledge of organization! You could do your housework in half the time!"

"Oh, you men! Well, I just wish I could sit at a desk all day instead of standing over this hot stove!"

Haven't you ever heard husbands and wives sparring like that? I have—not that my husband was ever so explicit in his criticisms. All Jed would ever say, mildly, was that he didn't understand why the housework should have me in such a distracted whirl all the time.

As for me, I had some understanding that the man's job wasn't all a soft snap. I had worked in offices and I had even helped my husband run a small-town newspaper in Beaumont, California.

But just the same, every once in a while, I would get that hankering to wear a chic little suit all day instead of a housedress; to feel that I was capable of closing a deal that involved more than a bargain with my four-year-old son.

So you can understand why, on that bewildering evening when we found ourselves contestants on Truth or Consequences—when we had to pay our forfeit—all I could stutter over the microphone was "And d-do you call that *bad?*"

Because, for one whole week, Jed

I didn't find much to criticize as far as the dinners went—Jed is a very good cook!

By

MRS.

JED

OSTLING

Jed and Elsa Ostling were recent Truth or Consequences contestants. This is the story of their "consequences." Truth or Consequences is heard on NBC stations Saturdays, 8:30 P.M., EST.

He call

SAYS— Fair Play!

and I were to exchange daily jobs!

He was to be the housewife and care for little Jerry; I was to be the *Ostling* of the Storey-Ostling Sales, Manufacturers' Representatives, taking my husband's place.

And it was not to be taken lightly, either. No cheating. No helping each other. No letting each other's work pile up so that it could be done in the ordinary work the next week. We had been long-standing listeners to the radio program in the past and we knew that forfeits were paid up to the letter.

Did you ever play Truth or Consequences as a child? I remember it as a rather simple game, with one team or one contestant trying to stump another on a question and if the answer was wrong the loser had to perform some silly stunt such as balancing (*Continued on page* 82)

Black Wednesday—the day everything went wrong.

Whose job is hardest—husband's or wife's? Would you trade?

When our turn came and Ralph Edwards called us to the microphone, both Jed and I felt perfectly poised. Poised? Poor Jed had a terrible time remembering his name!

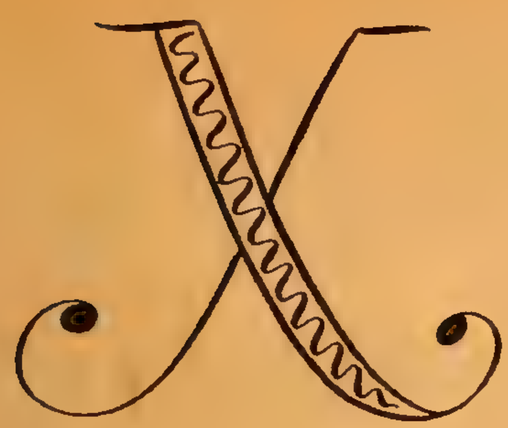
Mademoiselle

MANY a "Madame X" has been written about in fiction—daring, adventurous, mysterious women who are as beautiful as their exploits are astonishing. But right in New York City lives a real-life "Mademoiselle X"—she's far too young to be called "Madame"—whose story reads like a romantic novel. What's more, she's constantly cast as the typical American girl on the stage, the screen, and radio . . . when in truth she's neither American nor typical!

To solve the mystery: she is nineteen-year-old Susan Douglas. Her real name? Zuzka Zenta—and only six years ago she was a Czechoslavakian child who came alone to New York without knowing a word of English! Since then you've heard her on The Theater Guild on the Air, Prologue to Glory (opposite Zachary Scott), Berkeley Square (opposite Rex Harrison), Aldrich Family, Counterspy, Front Page Farrell, Let's Pretend, Hop Harrigan, Teen-timers Club—and you can tune in on her any time now on the Judy 'n' Jill 'n' Johnny show. Susan plays Judy. Furthermore, she delighted the Broadway critics this season as the little bareback rider in the stage play "He Who Gets Slapped"—and her first movie, "Bel Ami" (with George Sanders), is about to be released.

To meet her you'd never dream she was a "Mademoiselle X." She is a lovely-looking five-footer, with light brown hair and blue eyes; and she lives with forty-nine other young actresses at the Rehearsal Club (*Continued on page* 66)

Becoming, but so are the sweaters and skirts Susan Douglas prefers for her three-way acting career.



Covering the Cover Girl: Zuzka

became Susan, Zenta became Douglas,

and the young Czech newcomer

became an American rising star

Not till her name matched it did Susan's good English count. Hear it on Judy 'n' Jill 'n' Johnny, Saturdays, MBS.

Susan takes acting seriously, has already caught the approving eye of both critics and public.

Momentous professional date: dinner with George Sanders in the current movie, "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami".

The Skelton

Red Skelton's gallery of bad, mad,

WILLY LUMP-LUMP—Clem Kiddidlehopper—Deadeye—Junior, the Mean Widdle Kid—put them all together and you have Red Skelton in a hilarious half-hour, 10:30-11:00 EST, over the National Broadcasting System, every Tuesday evening.

His famous expression "I dood it!" has become a part of the American vocabulary. Now comes "903". *What is "903"?*—we will find out in Red Skelton's own good time! The program is written and produced by Edna Skelton Borzage and, besides the characters that Red portrays, features the lovely singing voice of Anita Ellis; Verna Felton, who plays the part of Junior's long-suffering Grandmother; GeGe Pearson as Sara Dew, Mrs. Willy Lump-Lump, Mrs. Bolivar Shagnasty, Mrs. J. Newton Numbskull; Wonderful Smith; Rod O'Connor, popular chief announcer; and Pat McGeehan, assistant announcer. Dave Forester leads the orchestra.

Pat McGeehan, assistant announcer, takes an acting hand in the program whenever odd characters are needed.

An all-the-cast-is-present-chorus winds up a broadcast around Dave Forester's piano: Anita Ellis, Wonderful Smith, Verna Felton, Red, GeGe Pearson, announcer Rod O'Connor.

Edna Skelton Borzage and Red check a script: it's long because gags are always credited with the laughs they get.

SCRAPBOOK

witless folk is held together by a comedian versatile in characterization

Come April Fool's Day, come Clem Kiddidlehopper to Sara Dew's door, with—what else?—a wallet he found. Think of Sara Dew's face when she picks it up and finds—literally—a string attached.

There she goes, and Clem's about to die laughing. This'll cure her of all the time wanting to marry him. Wait till she sees there's nothing in that wallet but an old written-on piece of paper!

That's all there was, but it was enough. The difference between them (besides April Fool being Clem's birthday) is that Sara Dew went to first grade. So she can spell out the writin'.

And, when she finds it's a fifty-thousand-dollar War Bond made out to Rod O'Connor, she can give it back and collect the reward. Wasn't it sweet of Clem to help her get that car and stuff?

Life can be Beautiful

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $100 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If there is such a memory in your life, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay one hundred dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, fifteen dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42, New York 17, N. Y.

Rainbow of Hope

Dear Papa David:

Until my recent marriage I lived with my sister and her husband. They wanted a child even more than many young couples do. All of their friends had children who spent at least a part of their play-time at our house, romping and noisy. When they left, the hollowness was worse. True, those two young people filled their days with activity, friends and hobbies. I don't mean they sat around moping for the "bundle from Heaven" that didn't arrive!

About a week before last Easter Sunday, I stayed in the office to dash a letter off to my heart interest. When I finished, I ran to the powder room to freshen up before going to the drugstore downstairs for a hasty sandwich before the boss came back. There I found Mildred, a thin little thing from the law office next door. She was trying to repair the ravages to her face but all the pancake makeup in the city couldn't conceal the signs of those tears. Not being a very subtle person, I came right out and asked what was wrong. That was all that was needed. She flooded me with her woes. Several years before she had loved but not wisely. The child, David, was now almost two and she had been boarding him at an agency-approved private home. Now she was sincerely in love with a man upstate who knew about David and was willing to take him with Mildred. But Mildred was panicky. David, to her, meant the suffering through which she had gone. She doubted if a marriage would work, either for her or the child, if he was in the home. Yet she could not give him for adoption. Her thinking was too confused.

It was late for me to be getting back to the office so I made an appointment to meet Mildred after work. Then we went to the agency and had a long talk. That night my sister, brother-in-law, and Mildred had a long talk. The next day that blessed child-caring agency started its machinery rolling. A fast, but amazingly thorough analysis of my sister's home was made, lightened somewhat by the fact that the home had been approved for a foster child, when and if one became available. Now it was studied from the viewpoint of this particular little thin, under-nourished baby. The final result was that David would be with my sister and her husband for one year. If during that time Mildred worked out her problems and wanted David, he would be hers. Meanwhile, my sister would have the privilege of caring for him and loving him. All parties concerned were fairly sure that David would remain.

That week was one to remember. Clothing to be procured, medical appointments to be made, baptismal arrangements, housing problems. Yes, for you see, Papa David, I had done myself out of a room and a home. My room was the only suitable one for a nursery! Mildred finally took off for upstate, happy, relieved and with new hope. And David came! David with his friendly grin and his infinite trust in everyone's goodwill! We shall dye Easter eggs this Easter in new and glorious shades but none will be so brilliant as the rainbow of hope and gratitude in this home.

Miss G. M.

For this letter, RADIO MIRROR has sent the writer one hundred dollars. Fifteen dollar checks go to the writers of the letters that follow.

Toward the Future

Dear Papa David:

During part of my teen age I was what you might call fickle-minded, for I thought myself to be in love with most all of the good-looking boys I dated, until I met this one who had been divorced. I thought he was the very one that I wanted to share my life for always. Then he went off to war and a few months later I discovered I was to bear his child.

In the meantime, before I knew I was to have a child, I went to a larger city to work in a Defense Plant with one of my girl-friends. Then I thought it best to write and tell this boy of our mistake. The answer I received from him was a proposal of marriage so that our child would have its legal name. But somehow I knew then that I didn't love him enough to become his wife. Then my parents' religion absolutely forbade marriage to someone who had been divorced. So I stopped writing to this boy and decided to go through the shame and disgrace alone.

My parents didn't know of my condition until about three months before the baby was to be born, when I wrote them a letter explaining how I had let my emotions get the best of me. They were one of the best Christian families in our town. It hurt them very badly to hear such tragic news about their own daughter; one of my sisters even said she would rather see me dead.

Some of my friends advised me to go to some hospital where the expenses were all paid and let the baby out for adoption, but I knew I couldn't do that—for even though she wasn't yet born I loved her so very much already.

So I kept on working at the Defense Plant, pedaling those munitions machines by foot until it became unbearable. In the meantime, my mother wrote me a long letter and said I could come home for my baby to be born.

My mother and brothers never tired of reminding me of the wrong I had done, and of the disgrace I had brought upon the family. I knew my sin was great; but I ceased to care whether I went on living or not. Then the night my baby was born my brother got up out of bed and went after the Doctor on his bicycle. It was on Christmas Eve and a very cold night, but even though my brother had repeatedly exclaimed that he wouldn't go after the Doctor, he jumped up out of bed and was gone in no time. That made me feel much better.

There had been several of our neighbors wanting to adopt Janet before she was born, but the moment she was laid on my pillow beside me I knew I could never give her away. I prayed to God to help me find a way. I knew I wouldn't stay at home long for my folks were always reminding me of my wrong. They made me feel that I was the lowest creature on earth. Before I had gained my strength back I got a letter from my former room-mates asking me to bring Janet and come to St. Louis to work in another Defense Plant. When Janet was two months old I took what few clothes we had, along with the tickets and money my friends had sent me to come on, and went to St. Louis.

This made me feel that I at least still had a few friends. They had already arranged for a lady to keep my baby during my working (*Continued on page* 105)

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard Monday through Friday afternoons at 12 PST, 1 MST, 2 CST, 3 EST, on NBC stations.

DO *some*

Come out with Jo Stafford's answer: reducing's a hard job, but worth it, for it makes working, singing, just plain living, a lot more fun

By JO STAFFORD

"It means so much when you can finally wear the

I REALLY don't know where to start. It's always been difficult for me to talk about personal things —things that really matter. And my weight certainly falls in that category but perhaps it's just that I'm overly sensitive on the subject.

It took a sixteen-year-old neighbor of mine here in Long Beach, California, to make me realize that sharing your own experiences rather than hoarding them is often the simplest way of helping people. It was my first day home from the East. My manager's long-awaited promise to bring my show, The Supper Club, to the Coast had come true and I was back home—not just to visit, but to work and live. Your family have to mean as much to you as mine do for you to realize how happy I was

Figuring

kind of clothes you've always eyed on other girls."

"There was a morale-building reaction from studio audiences," Jo recalls. Her Supper Club broadcasts are heard Monday through Friday at 7 P.M. EST, NBC.

that day. Home was where I liked best to be.

I was out in Mom's yard, breathing deep of that famous sun-kissed California air and wishing I never had to go inside when Peggy hailed me from across the street. As I watched her hurry toward me I felt a pang of dismay—Peggy, who used to be as round and cute as a well-fed kitten, now had an unmistakably over-stuffed look about her that some mercilessly honest people might go so far as to call "fat."

Peggy's first words after we had exchanged greetings showed that, with the acuteness of adolescence, she had read my thoughts all too well.

"Do you think I've gained too much?" she inquired, looking up at me intently, the toe of one scuffed sneaker rubbing nervously against the other.

"Yes, you have," I said at last, having considered and rejected all other possible answers.

Her sigh could have been heard halfway around the block. "I know it," she admitted sadly, "but there isn't anything I can do. Gosh, I don't see how you lost all that weight; I'll never forget how different you looked when (*Continued on page* 98)

The Bumsteads

1. Mr. Dithers always threatens to grind Dagwood's fingers in the pencil sharpener if Dagwood insists on giving him trouble, and it looks as if the time has come. Dagwood is being recalcitrant about the muscle-building course laid out for him by Blondie and Mr. Dithers, in preparation for the arrival of the great McGonnigle, an athlete from way back. Dimples, Mr. Dithers' secretary, shuts out the shrieks of anguish that she expects momentarily, but Dagwood saves his digits again by giving in to his fate.

2. Up-and-at-'em Dagwood—early in the morning! Blondie has appointed herself coach and trainer, and keeps an eye on his Indian Club routine in the mirror as she combs her hair. Dagwood's whole heart is not in his work.

3. The whole family—and Mr. Woodley—cooperate in the task of getting Bumstead fit. "Do you call those muscles?" Woodley jeers. "I've seen buggy whips look better than those things you call arms."

ON a modest street in a typical suburban town live the Bumsteads, an average family. But unlike other American families, their daily life is a newspaper, radio and movie feature.

The comic strip, "Blondie", was originated by Chic Young in 1930. Since then, Dagwood's midnight sandwiches—Blondie's silly hats—the antics of the Bumstead children, their dog, Daisy, and *her* children—all these have become the daily delight of millions of fans.

Who doesn't know and sympathize with Dagwood's boss, J. C. Dithers, in his efforts to keep Dagwood's mind on business, hasn't suffered as Dagwood tries to put over a deal with the firm's biggest customers, Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and McGonnigle? In this new Blondie story, McGonnigle is coming to town on business, and Mr. Dithers insists that it is Dagwood's job to keep him happy. McGonnigle is a great athlete, so Blondie takes over the task of getting Dagwood in shape to keep up with him should he want a game of golf or tennis, or a brisk ten-mile walk. Dithers believes in keeping the customer happy, but Dagwood doesn't and isn't!

BLONDIE and DAGWOOD in a RADIO MIRROR PICTURE STORY

4. Comes evening—and insubordination in the ranks. Blondie, worn out by her efforts to build Dagwood up, has taken Cookie and Alexander to the movies. And when they come home, there's Dagwood breaking training with one of those sandwich creations. That man—after promising faithfully to be in bed by seven! Fortunately, Blondie got home in time to snatch the Bumstead Special before it disappeared.

Blondie, written by John L. Greene and directed by Don Bernard, is heard on CBS stations Sunday, 7:30 P.M., EST. Blondie is played by Penny Singleton, and Arthur Lake is Dagwood. Hanley Stafford takes the part of Dagwood's boss, Mr. Dithers; Cora Dithers, his wife, is Elvia Allman; Harriet and Mr. Woodley are played by Mary Jane Crofts and Frank Nelson; Alexander and Cookie, by Larry Sims and Marlene Ames; "Dimples" Wilson, by Veola Vonn; McGonnigle, by Howard Petrie, program's announcer.

5. This is routine with the Bumstead family, every week-day morning. It's Dagwood's famous rush to the bus, with the whole family lined up to help. But bereft of his midnight snacks, and forced to exercise, Dagwood can't make it, and falls flat. Blondie's upset, but remains full of fight.

6. J. C. Dithers, himself, has come home with Dagwood to see how the training program is going, for this is the day Mr. McGonnigle arrives—he's coming to lunch. The dummy's to help Dagwood get into the spirit of the thing. But it isn't Dagwood's spirit that falters!

9. Lunch, and there's McGonnigle, big as life. *Bigger*, thinks Dagwood. Even his own wife has turned against him, he decides, giving McGonnigle those enormous portions and coldly setting before him—her loving husband—a wisp of lettuce to toy with. His heart is as gloomy as his stomach is empty. What kind of a deal is this, anyway? Does Blondie *want* the formidable McGonnigle to be as happy as Dagwood is not?

10. Urged on by Dithers, McGonnigle wants a ten-mile hike after lunch. He promises not to let Dagwood overdo it.

7. "Eight, nine, ten—he's out!" Dagwood took a hefty swing at the McGonnigle dummy, but the dummy swung right back. Besides all those never-before-used muscles, poor Dagwood now has a black eye—souvenir of the occasion. As if he needed *that* to help him remember!

8. It's obvious that the trick can't be turned with brawn—Dagwood simply isn't the man for it. So it must be done with brains, Blondie decides. She keeps half her mind on Cookie's music lesson, half on thinking her way out of this situation. And when Blondie says "brains," she means "guile."

11. A slow starter, Dagwood is in fine form at the finish. Because, you see, the finish came very close to the start. The two hearty hikers have not gone more than three blocks before McGonnigle, the athlete, collapses, and has to be carried home. He shouldn't have eaten so much, he explains, but it was so very good, and Blondie kept insisting.

12. Bumstead victorious! Dagwood is the hero of the day, and McGonnigle subsides on the sofa. Things did not go quite according to plan, but all's well, just the same. McGonnigle wouldn't dare to place his order elsewhere—he wouldn't want it known around town that he had been bested by a Bumstead. So Dagwood is free for the game at which he shines—checkers with Cookie.

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Young Widder Brown

The story of a woman whose love for her children has helped her to discipline the longings of her heart

DR. ANTHONY LORING'S engagement to Ellen Brown represents his deepest hope, that he and Ellen will some day be able to marry. His devotion is unshaken despite the attitude of her children, and despite the many feminine patients at Health Center who find the capable doctor a very attractive man. (Played by Ned Wever)

Young Widder Brown is a daily NBC feature, heard

ELLEN BROWN, through work, suffering, compromise, through many troubled days and sleepless nights, has forged an answer to the problem that became hers when, years ago, she was widowed: the problem of how a woman, left husbandless while still young and charming, can achieve happiness without denying a part of herself to her children. Ellen's answer is that MARK and JANEY must always come first. Her own fulfillment, Ellen believes, must for the present grow from life as the beloved mother and companion of her children, rather than as Anthony's wife. Though she and Anthony are engaged, Ellen fears that marriage will intensify the disturbance that their present relationship has already caused Mark and Janey; to safeguard their complete happiness she is willing to postpone a richer life for herself, and to ask the same sacrifice of Anthony.

(Ellen is played by Florence Freeman; Mark, Dick Van Patten; Janey, Marilyn Erskine)

Monday through Friday at 4:45 P.M. EST. It was conceived and is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert.

MARIA HAWKINS, although filled with good intentions, often lets her tongue and curiosity run away with her. However, Ellen, seeing beneath the busybody exterior, knows that Maria is good-hearted, can be relied on.
(played by Alice Yourman)

WAYNE GARDNER, an attractive widower who loves Ellen, lost his eyesight in an accident while helping to clear Ellen of a murder charge. Ellen feels responsible for his sacrifice, which complicates her relationship with her fiance Anthony.
(played by Robert Haag)

ALICIA GRAYSON came to know Ellen through Wayne, her son-in-law, and like him sees reflected in Ellen the joy they knew while her daughter was alive. She has been a consolation to both Ellen and Wayne, but feels they could and should find happiness together.
(played by Eva Parnell)

BARBARA STORM is, like her name, a woman of stormy moods, relentless desires. She is uncontrollable when she sets out to acquire anything she wants. She wanted Anthony, who had restored her to health—wanted him so much that she went to great extremes to get rid of Ellen. She almost succeeded in her plans—would have succeeded, in fact, except that she had not reckoned on the strength and the complete sincerity of Anthony's love for Ellen. (played by Arline Blackburn)

NORINE and HERBERT TEMPLE are very close friends of both Ellen and Anthony—staunch, dependable friends, too, in times of stress. Very much in love and happily married, Norine and her husband live a comfortable, normal life, sharing each other's interests and enthusiasms. Although they move in the best circles of Simpsonville society, it is true of the young Temples that they unstintingly give of themselves, in whatever way they can help, when trouble looms on the horizon for others, no matter who those "others" may be. Nor do they ever expect anything in return. (Joan Tompkins, Alexander Scourby)

Easter's on the table in its true Springtime colors, with the delicate lavender of a grape pie, the yellow of early blossoms.

Springtime Magic

THE calendar makers and the almanac compilers all agree, year after year, that March 21 is the first day of spring. Well, if that is the day these experts prefer, they can have it, and welcome. But to me that date is just another one on the calendar. The real beginning of spring, to my way of thinking, is Easter Sunday. Whether it is early or late, whether it is warm and balmy or so cold and blustery that we must protect our new finery with heavy topcoats, Easter has a magic all its own. It is the magic of joyful hymns sung in our churches, of children's laughter when they find the gaily colored eggs the fabulous rabbit has left for them; of fresh awareness, although we may have seen them with our eyes for days, of budding trees and grass green with new life.

Since it is Eastertime, I think it is very appropriate that our recipes are so fresh and different. They are all made with an unflavored gelatine that features a new quick-method of preparation. Calling for but a single saucepan, these new gelatine dishes are so easy to prepare that you can indulge your taste for jellied salads and desserts, entrees and soups to your heart's content. Best of all there is magic in the way this quick-method gelatine takes to flavors. Commercial flavorings, tomato juice, fresh or canned fruit juices—our new gelatine technique molds them quickly into delicate good-to-eats such as the delectable Grape Chiffon Pie on the opposite page.

GRAPE JUICE CHIFFON PIE

1 envelope Quick-Method Gelatine
¼ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup grape juice
⅓ cup water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 egg whites
¼ cup sugar
1 baked 8-inch pie shell or Corn Flakes Pie Shell

Combine gelatine, sugar, salt, grape juice, and water in a saucepan and heat over medium flame until gelatine and sugar are dissolved, stirring constantly . . . about 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat and add lemon juice. Chill, stirring occasionally, until mixture is slightly thickened.

Beat egg whites until foamy. Add ¼ cup sugar gradually and continue beating until mixture stands up in soft peaks. Fold gelatine mixture into egg whites and pour into cold pie shell or Corn Flakes Pie Shell. Chill until firm. Garnish with sweetened whipped cream.

CORN FLAKE PIE SHELL

¾ cup corn toasties
2 tbls. melted shortening
1 tbl. sugar
1 tbl. water

Crush corn flakes fine, combine with melted shortening and toss lightly until well blended. Dissolve sugar in hot water, sprinkle over corn flakes mixture and toss again to mix well. Press mixture on bottom and sides of 8-inch pie pan. Bake in 375 degree oven until firm and crisp (8 to 10 minutes). Cool before filling with gelatine mixture. If desired, a baked pastry shell may be used in place of a corn flake shell.

QUICK TOMATO ASPIC

1 envelope Quick-Method Gelatine
2 cups canned tomato juice
½ tsp. celery salt
½ tsp. onion salt
Dash of pepper

Combine gelatine, tomato juice and seasonings in saucepan. Heat over (*Continued on page* 89)

ANTIQUES for EVERYONE

It's not a matter of budget, but of perseverance—and good, hard work

The small sofa and chairs are re-furbished originals, but the table Toni Darnay had made to her own specifications. The top of it started out as a mirror in a massive gold frame. The chairs Toni re-upholstered in soft rose velvet.

PERHAPS you have a secret yen for period furniture, but believe it belongs only in museums. Perhaps you own a cherished heirloom chest or table which you would like to surround with matching pieces if antiques were not far beyond your purse. If either of these labels fits you, you have been thinking along the wrong lines, says Toni Darnay, of the cast of CBS's The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters.

"Antiques and period rooms are for anyone who likes them," Toni adds. "They are fun to live with and collecting them need not take every penny in your piggy bank if you are willing to spend time and energy looking for them."

Toni speaks with such authority because she lives with antiques—a whole apartment full of them—a French living room, English foyer, a combined Spanish-and-Victorian bedroom, Victorian bathroom and a kitchen which, when she completes it, will be Austrian. She says of her varied furnishings, "If your job won't permit you to travel, do your traveling at home."

It all began when Toni, after living in a studio club for so long that an apartment seemed a never-to-be-realized dream, suddenly found herself in possession of one—and not a stick of furniture to put into it. A hurried SOS to her mother in Chicago, who has collected period pieces for years, resulted in a small gold-leaf sofa covered in rose silk damask and two gold-leaf side chairs in need of upholstering, an English mahogany kneehole desk and a Spanish bed of dark, almost black, oak.

Toni re-upholstered the chairs in soft rose velvet to match the sofa, using their worn covering as a pattern and finishing them off with gold cord as nearly like the original as she could find. Sofa and chairs looked as though they had come straight from the court of a French king. They also looked very lonesome, there in Toni's living room, with only a gold silk screen, another piece sent by her mother, to keep them company, so Toni began to haunt the auction rooms— (*Continued on page* 97)

BASIC FACT

The formula for being well-dressed: double-duty clothes, a wealth of accessories

Mary Rolfe cheers up her basic black with attractive accents.

For business wear the same dress takes on a gay red belt, and is paired with low heels.

"BEING well-dressed isn't so much a matter of having lots of clothes as of having the right clothes for every occasion," Mary Rolfe of CBS's Rose of My Dreams said recently. "The girl who makes the same wardrobe double for business and dates deserves more credit than the one who has unlimited time and money to spend on her appearance."

Mary, who is Mrs. Lyle Bettger in private life, has a heavy radio schedule. But since she always looks as if she had just stepped out of the well known bandbox we asked her for her right-clothes-for-the-occasion secret.

Turned out it is no secret at all, but a clever use of a basic dress with varied accessories—"Lots and lots of accessories," she said.

"Goodness knows the basic dress idea is not a new one," she went on, "but it certainly is a time and money saver. It is fun, too, to plan accessories that are exactly as you want them and it helps to satisfy that creative feeling which we all have to some extent, for while most of us will hesitate about experimenting, if such experiments might ruin a dress, accessories are an unlimited field for trying out new designs and color combinations."

Basic, Mary says, is not a synonym for "severe." More than any other garment you own, a "basic" must be exactly right, exactly flattering to you, in line and color. Then it is not camouflaged with accessories, but deftly accented.

Mary's basic dress of lightweight wool has (*Continued on page* 97)

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIMES!
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Caroline Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:40	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	Renfro Valley Folks Johnson Family
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Circle Arrow Show	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Design For Listening News Highlights Solitaire Time	Bible Institute Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Hour of Faith	Wings Over Jordan Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	F. H. LaGuardia String Orchestra Raymond Swing	Invitation to Learning Yours Sincerely
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	Married For Life Juvenile Jury	Johnny Thompson Sammy Kaye	People's Platform Time For Reason
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill, Frank Black James Melton	Warden Lawes American Radio Warblers Bill Cunningham Veterans' Information	Warriors of Peace National Vespers	"Here's to Ya"
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Carmen Cavallaro One Man's Family	Open House Crimes of Carelessness	Dr. Danfield From Hollywood Samuel Pettingill	N. Y. Philharmonic
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids Pattern in Melody	House of Mystery True Detective	Are These Our Children Green Hornet	Hour of Charm
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	NBC Symphony	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Darts for Dough David Harding	The Family Hour Hoagy Carmichael

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Bob Burns	Those Websters Nick Carter	Court of Missing Heirs Greatest Story Ever Told	Ozzie and Harriet Kate Smith Sings
7:00 7:15 7:39 7:45	Jack Benny Fitch Bandwagon	Mysterious Traveler California Melodies	Drew Pearson Don Gardner The Clock	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Edgar Bergen Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Special Investigator Official Detective	Detroit Symphony Orch.	Sam Spade Crime Doctor
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round American Album	Exploring the Unknown Double or Nothing	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Jimmie Fidler Policewoman	Hildegarde Eddie Bracken
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45 11:00	Don Ameche Meet Me at Parky's News	Gabriel Heatter Show Latin American Serenade	Theatre Guild	Take It Or Leave It We the People

—who has solved the housing shortage for himself by moving into Allen's Alley, Sunday nights with the Fred Allen Show.

—the two-gun gal who rides with Tom Mix and His Straight Shooters, weekdays over the Mutual network at 5:45 P.M., EST, makes horses her hobby. She has a fantastic collection of ceramic ones, with and without riders and rockers: colts, mares and stallions, drays and thoroughbreds, and even the famous "horse of a different color."

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do Your Remember Reveille Roundup			
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Daytime Classics Tropicana	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Lee Sullivan Nelson Olmsted Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Hymns of All Churches Club Time	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Easy Does It Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Words and Music	Checkerboard Jamboree Quaker City Serenade	Kenny Baker Show At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Sketches in Melody Echoes From Tropics Robert McCormick	George C. Putnam Conference Calls Jackie Hill Bobby Norris	Baukhage Powers Charm School	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Cedric Foster Smile Time Queen For A Day	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Photoplay Studio Tour	Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Adventure Parade Buck Rogers	Tommy Bartlett Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	Hollywood Jackpot
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Bouquet For You

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas			In My Opinion Red Barber Sports Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Carolyn Gilbert H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis Vincent Lopez Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Hawk Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	McGarry and Mouse Casebook of Gregory Hood	Lum and Abner Skip Farrell Sherlock Holmes	Inner Sanctum Joan Davis
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Victor Borge	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Guy Lombardo	Dark Venture Sammy Kaye	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Dr. I. Q.	Fishing & Hunting Club	Doctors Talk It Over Joe Mooney Quartet	Screen Guild Players Sweeney and March

—is Hoagy Carmichael's sweet-voiced Girl Friday on his Sunday afternoon CBS musical program at 5:45 P.M., EST. She has been on the air for seven years, since she was fifteen, back home in Indiana. Her first show was her own idea, too, seven minutes of philosophic wisdom for bobby-soxers which soon grew into a fifteen-minute program.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			Step Weigand Trio
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics Tropicana	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Lee Sullivan Nelson Olmsted Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story HymnsofAllChurches Listening Post	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story William Lang	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Words and Music	Checkerboard Jamboree Naval Academy Band	Kenny Baker Show At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band Echoes From Tropics Robert McCormick	George C. Putnam Jackie Hill Bobby Norris	Baukhage Powers Charm School	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Cedric Foster Smile Time Queen For A Day	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Photoplay Studio Tour	 Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Adventure Parade Buck Rogers	Tommy Bartlett Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	 That's Life
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Bouquet For You The Chicagoans

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John Mac Vane Serenade To America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Red Barber
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Bob Houston H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Kernels of Korn Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith American Melody Hour
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Rudy Vallee A Date With Judy	Scotland Yard Adventures of The Falcon	Lum and Abner Skip Farrell Boston Symphony	Big Town Mel Blanc Show
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos and Andy Fibber McGee and Molly	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories American Forum	 Rex Maupin's Orch.	Vox Pop Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Red Skelton	 Upton Close Dance Orchestra	Hank D'Amico Orch. Local Programs	 Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.				
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember Reveille Roundup			
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Daytime Classics Tropicana	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Lee Sullivan Nelson Olmsted Road of Life Joyce Jordan	 Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story HymnsofAllChurches Listening Post	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Words and Music	Checkerboard Jamboree U. S. Marine Band	Kenny Baker Show At Your Request	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Sketches in Melody Echoes From the Tropics Robert McCormick	George C. Putnam Jackie Hill Bobby Norris	Baukhage Powers Charm School	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Cedric Foster Smile Time Queen For A Day	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Hospitality Club	Ladies Be Seated Photoplay Studio Tour	 Winner Take All
4:30 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson The Johnson Family Adventure Parade Buck Rogers	Tommy Bartlett Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	 Hollywood Jackpot
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Theatre of Romance

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John Mac Vane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Word From the Country Red Barber
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Carolyn Gilbert H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Cecil Brown Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Ellery Queen
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dennis Day Great Gildersleeve	Crime Club It's Up To Youth	Lum and Abner Skip Farrell Willie Piper	Jack Carson
9:00 9:15 9:30 9,45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories What's the Name of That Song	Paul Whiteman Pot of Gold	Frank Sinatra Dinah Shore
10:00 10:15 10:30	Frank Morgan Kay Kyser	Did Justice Triumph Author Meets Critic	Bing Crosby Henry Morgan	Hollywood Players Information Please

—was singing softly behind the bar in Toots Shor's restaurant in New York when Arthur Godfrey heard him. Now this Irish lyric tenor has a contract to sing weekdays over CBS at 11:00 A.M., EST, on Arthur Godfrey's program. Born in New York City, Saunders spent his boyhood at the home of grandparents in County Sligo, Ireland. Since then he has attended New York University—and herded sheep in Wyoming, singing all the time.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Daytime Classics			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00	Lee Sullivan	Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Hymns of All Churches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		The Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	William Lang	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Art Van Damme Quartet			Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Navy Band	At Your Request	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	George C. Putnam	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15			Powers Charm Show	Ma Perkins
1:30	Echoes From Tropics	Jackie Hill		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Photoplay Studio Tour	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	That's Life
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Bouquet For You
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00				
6:15	Serenade to America			In My Opinion
6:30	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs		Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis Jr.	Headline Edition	
7:15	News of the World	Vincent Lopez	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Grand Marquee	Arthur Hale	Professor Quiz	Mr. Keen
7:45		Inside of Sports		
8:00	Aldrich Family	Mark Warnow	Lum and Abner	Suspense
8:15			Erwin D. Canham	
8:30	Burns and Allen	Count of Monte Cristo	America's Town Meeting	F. B. I. Peace and War
8:45				
9:00	Eddie Duchin, Eddie Foy, Jr.	Gabriel Heatter		Dick Haymes
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Jack Haley with Eve Arden	Hour of Song	That Was the Year	Crime Photographer
9:45				
10:00	Abbott and Costello	I Was A Convict	World Security	
10:15				
10:30	Eddie Cantor	Dance Orch.	Ralph Norman	That's Finnegan

—one of Oklahoma's fairest daughters, began her radio career with a leading role in The Second Mrs. Burton, later was the object of Jack Haley's affections at the Village Store and now has a weekly date on Wednesdays at 8:00 P.M., EST with Dennis Day, when she meets that popular young comedian on his Day in the Life of Dennis Day, NBC stations.

—who now sings each Friday night on the Durante-Moore Show, at 9:30 P.M., EST, over CBS, began her radio career in 1940 with Gene Autry's troupe on Columbia's Melody Ranch. She is also well-known as a "song dubber" for movie stars. During the past year hers was the singing voice of Gail Patrick, Vera Ellen and Hilary Brooks, in their motion pictures.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45	Reveille Roundup			
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Daytime Classics			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00	Lee Sullivan	Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Hymns of All Churches	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Easy Does It	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Art Van Damme Quartet			Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Campus Salute		Helen Trent
12:45			At Your Request	Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches in Melody	George C. Putnam		Big Sister
1:15			Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Echoes From Tropics	Jackie Hill	Our Singing Land	Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris	Stringing Along	Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Cedric Foster	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White	Smile Time	Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Queen For A Day	Bride and Groom	
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Hospitality Club		Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness		Photoplay Studio Tour	
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Adventure Parade	Cliff Edwards	Hollywood Jackpot
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Buck Rogers	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Bouquet For You
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Quincy Howe
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs		
6:30				Red Barber, Sports
6:45	Lowell Thomas			
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orchestra	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Carolyn Gilbert	Henry J. Taylor	Lone Ranger	Sparkle Time
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Highways in Melody	Burl Ives	The Fat Man	Baby Snooks
8:15		Holly House		
8:30	Alan Young	Love Story Theater	This Is Your FBI	Thin Man
8:45				
9:00	People Are Funny	Gabriel Heatter	Break the Bank	Ginny Simms
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Waltz Time	Bulldog Drummond	The Sheriff	Durante and Moore
9:45				
10:00	Mystery Theatre	Spotlight on America	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant
10:15				
10:30	Sports	Meet the Press		Maisie

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
9:00	Percolator Party		Wake Up and Smile	CBS Morning News
9:15				The Garden Gate
9:30	Camp Meetin' Choir	Rainbow House		Renfro Valley Folk
9:45	A Miss and a Male			
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Betty Moore	Barny and Follies
10:15				
10:30	Archie Andrews	Jackie Hill	Junior Junction	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45				
11:00	Teentimers Club	This Week in Washington	Elizabeth Woodward	Let's Pretend
11:15			Johnny Thompson	
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Say It With Music	Piano Playhouse	Adventurers Club
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	W. W. Chaplin	Pro Arte Quartet	Texas Jim Robertson	Theatre of Today
12:15	Consumer Time		Tell Me Doctor	
12:30	Home Is What You Make It	Flight Into the Past	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Bands For Bonds		Grand Central Sta.
1:15				
1:30	Veteran's Aid	Symphonies For Youth	Fascinating Rhythm	County Fair
1:45	Elmer Peterson			
2:00	Your Host is Buffalo		Metropolitan Opera	Give and Take
2:15				Adventures in Science
2:30	The Baxters	Dance Music		Country Journal
2:45	Bob Houston			
3:00	Nations' Orchestras	Our World of Music		
3:15				
3:30		Art Mooney	Local Programs	Treasury Band Stand
3:45				Cross Section U.S.A.
4:00	Doctors Then and Now	L. A. Symphonic Band		
4:15				
4:30	Names of Tomorrow		Local Programs	Adventures in Science
4:45				Of Men and Books
5:00	Nelson Olmsted	For Your Approval	Tea and Crumpets	Philadelphia Orch.
5:15	Songs by Snooky			
5:30	Edward Tomlinson	Sports Parade		
5:45	King Cole Trio			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Rhapsody of the Rockies	Cleveland Symphony	Jimmie Blair	
6:15			Chittison Trio	Once Upon a Tune
6:30	Boston Tune Party		Harry Wismer	
6:45	Religion in the News		Labor U. S. A.	Larry Lesuer
7:00	Our Foreign Policy	Hawaii Calls	Voice of Business	Waitin' For Clayton
7:15			Song Spinners	
7:30	Curtain Time	News and Sports	Musical Program	Vaughn Monroe
7:45		F. H. LaGuardia		
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Famous Jury Trials	Hollywood Star Time
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Scramby Amby	I Deal In Crime	Mayor of the Town
8:45				
9:00	Roy Rogers	Minstrels	Gang Busters	Your Hit Parade
9:15				
9:30	Can You Top This?	Leave It to the Girls	Murder and Mr. Malone	
9:45				Saturday Night Serenade
10:00	Judy Canova	Theater of the Air	American Melodies	
10:15				This Is Hollywood
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	

—is also Digger O'Dell, the friendly undertaker on NBC's Life of Riley program, heard Saturday nights at 8:00 P.M., EST. English-born and Australia educated, John Brown came adventuring to the United States, spent ten years with the Mighty Allen Art Players and appeared with Jack Benny before he became the lugubrious bosom friend of Chester Riley.

Recommended Listening

More and more programs, like more and more of the other good things in life, are coming in junior sizes. We're not speaking now of the children's shows on the air, scaled (like CBS's Let's Pretend) for sub-teen-agers. "Juniors"—that increasingly demanding, increasingly articulate group—have specialized needs in the way of both entertainment and information-gathering, needs that can be best served in programs especially tailored for the purpose. They're not children; they can't be reached with fairy tales. But they're not full-fledged either. Acute enthusiasms and desperate trials make up their days; radio can temper, assist, entertain, and inform—and a round-the-week tour makes it apparent that most of the networks are trying to do just that.

* * *

Monday-through-Friday: WJZ-ABC's Charm School, under the practiced guidance of model-magician John Robert Powers, gives special attention to under-twenty beauty problems—and they're many.

CBS continues its School of the Air, 5 P.M. EST. Scheduled programs indicate that this series will continue to be stimulating and valuable.

Tuesday: Date With Judy, 8:30 P.M. EST on NBC, exploits the tribulations of a high-school girl, usually amuses parents as much as it does Judy's contemporaries.

Wednesday: It's Up To Youth, 8:30 P.M. EST on MBS, takes a different approach to those problems. One of those snarls that can make the world an uncertain and difficult place for a young person is dramatically presented to a panel of boys and girls for solution. They have a chance to discuss wrongs and rights as they see them—not always the way their parents see them. Comedy is incidental to these discussions; they're meant to be, and are, serious, honest discussions of major crises: liars, teacher infatuations, older vs. younger sisters, self-dramatizing.

Thursday: The Aldrich Family, 8 P.M. EST on NBC, has been with us a long, long time. Henry is the male counterpart of Judy, falls into the comedy bracket.

Saturday: Logically, the greatest number of junior-size shows comes on this non-school, non-homework day.

The above-mentioned Let's Pretend, and MBS's Rainbow House, at 10 A.M., are likely to appeal to under- rather than over-twelves; but ABC's Junior Junction, 10:30 A.M., couldn't be more completely a teen-age offering. It's put together by young people: they write, produce, direct and participate. Their only adult adviser is Harold Stokes, ABC's central division program manager, and his function is purely critical. M. C. is eighteen-year-old Dick York; orchestra leader, eighteen-year-old Mary Hartline. Tony Trankina and Lola Ameche, about seventeen apiece, are the vocalists; Dick York and young Larry Gilmore write the scripts, Phil Patton produces. Fashions, manners, and lonely hearts are handled by under-twenty Jackie Dvorak.

Elizabeth Woodward, has written for sub-debs for many years. The letters they write her, and the well-slanted, helpful answers she gives them, make up her program, which follows Junior Junction on ABC at 11.

On NBC at 11 there's the Teentimers Club, variety program m.c.'d by baritone Gordon Macrae.

MBS, at 12, offers Judy 'n' Jill 'n' Johnny, with Johnny Desmond in charge. At 1:30 on the same network, Symphonies for Youth are broadcast with Alfred Wallenstein and the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, and Thomas Freebairn-Smith as m.c. and musical quizmaster.

Sunday: Almost steady good listening. House of Mystery (MBS, 4 P.M.), Juvenile Jury (MBS, 1:30), Quiz Kids (NBC, 4) might have special interest for younger listeners. And MBS's Exploring the Unknown (9 P.M.) has much to offer in any age bracket. All day Sunday there is good music to be heard on one or another of the networks.

Come and Visit Alice Faye and Phil Harris

(*Continued from page* 25)

10:30—for mama and daddy, who like to stay up late and chat or play cards with their friends, Mary and Peter Lind Hayes, the Tuffy Goffs, the Andy Devines—don't like to be awakened at six. The white cockatoo Phil brought home with him years ago from Australia had to be housed for this reason a good quarter of a mile away from the house. He wouldn't abide by the house rules.

"The kids are getting more like the cockatoo every day," Alice says. "They refuse to be shushed.

"Oh," she groans, "those good old days, those lovely old days, of sleeping until noon, the breakfast in bed. All gone now."

Breakfast by the big fireplace in the dining room is almost as good as breakfast in bed. The dining room, in fact, is the pleasantest room in the house—and the one most apt to get the play when guests arrive.

It is scarcely a dining room in the conventional sense—rather more a dining-sitting room of the hunting lodge, western ranch variety. It is simply enormous to begin with, and as inviting as a country inn on a rainy day with its bright red curtains, the circle of massive red and white sofas and easy chairs drawn up to the outsize fireplace, the generous sparkle of polished copper and brass.

Phil designed the room, and there was method in his madness. Phil is a hunting enthusiast—and professional enough about it to know that McAllen, Texas, on the Gulf Coast, is the best place in the country to go for white wing dove, Saskatchewan the haunt of Hungarian partridge and prairie chicken, and the wooded flatlands out of Dallas the best place to look for deer. His favorite form of entertaining is to invite his best friends to come and eat the shoot—and to cook the dinner himself.

Such dinner parties are much more fun for the cook if the convivialities go on not too far from the kitchen.

The living room, which in an ordinary house would be called informal, is almost company stuff at the Harrises'. The walls are turquoise (the blondes in the family have had a say in this!). The same greenish blue is combined with beige in the upholstering fabrics, and the floor is carpeted from wall to wall with a luxurious deep-pile beige rug. This was a big concession on Phil's part. In the sitting-dining room, the floor is cement—painted dark green. The only rugs are hand-braided throw rugs in front of the fire and under the big sawbuck dining table. "I like floors sweepable," says Phil.

"People in California are crazy to spend so much time fussing with details indoors," Alice agrees. "We live outside—around the pool in the summer, down at the stables when it is cool."

The stables are occupied for the present only by Phil's horse, Sonny. But Alice has been riding with Phil in Palm Springs during their frequent desert vacations, and as soon as she is ready Phil wants to buy her a horse of her own. And in a year or two the children will be old enough for ponies.

Riding, hunting, cooking game dinners for your friends—life is full of wonderful things to do, in Phil's opinion. And he is a little rueful that at present so much good playtime must be spent at work. With two radio shows a week, his own and Alice's on Sundays, and the Jack Benny show on which he is a regular performer, to prepare for, and rehearse, and broadcast, Phil is a busy man.

"I see much too little of my daughters," he says. "Much too little of my friends. Thank heaven my beautiful wife works with me, or I would never see *her*." It's a hard life, you gather from Phil, this getting rich and famous.

Despite their father's conviction that he is neglecting them shamefully, Alice and Phyllis tell everybody who will listen that their daddy is the greatest man in the world. He can ride. He can shoot straight. He can fix their broken tricycles. And he is the best *tickler* in the world.

"The girls will do anything," their mother says, "if Phil will promise to tickle them before they go to bed. Eat their spinach, wash their hands before supper, put the toys away—anything."

Tickling is a nightly routine.

"Cissy—Cissy is Miss Griffith, the children's nurse—gets the nursery all neat and tidy, the beds clean and white and crisp, the children scrubbed and beautiful. And then we wreck the place. I am the First Assistant Tickler. If Phil and I can't tickle them to sleep—then Cissy has to finish the job."

Alice shakes her head a little after she tells this story.

"How did two such sane parents get such crazy children?" she wants to know.

"Maybe," she adds on second thought, "it's just Alice. Phyllis thinks her big sister is so wonderful that she is content to parrot everything she says.

"All day long it's *'Mama, may I have a graham cracker?'* from Alice, followed by *'Mama, may I have a gwam cwacker?'* from Phyllis. Or *'Daddy, please tickle me,'* from Alice, then *'Daddy, pwease tittle me,'* from Phyllis."

So far as her parents know, little Phyllis has never had a thought of her very own.

They are a wonderful pair to watch. They look alike—a little like their mother, a little like their father. Cissy dresses them in identical pinafores. They have dolls alike, push-peddle autos alike, cowboy suits alike for visits to Sonny's barn.

"And," says Phil, "if you're going to tickle one of them you'd better have strength enough to tickle two."

"They are tireless," Alice adds. "They have the run of the whole eight acres all day. Signs over all the drives warn guests to be 'Careful, Children.' They run and romp and shout until I'm tired just from watching them. If they have to sit down five minutes for lunch they feel abused."

"And," this from their father, "they are indestructible. One of them will fall down and bruise a knee. Alice will patch it up with stuff from the First Aid box in the kitchen. Before the bandages are put away, the other knee is black and blue. But do they stop running? Not those two."

Energy seems to be a family trait.

Alice finds time for two careers—in films and on the radio—without cutting corners on either of the jobs she considers really important, those as Phil's wife and the children's mother.

Phil, for his part, does five men's work in his profession and still has leisure for more useful "puttering" around the place than many a less harried husband.

Phil wanted a barbecue, complete with turning spit, for outdoor dinners. So he hauled the bricks himself, and built it. Somebody gave him a camellia bush—he transplanted it, cultivated it—now it's blooming wildly in the flower border at the edge of the flagstone patio. One night recently he came home from a rehearsal hankering for an old-fashioned Southern dinner, the fried chicken and cornbread kind of dinner he remembered from his Tennessee boyhood. It was the cook's night out, so Phil cooked it. Before dinner was half done, the smells emanating from the kitchen were so promising that Alice called up Mary and Peter Hayes and the Goffs, who came right over to help consume the feast.

"What a household," the guests sighed with satisfaction, as they stretched out after dinner in the roomy chairs around the dining room fireplace.

"What a husband," said Alice.

And the house, her husband's house, she might have added, is *not* for sale.

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TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

New! Blush-cleanse your face—*for that Engaged-lovely look*

See it give *your* skin:

—an instant clean, refreshed look

—an instant softer, silkier feel

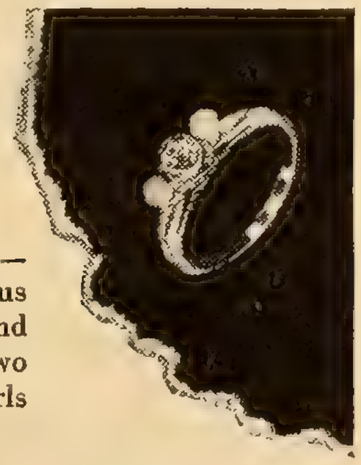
—a lovely blush of color

You'll see results tonight—with the new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

You blush-cleanse—Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it on your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

You blush-rinse—Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing—your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action softens, loosens dirt and make-up—helps *free* your skin! *Every night*, this full blush-cleansing. *Every morning*, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's.



KATHARINE'S RING—set with precious family stones—a diamond flashing between two white pearls

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

CHARMING KATHARINE KURR, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Kurr of Rye, N. Y., is engaged to Lawrence Esterbrook Wattles of Wynnewood, Pa. They plan to be married at beautiful Belgrade Lakes, Maine, where both families have summer homes.

Katharine is startlingly like her charming mother—the same dark blue eyes and complexion so rose-petal fresh you must see it to believe it. She is delighted by this new blush-cleanse way to use Pond's Cold Cream. "It gives my face such a clean-soft, waked-up feeling," she says.

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look! Get *your* Pond's Cold Cream today—a convenient *big* 6-oz. jar is especially nice to use!

KATHARINE ANNE KURR—her rose-petal complexion is blush-cleansed with Pond's

Diamonds and Pond's! Classic round diamonds, like Katharine Kurr's; luxurious emerald-cut diamonds; and a graceful pointed marquise.

Among the beautiful women of Society who use Pond's

VISCOUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN — MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

THE LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME

MRS. JOHN R. DREXEL — MRS. ROBERT BACON WHITNEY

THE COUNTESS DE PETITEVILLE

MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR — THE LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT

Information

Step right up and ask your questions—if we don't know

INFORMATION BOOTH is the part of Radio Mirror for which you readers are responsible. The Editors of Radio Mirror are delighted with the stream of letters which come in from you concerning radio and radio personalities.

Each month we'll select the questions we think you would be most interested in having us answer. Watch information Booth for the information you want; it's possible that someone else may have asked the same question a little before you got to it. But if you don't find your answer here, watch the mail; for we'll try to answer every letter that comes to us accompanied by the box on page 65. Write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Staats Cotsworth

A VERY LARGE ORDER

Dear Editor:

As soon as you can will you do a story with pictures like you did on Young Dr. Malone on the following programs: Masquerade, The Second Mrs. Burton, One Man's Family, Road of Life, Lone Journey, Pepper Young's Family.

Miss Thelma Andrews

Plummer, Idaho

We can't do all of those things all at once but we'll get around to them as quickly as possible. In February we anticipated you and gave you Road of Life, One Man's Family and Pepper Young's Family. On account, we'll give you a picture of Staats Cotsworth who plays the leading role of Wolf Bennett in Lone Journey which is set out in your country. In this issue, you'll find a Second Mrs. Burton story on page 26. We're planning to cover Masquerade in an early issue.

DOUBLE LIVES

Dear Editor

Will you please send me the life story of Carolyn Cramer and Dick Campbell?

Mrs. E. E. Underwood

Mize, Miss.

Claudia Morgan

You will hear more about these two in the later issues of Radio Mirror but in the meantime here are just a few facts. Carolyn Cramer and Dick Campbell in NBC's Right to Happiness weekdays at 3:45 P.M. EST are played by Claudia Morgan and Les Damon, who also play Nora and Nick Charles in CBS's Adventures of the Thin Man on Friday night at 8:30. Claudia Morgan is one of America's busiest actresses. The daughter of an actor, Ralph Morgan, she has been featured in thirty-three Broadway successes as well as a play in London, and has made pictures for most of the big companies in Hollywood. Les Damon also came to radio from the theater. His first experience was in stock touring companies. Since then he has been in Broadway shows, in touring companies, on the radio and in the Army, with the Armed Forces Radio Service in the China-Burma-India theater.

Les Damon

MONEY FOR QUESTIONS

Dear Editor:

May I make a suggestion about your magazine which I enjoy very much? Besides Inside Radio, couldn't there be a column or list of quizzes which pay listeners for questions sent in? Of course, we all know Information Please and Dr. I.Q. but I mean the smaller ones like Boykins American History Quiz (WMAL).

Anna T. Harding

Frederick, Md.

John Reed King

That's a very good idea, and we will think about it. However, many of the quiz programs, such as the one you mention, are local and would not be listed on the networks. For a starter, here are a few network quiz shows you might like to listen to:

Give and Take—Saturdays, 2 P.M.—CBS.
Twenty Questions—Saturdays, 8 P.M.—MBS
Professor Quiz—Saturdays, 10 P.M. (new time)—ABC
Quick As A Flash—Sundays, 5:30 P.M.—MBS
Truth or Consequences—Saturdays, 8:30 P.M.—NBC
Grand Slam—Monday through Friday, 11:30 A.M.—CBS
Double or Nothing—Sundays, 9:30 P.M.—MBS

AUDIENCE REACTION

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine with a great deal of pleasure for over a year. The new color Living Portraits Feature is especially fine. Lord Henry and Sunday I particularly liked for I have loved the beautiful love story woven through this radio serial. I am not so sure that I am going to continue liking it, as I do not like domestic problem plays in serials. The unhappy situations are too long drawn out and psychologically disturbing, foreign to the lesson of fidelity and trust so needed at this time of unrest in the public mind. A beautiful marriage like Henry's and Sunday's wields a strong influence for stability that is far reaching. Domestic relations need strengthening in these times of hasty marriage and radio can do much work for happiness. When we get up from listening to our favorite stars, we feel happy inside and ready to tackle our daily problems. We know it is fiction but our favorite radio stars are as real to us as Santa Claus is to a child before he is disillusioned. When they are happy so are we and when a beautiful character like Sunday is dragged through the mire of gossip for no real cause at all, it gives us a feeling of apprehension and tenseness hard to throw off. It seems as though stories, dramas and scripts have taken on a tense and morbid trend when joy and happiness would mean so much psychologically in restoring the world to a more joyous perspective. We have to forget wars (not the lessons but the scars) and learn to be happy and glad to be alive. Too many live the tragedy of war and broken homes and the need is for more cheer and happy home life with love and children as could be depicted by Lord Henry and Sunday. Of course, I know it's not your problem, but public opinion expresses itself freely in this country. As Kate Smith would say, "Thanks for listenin'."

Mrs. Mabel E. Patterson

Marlin, Texas

Thank you for writing your long and interesting letter. We think that other readers will enjoy it as much as we did and perhaps they would like to express themselves.

Booth

the answers we do know where to find them for you

Jim Backus

MANUSCRIPT RETURN

Dear Editor:

Four months ago, I sent you a short, You Must Have Hope, care of the Life Can Be Beautiful editor. According to the Writers Digest, you return material promptly. I have not received my manuscript as yet nor have I heard any word from you.

W. Lipnick

New York, N. Y.

We are very sorry that you got the wrong impression. You see, Life Can Be Beautiful letters are not considered manuscripts and the box on the Life Can Be Beautiful page specifies that no letters can be returned. Sorry if you misunderstood.

LINDA'S FIRST LOVE

Arline Blackburn

Dear Editor:

I get Radio Mirror every month, and enjoy it a great deal. I listen to many of the radio serials, and of course, like everyone else, I have my favorites. One of them is Linda's First Love. Can we have pictures and a story about that program? I also enjoy Mary Foster, Editor's Daughter, Hearts in Harmony, and Young Widder Brown. Can we expect something on those programs soon? It would certainly be appreciated by me—and, I expect, by a lot of other readers as well.

Mrs. B. Fuller

Lowell, Michigan

Look for a story and pictures of all your friends on Linda's First Love in the next issue of Radio Mirror. For this May issue, we've planned a brand new episode in the life of Linda and Danny, which we're sure you'll enjoy. You'll find Living Portraits of Young Widder Brown in this issue, starting on page 50. And we'll see what we can do about your other favorites in the near future—watch for them. Meanwhile, here is a picture of Arline Blackburn, who plays Linda on Linda's First Love. You'll see more pictures of her, and the others on this program, next month.

LONE JOURNEY

Dear Editor:

I see in your November issue that Lone Journey is on the air at 10 o'clock in the morning. I am not able to hear it at this time and if there is any change I wish that you would be good enough to let me know the time and the stations in this area.

Garnet Powers

Shoals, W. Va.

Joan Alexander

Lone Journey is on the air in the afternoon now at 2:30 P.M. EST. This is a CBS show and the Columbia outlets in your part of the country are WCMI, WCHS, and WHAS. We hope that that time will be convenient for you and that you can follow this exciting serial every day. Joan Alexander, whose picture you see here, plays the leading feminine role in this program.

TIMES AND PICTURES

Dear Editor:

Can we have a picture of Hubert Updyke? I am a subscriber to Radio Mirror and I honestly do not think that there is another magazine to take its place. It's full of nice pictures and articles that we radio enthusiasts like. Thanking you in advance, I remain always in great praise for Radio Mirror. I'm always glad when it comes.

John T. Fenn

Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Hubert Updyke is played by Jim Backus, whose picture you see here. He is heard on the Alan Young Show, over NBC every Friday night at 8:30 P.M., EST. And thank you, Mr. Fenn, for those kind words. We appreciate them—you see, we do our best to anticipate what you readers want, and to give it to you in its most interesting form.

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate it greatly if you would answer these questions for me. Who used to play Janet Ryder on Bachelor's Children?

To whom is Barbara Weeks, Ann Malone of Dr. Malone, married? Is it Karl Frank?

I read your delightful magazine every month and enjoy each story tremendously.

Miss M. G.

Elmhurst, New York

Patricia Dunlap used to play Janet Ryder in Bachelor's Children, and you are right about Barbara Weeks. She is married to Karl Frank. Also, we are delighted that you are delighted with Radio Mirror.

Dear Editor:

Each Sunday we all enjoy so much the way Bert Parks handles the Married For Life program. No matter what kind of couple he interviews he manages to be gay and dignified at the same time. We have been wondering what he looks like. It's nice to know in the midst of all the rising tide of divorces someone can still do a convincing selling job on marriage.

Mrs. S. W. W.

Port Jervis, N. Y.

Bert Parks

This is not too good a picture of Bert Parks, but some day we hope to have more for you—together with his famous twins. Listen to him on Friday nights, too, when he is master of ceremonies on Columbia's Break the Bank at 9:00 P.M., EST.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—Sometimes, in spite of all our efforts, a request-letter is mixed in with other mail—and we don't want that to happen any more than you do. So, will you help us by clipping this box and attaching it to your Information Booth letter? That way we'll know at a glance that you're an information-seeker, and we'll be able to give much quicker service on answers—either by printing your letter on these pages, or by an answer delivered through the mail. Important: No letters can be answered or considered for Information Booth unless accompanied by this box.

SERVICE MEN in both the Army and Navy all over the world find Beech-Nut Gum a favorite

Everywhere it goes—the reputation of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it

Beech-Nut Gum

Mademoiselle X

(*Continued from page* 39)

in New York City. "From Ohio, no doubt, or Indiana," you'd mutter to yourself as she came into the living room to meet you. She'd be wearing a Princess-styled dress in blue, and she'd say "How do you do?" without the trace of an accent—and how would you know that she could carry on the rest of the conversation in French, German or Czech just as well as in English?

Yet that she could. She was born nineteen years ago on a large horse-breeding farm in Czechoslovakia. She was an only child, and her father was a retired Czech Army officer. The Zenta family was well-to-do, and Susan (or Zuzka) studied at schools in Prague, Lipnik and Switzerland—learning, outside of her regular studies, ballet dancing, piano, singing and drama. But in 1939 they could stand living under German rule no longer; and they fled to Paris. Once there the family had a frenzied consultation.

"IT is better for our daughter to go to America while the war is fought here," ex-Colonel Zenta finally decided. "Meanwhile my wife and I shall find our way to London and work with the Czech government in exile."

He then did what he could for his thirteen-year-old daughter: he got her a visa, some money, and the names of some relatives in America. Finally he bought her a horse and saddle. Then he and his wife kissed her goodbye, and she was off on a hazardous ride to the French port of Le Havre, where she boarded the Ile de France. A few days later she reached New York City. She was alone in a strange country, did not speak a word of its language, and the second phase of her life had begun. It was the opposite of her former life of luxurious learning.

For four months in America she had a faint sense of security because she lived with friends of her family in New Jersey. Then they had to move to California, and they found her a room in New York City with friends of theirs. But with these strangers to her she felt completely alone. Her first night there she sat in her room and made up her mind: either this new country could conquer her, or she must conquer it . . . and the first step in conquest must be to learn English to perfection. Furthermore, she had money enough to last her only another six months. Somehow she must supplement it.

By the next day she had worked out her plans. She got up, ate breakfast in a corner drugstore, and went to George Washington High School where she registered as a freshman. She went there until she graduated. By that time she could eat hot dogs and sodas like all the rest of her classmates, talk precisely as they talked—and she was wearing the traditional high school uniform of sweater, saddle shoes and bobby socks. As for her money problems, she had solved them by becoming a "baby-sitter" for several evenings a week; and, in order to perfect her new English, she spent part of her earnings at the movies three times a week.

But even though she had now been in America four years, she had no idea what she wanted of life. All she knew was that she must get a job to support herself. So the day after she received her high school diploma, she went to the Eastern office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios and got herself a job as page-girl. After several months of delivering papers from office to office, she began writing the captions for photographs. But one evening she got back to her room and sat down for future life-planning. It had been four years now since she had had one of those sessions. So she had another one—and went to sleep that night determined to become what she wanted to be more than anything in the world: an actress.

Again she moved fast. The next morning she resigned her job at M.G.M. and began visiting casting directors—and that summer she got active experience in a Connecticut summer stock theater and by fall, she was back in New York, living at the Rehearsal Club and going to radio auditions. But always the same thing happened when she was face to face with a radio director. The dialogue went like this:

Director: "What's your name?"

Mademoiselle X: "Zuzka Zenta."

Director: "Oh . . . Well, I'm afraid we have no roles for foreign accents today."

Mademoiselle X: "But I speak perfect—"

Director: "Sorry. Next, please."

Finally she realized it was no use arguing with them. One morning after the usual dialogue with a director she got into the elevator of his building and had a bright thought. "In Czech, Zuzka means Susan." (Derived from the Hebrew for Susan which means "lily"—see cover!) "That will be my first name. Now I will find a last name and I'll be all set!" She stepped out of the elevator in the lobby, saw a telephone booth a few feet away, and ran for it. At random she opened the telephone book hanging beside it—and the first name she saw in it was Douglas. She gave a pleased sigh.

"SUSAN DOUGLAS! That is a fine American name, and from now on it's mine!" said she. With which she went into another radio office, saw another director, told him her name was Susan Douglas—and instantly got her first role in radio!

As Susan Douglas she's been heading for stardom ever since. On the side, she leads as confusing a life as she does in public. While acting on the Hop Harrigan show she heard so much enthusiastic aviation talk that she hurried out to an airfield and began taking flying lessons. Now she's almost ready to solo. On still another radio show her fellow actors were gourmets— "So, natch, I've been going to cooking school," she says now.

In between fast planes and hot stoves, she manages to ski, play tennis, ride, and—on the vaguest invitation—play baseball! She's also found lots of American time to form opinions, and she's formed them. Bing Crosby is her pet singer, with Johnny Desmond a close second. For dance-bands she likes Johnny Long and the Glenn Miller band—and she should know, for Mademoiselle X, of course, is always going dancing with one of her collection of bewitched young men.

And for now, that's her history. Her parents' letters come from Prague again, now that the war's over. But Susan elects to stay in her adopted country. And besides all the other items on her list, she hopes one day to play Alice in Wonderland on the screen.

It's the Newer Way for Better Results

Get ALL your Vitamins in Food

As you know, authorities agree that most people should get extra vitamins as a safeguard to good health. And authorities also agree, beyond question, that the best way to get vitamins would be in your everyday food. But that's hard to do—

Because everyday foods vary considerably from day to day in vitamin and mineral values. And, besides, they lose a lot of their vitamins in shipping, storing and cooking.

That's why so many people are supplementing their meals with Ovaltine. *Ovaltine is standardized.* Its content is scientifically controlled. It never varies. Each spoonful supplies the same generous amounts of vitamins and minerals. You know exactly what you're getting. It's a supplementary food that makes up deficiencies in ordinary foods.

So you don't have to worry about variations or losses. You *know* that a serving of Ovaltine in a glass of average milk *always* gives you the same substantial quantities of Vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G and Niacin—and Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. And you can be *sure* that 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily and just normal meals will give you *all* the vitamins and minerals any normal person can use. And when you drink Ovaltine you get these vitamins and minerals the preferred way—*in food.*

You'll find, too, that Ovaltine has a very agreeable taste—a taste that grows on you. So for better results, why don't you start drinking Ovaltine at meals, just as you would tea or coffee? Or, if you prefer, between meals or at bedtime. Then, if you're a normal person, you'll know, as far as *you* are concerned, you've solved the vitamin problem.

FAR MORE THAN VITAMINS . . . Ovaltine also contains virtually every other precious food element needed for buoyant health and vitality, including the elements that vitamins must have to function properly. That's why Ovaltine is so widely recognized as the ideal supplementary food-drink.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

"Red Majesty suits my King's taste!"

—says MRS. DICK HAYMES

Thrillingly attractive wife of the popular young singing star.

"WHETHER the problem is 'Get your man'... or 'Keep your man,'" explains pert, charming Joanne Haymes..."Red Majesty is the best friend a girl's lips can have." This new shade makes your mouth look exciting...inviting...irresistible to men! Make your next lipstick Tangee Red Majesty.

Five Famous Glamourous Shades by Tangee

GAY-RED

RED-RED

MEDIUM-RED

THEATRICAL RED

NATURAL

To match your Tangee Lipstick—Tangee Rouge Vanity or Creme Rouge DeLuxe—in five flattering shades. Also recommended is the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up...ideal in every way.

Red Majesty

NEW HIT SHADE BY

Tangee

Radio and Its Critics

(*Continued from page* 19)

a democracy governed by the majority will of its people, that broadcasting should not be responsive to that will? To me it's as unthinkable as that the owners of American baseball should eliminate the sport of millions and substitute cricket matches or chess games! Let me make very clear what I mean. First we have an obligation to give most of the people what they want most of the time. Second, our clients, as advertisers, need to reach most of the people most of the time. This is not perverted or inverted cause and effect, as our attackers claim. It is one of the great strengths of our kind of broadcasting that the advertiser's desire to sell his product to the largest cross section of the public coincides with our obligation to serve the largest cross section of our audience.

NOW what about the minority groups? I believe we should be just as honest in recognizing and serving their claims upon our time. But when they condemn us for "catering to the masses" they ignore the commonsense fact that people will not listen to programs they do not want and sometimes do not understand, any more than they will buy a magazine or a newspaper which is unintelligible or foreign to their tastes.

I believe that much of our trouble comes from the circumstance that radio is so convenient. As a result the listener often fails to appreciate the worth of what he is getting. The music lover who will stand in line for five hours to get a gallery seat for an opera or concert is likely to be the very one who will attack radio because Toscanini or Rodzinski aren't standing by in the radio station to begin waving their batons the minute he flicks his radio on.

Certainly I see no reason for us to be apologetic for giving the great majority of the American people what they want and in quantities and with a quality to be found nowhere else in the world. As for the further role played by the advertiser—without him we could not have a free radio. The advertiser buys freedom for the listener at the same time he buys time and talent. The only other kind of radio is government radio. The only kind of radio which can give the public what it *doesn't* want is a government system, run according to the views of a small group of program officials, or according to the line of the party in power. We cannot be all things to all people at all times, but we can be most things to most people most of the time. In spite of all that I have said, I hope I shall not be interpreted as believing that all is well in radio, and that no criticism leveled against our practices and our record is justified. I believe a part of the criticism is justified, and that it is both a responsibility and just good business to maintain the highest levels of taste in all our programming whether addressed to the largest or the smallest groups.

The most persistently repeated charge against broadcasters is that we permit advertising excesses. Are we guilty or not? It is my opinion that we are, and I am sure most broadcasters agree. Competition for economic survival does not excuse too high a percentage of commercial copy or material which is irritating, or in bad taste.

On the other hand, adverse personal attitudes toward radio commercials, or toward advertising generally, have led some critics to paradoxical conclusions. A sustaining public affairs broadcast, a symphonic orchestra, a program of book reviews, education in home gardening, a children's program may be acclaimed, but if an advertiser decides to sponsor it, certain critics immediately damn it as commercial and therefore not to be praised. When they become sponsored, they are usually broadcast to many more millions of homes through many additional stations. All this should be praiseworthy, even measured by the logic of our critics. But because they dislike advertising they automatically condemn the very programs which, as struggling sustainers, they praised.

Radio has also been condemned in some quarters because we broadcast crime and mystery shows. It is argued, superficially, that such programs contribute to increased juvenile delinquency. To ban the mystery show from radio would, in my opinion, be an unsound and repressive step in the face of the wide appeal which this type of fiction provides in books, magazines and movies, as well as on the radio. Our problem is to present mystery drama in such a manner that self-identification of the listener with the criminal, rather than with those on the side of law and order, is avoided.

TURNING to the field of public affairs programs, perhaps our real failure has been in not devoting to them the same high quality of showmanship, of good writing, of ingenuity and imagination as we devote to entertainment shows. It is possible to infuse more and more so-called public affairs and educational broadcasts with broad appeal. The application of new and sparkling ideas in the presentation of educational, documentary and controversial issues is one of our greatest challenges today.

I would like to refer briefly to the charge that radio has failed to develop local live programs. We must remember that radio stations exist, not as schools for would-be musicians or actors, but as a service to listeners. If the talent resources of a community are meager, the production of local live programs is not as simple as the critics imply, and it is altogether natural that the local station should turn for its major program offerings to central program sources—networks, national and regional, transcription services of various kinds, and so on.

I have covered, of course, only part of the ground. But I believe that, when the facts are assembled and weighed—when our accomplishments are given as much emphasis as our faults—we will find that the record of *most* broadcasters will be a matter of real pride. We have a right to protest when critics do not differentiate between station and station, program and program, and level their charge not against the actual offender but against all radio.

When a citizen cancels his subscription to a yellow journal he does not condemn all journalism. Instead, he switches to a more responsible sheet. That is intelligent discrimination and that is what is often lacking in radio criticism.

. . . with this delightfully fragrant talcum powder

KEEP FRESH: After you bathe—shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It gives your whole person a thrilling, singing freshness.

FEEL SMOOTH; Cashmere Bouquet Talc dries up every vestige of moisture; imparts a silken smooth sheath of protection. Girdles slip on slick as a wink.

STAY DAINTY: For long lasting daintiness—use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It points up your feminine appeal with the *fragrance men love.*

Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc

with the fragrance men love

TABLE TALK

MARY SHIPP, who is heard weekly as Henry's girl friend, Kathleen, on the Henry Aldrich program, is a lovely, talented young woman. We discovered that she's a good sport, too, when we asked her to pose for special pictures at the Stork Club's Cub Room.

The first picture, up at the right, is an example-in-action of the right, and prettiest, table-posture. Other poses demonstrate how awkwardly some of the fair sex go about the task of dining. If some of Mary's attitudes seem ludicrous, look about you the next time you're out on a date. Then decide if she has over-exaggerated, and check on yourself.

Are your feet curled around the chair legs, or stuck too far out where the waiter is in danger of tripping over them?

Do you slip off your shoes halfway, to relieve pressure on feet that hurt?

If your feet bother you, perhaps your shoes are ill-fitting, or you need to soak your feet in a good warm foot bath. Treat them to a soothing foot cream massage, sprinkle an antiseptic foot powder on them —especially between the toes. Give them weekly pedicures, or visit the chiropodist.

Mary shows you how not to sprawl over a table. Are you careful *not* to lean over when wearing a low-necked dress?

Decolletage of any kind looks smarter— if your posture is erect. An oversize purse should be placed either between you and the chair arm, or beside you on the lounge —thus keeping it out of sight.

Now, one more point! You may be entirely unaware that your skirt has crept up too far, while flirting with your date across the table. Wouldn't you say it is worthwhile to look out, below, on that score, too?

By MARY JANE FULTON

The right way has the right kind of eye-appeal: easy, graceful, good top-to-toe line.

Mary Shipp shows how to catch the eye for the wrong reasons. From the top: Disrobing; Toe-fidgets; The Backward Slouch; The Forward Slouch, With Props; The Twist. Is this the way you want to look to that interested young man at the next table? Well then—!

WHICH TWIN HAS THE *Toni?*

Lovely Consuelo O'Connor of New York, the Toni twin, says, "My twin sister, Gloria, had a beauty shop permanent—I had a Toni Home Permanent. And none of our friends could tell which had which—can you?" (See answer below.)

You, too, will want your next wave to be a TONI Home Permanent

You'll thank the lucky day you give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. For you'll discover an amazingly easy and inexpensive way to keep your hair always at its loveliest. Beautifully groomed with deep, luxurious waves . . . silky soft and natural looking. Because Toni Creme Lotion waves your hair permanently, but *gently* . . . leaves it frizz-free and easy to manage.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent—even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. That's why every hour of the day another 1,000 women use Toni.

No trick at all to giving yourself a Toni . . . just three simple steps.

1. Roll your hair up on curlers, and dab on Toni Creme Lotion.

2. Tie a turban round your head and relax for 2 to 3 hours. (No sitting under a hot dryer.)

3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Your Toni Cold Wave is finished . . . it's beautiful . . . and will last as long as a $15 permanent.

Now, while you are thinking about it, get a Toni Home Permanent Kit. On sale at all leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters.

Consuelo, the twin at the left above, is the one who has the Toni Home Permanent. Could you tell?

Listen to "Give and Take" C B S Network Every Saturday at 2 P.M., E.S.T.

$1.25 *plus tax*

Easy as rolling your hair up in curlers—but the wave stays in

Toni HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE

R
M

The Year It Snowed on Easter

(*Continued from page* 21)

sometimes she couldn't provide anything very appetizing for supper. When Tim complained, she'd snap at him, and they'd be off on a quarrel that wouldn't have meant anything if the nerves of both hadn't been on edge, but as it was they'd go to bed without making up and get up the next morning still angry at each other.

They both wondered, sometimes, if maybe it hadn't been a mistake to get married. Tim remembered other girls he'd known, and Peggy remembered other boys, and both thought they might have been happier if they'd waited. Little things rubbed them the wrong way. Peggy's habit of twisting one curl of auburn hair around her finger, around and around, while she was listening to the radio or reading, made Tim want to reach over and grab her hand and hold it so she couldn't do it any more; and Peggy thought that if Tim said, "Ye gods and little fishes!" once more she'd scream. Of course she never did, and neither did Tim keep her from twisting her hair, but the effort not to drove them farther apart, in the way that little things can.

THIS Easter morning, with the snow slogging down outside, they were ready to call their marriage off. At least, Tim told me he was, and from the way he described Peggy I don't doubt she was too. He sat across from her at the breakfast table and couldn't believe that he'd ever thought she was pretty. There she was, with no make-up on her face and her hair tumbled from sleep, and he reflected that she could at least make an effort to look nice for him in the mornings. For her part, Peggy was busy resenting Tim's day-old beard, which was black and bristly.

Timmy started things off by reaching over and spilling his milk. Peggy usually remembered to keep it out of his way, but this morning she'd forgotten, and Timmy wasn't one to let a good opportunity go to waste.

"Timmy!" she said. "Oh, you bad, bad boy!" and slapped his hand before she went to get a cloth to wipe the puddle up. Timmy did what any two-year-old in the circumstances would have done—he started to bawl, opening his mouth wide and making all the noise he could.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" Tim yelled. "Can't a man have a little peace and quiet on a Sunday morning? What'd you want to leave the milk there for? You knew he'd knock it over—he always does."

"All right, I forgot," Peggy snapped. "It's a wonder I don't forget more things. Try helping me a little bit in the mornings, instead of sitting there criticizing, and maybe the place would run smoother."

"I do my own job. That's enough." Tim lit a cigarette and dropped the match into his coffee cup. He knew Peggy hated that, which was why he did it.

"Now what's the matter?" Peggy asked. "You didn't eat your egg."

"You cooked it too long." This was true, but it wasn't why Tim had left the egg. He wasn't hungry. Not that he was sick physically, but there's such a thing as soul-sickness, and he had it. He looked around the room, and wanted to get out of it, but where could he go? They ate in a little nook at the side of the kitchen, and Peggy had tried to make the whole place cheerful with white enamel paint and bright-colored decorations, the kind you transfer from pieces of paper, but right now it seemed small and close as a jail cell. The clouds were so thick outside that they had had to turn on the electric light, and that didn't help either.

"Cook your own egg," Peggy said. She put her chin in the air and started past Tim. But all at once her lower lip began to tremble and her blue eyes to fill with tears. Eggs were expensive, and she knew how hard Tim worked at the mill and how worried he got about money. She was sorry she'd cooked this one too long—sorry and ashamed. But there were so many things to be done in the mornings, and Tim didn't like to be kept waiting for breakfast—and she was tired out from making a new coat for Timmy and a new suit for herself, and now the weather was bad so that after all her work she and Timmy couldn't wear the clothes. In spite of what she'd said to Tim before breakfast, she hadn't really intended to take those new things out into the snow and maybe ruin them—Peggy was too sensible for that.

A sob rose in her throat and stuck there, and she dropped her head down onto her bent arm on the table, and cried. Timmy stopped *his* crying and stared at her, and Tim stared at her too. Peggy hardly ever cried. She was much more likely to fly into a brief, blazing fury that Tim could understand and deal with. For just a second or so he felt like jumping up from his side of the table and rushing around to hers, kneeling on the floor and putting his arms around her. He did jump up, but by that time the impulse was gone. He said disgustedly, "Oh, for Pete's sake!" and went out of the room.

AFTER a while Peggy raised her head and dried her eyes. Her face was stony. If Tim had obeyed the impulse to comfort her, she'd have melted into his arms and they'd have kissed and made up, with apologies on both sides. But he had let the opportunity slip, and now Peggy was angry in a way that was unusual for her—with a deep, sullen anger that was really dangerous. She didn't care what Tim thought or did, she didn't care if she never saw him again, and she made up her mind that she was going to dress herself and Timmy in the new clothes, bad weather or not, and go to church. And Tim could stay home if he felt like it.

She cleared away the dishes and washed them, gave Timmy his bath and put him in his crib to wait until she was dressed, and took a bath herself. Tim was down in the basement, fiddling with an old chair he was repairing, and she didn't call down to him. He knew what time church started, and she didn't intend to plead with him to get ready.

Downstairs, Tim heard her preparations and said to himself that she probably hoped he'd stay home. He wasn't going to give her the satisfaction, though, and about a quarter past ten he came up and without a word began to shave.

Outside, it was still snowing.

By twenty minutes of eleven all three of them were ready—Peggy in the new brown suit and her new hat decorated with green feathers, Timmy in his new spring coat. Tim had a good topcoat he could have worn, but he went to the closet and pulled out his old raincoat. It was a silent rebuke to Peggy, and she got it. Her tightened lips showed that.

Of all the crazy things, Tim was thinking as they set out through the snow and slush, this was the craziest. He got out Timmy's stroller and put the little boy into it, covering him with a blanket up to the chin. That was all right; at least he could keep the kid warm and dry. But Peggy was picking her way along the sidewalk, trying to find the least slushy spots, and before they'd gone a block her shoes were soaked to the instep. Snow was falling on the green feathers of the hat, too, and melting there. The hat was going to be ruined, and they'd all be lucky if Peggy didn't catch pneumonia.

ALL the time, Peggy was fighting back more tears. She knew, as well as Tim did, how foolish it was to wear those clothes, and she wished with all her heart that she hadn't. It was too late now, though. She'd have died rather than turn around and go back home to change, thus admitting she was wrong.

They got to the church finally, stamping up the stairs to the vestibule, to free their feet of the clinging mixture of water and snow. Tim lifted Timmy out of the stroller, and then carried the stroller itself up into the vestibule, where it could be kept dry.

Inside the church, it was almost as bad as it was outside. Hank Moffat had come down early and started up the furnace, but in this weather it wouldn't draw, and the air in the church was damp, cold, and smoky. It made your eyes water and your throat tickle. I know, because I was there myself with Polly. We saw the McArdles come in, and I thought to myself when I laid eyes on them that I'd never seen two young folks with less loving-kindness, less of the Easter spirit, in their faces. That's a pretty sweeping statement, because the congregation which trailed into church that Easter morning was about as dispirited and glum a group of people as you could collect anywhere. The bad weather had affected everyone. I didn't feel so chipper myself.

Tim and Peggy sat in their pew, with Timmy between them, and they didn't speak to each other, not out loud, that is. All the same, it was as if each could hear what the other was thinking, and was thinking the same thing himself—that love had soured and gone stale, that the other was selfish and silly, that nothing was ever going to be right again.

Timmy fidgeted in his seat, feeling the trouble and discord in the air, and Tim turned and whispered angrily, "You be quiet or I'll take you home." The little boy whimpered, and Peggy put her arm around him and drew him close, glaring at Tim as if to say that if Timmy misbehaved it would be all his fault. Tim glared back, conveying the thought that no woman in her senses would bring a two-year-old to church anyway.

The service began, and Reverend Huston and the choir did their best to

liven things up. The ladies of the Guild had fixed up the church with lilies and green stuff so it should have looked mighty pretty, but in the smoky, lifeless air, under the electric lights that had to be turned on because the day was so dark, the flowers drooped and wilted. The music sounded thin, and when the congregation stood up to join in the hymn they dragged after the choir like a youngster dragging after his mother on the way to the dentist's. Reverend Huston told us the beautiful story of the Resurrection—the same story I'd thought I would never get tired of hearing. Today there was no fire in his words, and the things he told us seemed unreal, having nothing to do with us Homeville folks shivering in our damp clothes.

But all the time, unknown to us in the church, things were happening outside. There had been no wind when we went in, nothing but a sluggish movement of air from the southeast that couldn't rightly be called a wind at all. All at once it changed. A breeze sprang up, straight out of the west—a warm, lively breeze with the smell of spring on it. It stopped the snow, and tore the clouds apart and sent them scudding off in pieces. It pounced upon the slush which covered the ground and began turning it into water which trickled off down the slopes and gutters. It shook the snow from the branches of trees and bushes, and melted it before it had reached the earth—and wonder of wonders, where the snow had been there was now just the faintest tinge of green!

WE in the church had no inkling of all this, not until the end of the service when the choir began to sing the Alleluia. Then, as if the sun had been waiting for that moment, it came out from behind the last cloud and shone on the stained-glass windows along one side of the church. Shafts of rose, blue, violet—every color of the rainbow—came spilling and rioting into the church, turning the electric lights pale. It was so sudden, so grand and splendid, that everyone's head was lifted in amazement and awe. The choir, for the first time, sang as if they believed in their music—more than believed in it, felt it in their hearts and souls and couldn't wait to tell the whole world about the joy they'd discovered. Their voices mounted, higher and higher and sweeter and sweeter, until we forgot that we were listening to people who were our neighbors and friends, and thought we heard the songs of angels.

Suddenly it was over. The music ended, and in the hush that followed Reverend Huston's short benediction was like a re-statement of everything the anthem had said. We stood up as if we were rising from a trance, and turned toward the doors that Hank Moffat had flung wide open, to show a vista of blue sky crossed by a few hurrying white clouds.

Polly, standing beside me, whispered, "David, it's like—it's like it must have been on the day of the real Resurrection!"

And that was how we all felt, coming out into the revived air, feeling the blood begin to run faster in our veins, finding the sun warm on our faces and the wind soft against our cheeks. The things that had troubled us an hour before seemed trifling now, and we could hardly imagine how it felt to be sad.

It was the same with Tim and Peggy. They had seen the sudden transforma-

"I get so darn mad!"

"I'm fed up with 'wash day fairy tales.' How any grown woman can believe some of them is more than I can understand!"

Lady, we don't blame you. But please don't point at Fels-Naptha Soap.

Every word we say about Fels-Naptha has been said before . . . *by the women who use it*. In fact many of our customers make stronger claims for this fine laundry soap than we do.

We say Fels-Naptha is better because it gives you *two* great cleaners—gentle, active naptha and good mild soap; that it makes all kinds of washing quicker and easier; that it makes linens and delicate garments so fragrantly clean they're a joy to behold.

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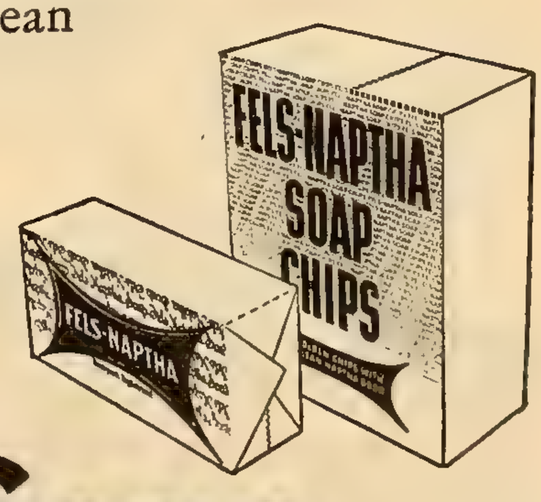

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Do you know the secret, girls? Do you know how to catch a man's eye and bring it *straight to you*? It's easy —JUST GIVE YOUR HAIR

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Men love hair that gleams with rich, warm color. Yes, whatever the color of your hair, Nestle Colorinse will enhance its beauty.

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Wait 'til he sees the glamorous highlights Nestle Colorinse rinses into your hair . . . sparkling highlights that make your hair seem alluringly "alive"!

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A man loves to caress hair that's soft and shining. You'll be thrilled when you see the beautiful silken sheen that Nestle Colorinse gives your hair.

tion in the church and heard the heavenly music, and they came out walking in a daze, blinking their eyes at the brightness of the world.

"Good morning!" Reverend Huston said to them at the door, shaking Tim's hand. "It *is* Easter after all, isn't it?" He laughed, and Tim and Peggy found themselves laughing too, without knowing why, simply because they felt like laughing.

Tim got Timmy's stroller and carried it down the steps to where Peggy and the little boy were waiting in the sunlight. The foolish green feathers on Peggy's hat were stirring in the wind, and now they didn't look sodden and tired any more. And Peggy was nodding and smiling to people she knew, saying, "Yes, isn't it lovely? Did you ever see such a change in the weather?"

Tim scooped Timmy up and put him into the stroller. He shook the blanket out and folded it, and said, "You won't need this thing any more, boy." Peggy turned toward him, and the smile that had been on her face for the people she spoke to was still there, shy and a little embarrassed.

Tim felt shy, too—as if he and Peggy were boy and girl again, not yet married, just falling in love for the first time. "Would—would you like to walk along Main Street for a while before we go home?" he asked, and Peggy nodded.

"That'd be nice," she said.

Everybody in Homeville seemed to have had the same idea. The walks on both sides of Main Street were crowded with people, strolling along with their heads up and their shoulders back, laughing and talking, and looking up every now and then at the clear sky as if they couldn't believe it had changed from the dirty-gray blanket it had been earlier.

After they'd gone a few steps Peggy tucked her arm through Tim's, and they walked the rest of the way like that, Tim pushing the stroller. He was half a head taller than Peggy, and he could glance down and see the soft curve of her cheek and the shadow under her chin, the delicate modeling of her nose and the gentleness of her lips; and he thought with a surge of pride that there wasn't a prettier girl in Homeville.

Nor a better-dressed one, either. The bad weather had made most of the women decide to leave their new spring clothes at home, and so Peggy was nearly the only one dressed for the season. She knew it, too—you could tell that in the self-assured tilt of her head.

Tim, who had thought that dressing up for Easter was silly anyway, and doubly silly when it snowed on Easter Sunday, realized all at once why women insisted upon doing it. Not out of vanity—or anyway, not entirely. But mostly they bought new clothes—bright, gay, impudent new clothes—because the winter was at an end. It was spring, the season of re-birth, the time for beginning-all-over-again.

This was the real New Year, no matter what the calendars said—and it occurred to Tim that if a woman had been given the job of arranging the calendar each year would probably begin on the first day of spring instead of the middle of the winter. It would have been a better arrangement, because right now was the time Tim felt like making new resolutions—now, when he felt the earth stirring with new life under his feet. To be nicer to Peggy, to appreciate her, to love her—above all, never to forget, as he had forgotten that morning, that he *did* love her.

He pressed Peggy's arm closer against his side, and she looked up at him.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't know what got into me—I can't even remember now why I was such a sorehead—"

"Neither can I," Peggy said.

"I'm glad you wore the new suit."

"So am I—now." And Peggy giggled—at herself, at him, at both of them. Pretty soon she and Tim and Timmy were all three laughing, walking down Main Street in the warm sunlight.

I think about Tim and Peggy every time Polly starts her before-Easter housecleaning, and I think about them when I listen to Reverend Huston's Easter sermon. They're just two ordinary young people, and I don't mean to say that they haven't had their disagreements and troubles after that particular Easter when it snowed. But that was the day they found their second chance, and with its help they passed a crisis in their marriage. They began all over again.

You can say, if you want to, that the way the wind changed and the sun came out that Easter was just coincidence. But I remember that a second chance was what Christ offered to mankind when He let himself be nailed to the cross, and when He rose from the grave, and I know it was more than coincidence. It was a moment of revelation, the meaning of Easter made plain.

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(*Continued from page* 33)

upright at a mike—and you can hang on, if you want to—those first few weeks of Army life are rugged. I lasted for three weeks, until the day we ran the obstacle course. I started over a nine-foot wall. Oh-oh. Off I went to the hospital and two months in bed.

After those two months I got a two-week sick leave and hurried off to California to ask Cathy that question again. I didn't even have a chance to ask her, for the first day of my leave my house burned down. The other thirteen days I spent finding new quarters for my mother, and moving her and what was left of our possessions into them. I say I didn't *ask* Cathy. I mean I didn't concentrate on making her hear me. I had been asking her every ten minutes since the day we met—November 6, 1940—but she had a way of looking vague, as though her hearing were a little defective, every time the subject came up. I went back to camp, this time in Florida, without an answer. But I wasn't discouraged. Not too. At least she hadn't said no.

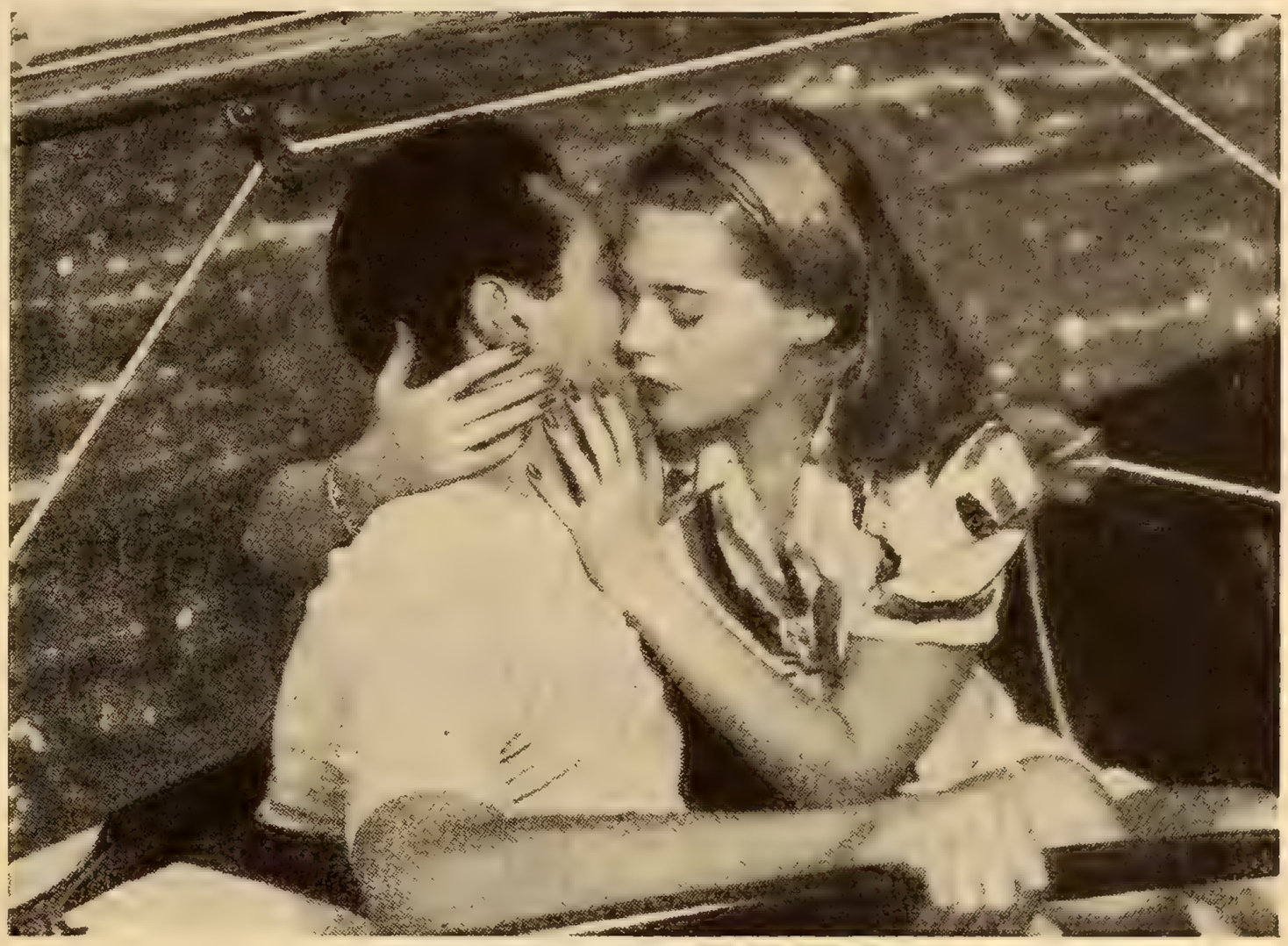
THE only difference between the infantry in Oklahoma and the infantry in Florida is the climate. A private is a private, and there is work for the man to do. Two weeks after I checked in at Camp Blanding, there was work for me to do that shouldn't happen to one, a radio actor, and two, a fellow who has just been operated on. The assignment was to unload a truck full of 100-pound sugar sacks. Oh-oh, again. Back to the hospital for another operation, another two weeks in bed. This time with complications which included a gall bladder attack followed by jaundice. When my commanding officer wrote out my second pass for two-week sick leave he shook his head sadly. Lewis, it was clear from the look, would not be back. I had lost forty pounds, my knees rattled audibly, and I was bright yellow.

In this condition I took the train for California, and Cathy. I couldn't have had less hope. How could I expect a girl who didn't hear well when I was hale and hearty, if not handsome, 170 pounds with all of the required biceps, —how could I expect her to look at the poor, scrawny, withered-up object the train mirror shot back at me now? I was very low on expectations.

You'll have to explain it. I can't. I may be Gregory Hood, that sharp-thinking detective, on the Mutual air, but in real life I'm simple-minded. Cathy and my mother met the train. They both gasped, got that our-boy-will-not-last-the-night look, and Cathy, all teary-eyed, helped me up the ramp between the words of that lovely sentence, "*When* shall we get married?" I suppose Dr Freud would say the sight of me in that beat-up state awakened the mother instinct in Cathy, the urge to nurse me and make me well. But what she said was "I love you." And that was good enough for me. It took two weeks to assemble the veil and the gown, the rings, the flowers, the minister—all the accoutrements of a wedding. It was the longest two weeks of my life.

That I should have been impatient after three and a half years of patience doesn't make sense, I know. But I was afraid, once she had *heard* me, that I would gain a pound, lose a little

Since Nassau... It's "We, Us & Co."



Sailing—one heavenly day. *"For an Old Salt, honey,"* you suddenly said, *"you have the softest hands."*... Lucky I had Jergens Lotion with me!

Dinner-dance at the Royal Victoria—a girl can't go without a man. *"I'll be your man,"* you said, *"always, if you'll have such holdable hands."* I will, dear. I'll always use Jergens.

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You, too? You can now feel even surer of dear-to-hold hands. Jergens Lotion gives even better results, thanks to wartime skin research—even smoother, softer hands and even longer protection. Two ingredients many doctors use are part of postwar Jergens. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).

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of that jaundice-yellow, stop shaking, and that Cathy would lose her hearing again.

That myth about bachelor girls really eating their little hearts out for husbands just didn't fit Cathy, you see. She *was* having fun. She *did* like her job. As one of the town's most promising young film actresses, why shouldn't she? Besides which, there was an open field of guys who were hale, hearty, and confound them, handsome; who were just as willing as I was to be her errand boys.

I had heard about Cathy Lewis before I met her, from Bill Robeson, a radio producer for whom I had done several skillion broadcasts. Bill was flying up and down the West Coast at a mad pace trying to keep up with his fiancee, June Wilkins, who was playing the woman-next-door in the Alexander Woollcott company of "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

"THERE'S an actress in the show named Lewis," he told me after the first trip. "Cathy Lewis." Next time he was more eloquent. "That Cathy Lewis is cute," he elaborated. "You two Lewises ought to get together."

We did, very soon thereafter. A girl who was strictly cute, wearing two big eyes and a wolf jacket, walked into Studio B at NBC one morning during a rehearsal. Jerry Hausner and Eddie MacDonald chorused a "*Miss* Lewis, may we present *Mr.* Lewis" and fell down laughing at their big joke and I, feeling absolutely no pain, said "Miss Lewis, would you like to go to the 'Folies Bergere' with me?"

"Right now?" she asked blandly, looking up at the studio clock. It was 11:05 A.M.

"Well, no," I stumbled on. "Tonight, after the broadcast."

"I have some very good tickets," I lied. I hadn't given a thought to the "Folies" before, but I did know a guy who knew another guy who knew the press agent.

"I'll be glad to go with you," Cathy replied, but in no hurry. "If you will comb your hair."

So it was going to be that kind of trouble.

I had a fast answer, after about ten minutes. "I'll comb my hair," I flashed, "if you will wash your face." I wasn't doing so well. It was some time later when I remembered that I should ask her to dinner before the show. She was sorry, but she had another engagement. (She told me later she had a big date with June to have hamburgers at the corner drugstore, but it's bad to give a fellow the idea he can make dates with you at the last minute like that.)

We did go to the theater, and afterwards we met the Robesons (June and Bill had taken the plunge by this time) at the Bar of Music, had one or two highballs and listened to the pretty music. I'm not sure, but I think I asked Cathy that night to marry me. If I didn't, it wasn't because it didn't occur to me. But whether I did or not she had begun not listening to such talk.

The long pull had begun. Fight and make up. Fight and make up. I will be very honest with you and tell you that it was all, absolutely all, Cathy's fault. I loved the girl, I wanted to marry her. I ran errands for her. I was good to her mother. If she had a six o'clock call at the studio I set my alarm for five, drove through the cold gray dawn to her house and got her safely to the studio. If it rained during the day I drove out with umbrella and galoshes, wrapped her up, and took her home. I was patient

Charlie, always there. Always there and so neatly blended into the scenery that she didn't even see me. See me . . . or hear me.

It wasn't as you see that I didn't try. It wasn't that I didn't have allies. Bill and June, the radio gang—Cathy was doing radio too by this time—all our friends did their best to help me out. The air was blue with pro-Elliott propaganda. I was a good guy, a regular fellow. I would make a girl a very handy husband.

Even Cathy's mother was on my side. My persistence had charmed her if not her daughter.

It was no go. Cathy was having too much fun to get married.

I suppose I would still be hanging around blended into the scenery if the infantry hadn't stepped in and fixed things up for me. Good old infantry.

For two weeks after the Homecoming, the Happy Homecoming of the Halt, the Jaundiced and the—at last—Beloved, things really whirred. Cathy had her heart set on a formal wedding, and it takes some doing to accumulate all of the props for a traditional ceremony in the scant two weeks of a private's sick-leave. But it was done. Cathy and her mother and sister, my mother and all of our friends worked like beavers to bring it off. I covered a lot of ground myself for a guy who was so obviously done for.

The wedding remains to me a lovely blur. We were married, or so the invitations read, at eight o'clock in the evening on April 30, 1943, in the Pueblo Oratorio of the Chapman Park Hotel in Los Angeles. Our pastor, Dr. Ernest Wilson, was waiting at the altar when I got there, supported—*really* supported, for somehow I was beginning just then to feel the loss of those forty pounds—by my best man, my uncle Eddie Raiden.

Cathy's sister, Madge Tracy, came down the aisle, wearing, I think, something frothy and peach-colored. Then Roberta Simpson, Cathy's best friend, in something blue. Off in the chancel Mary McCoy Stevens was singing something sweet and soft.

Then Cathy appeared, clinging to the arm of her family's old friend, Russell Simpson. She has never looked more

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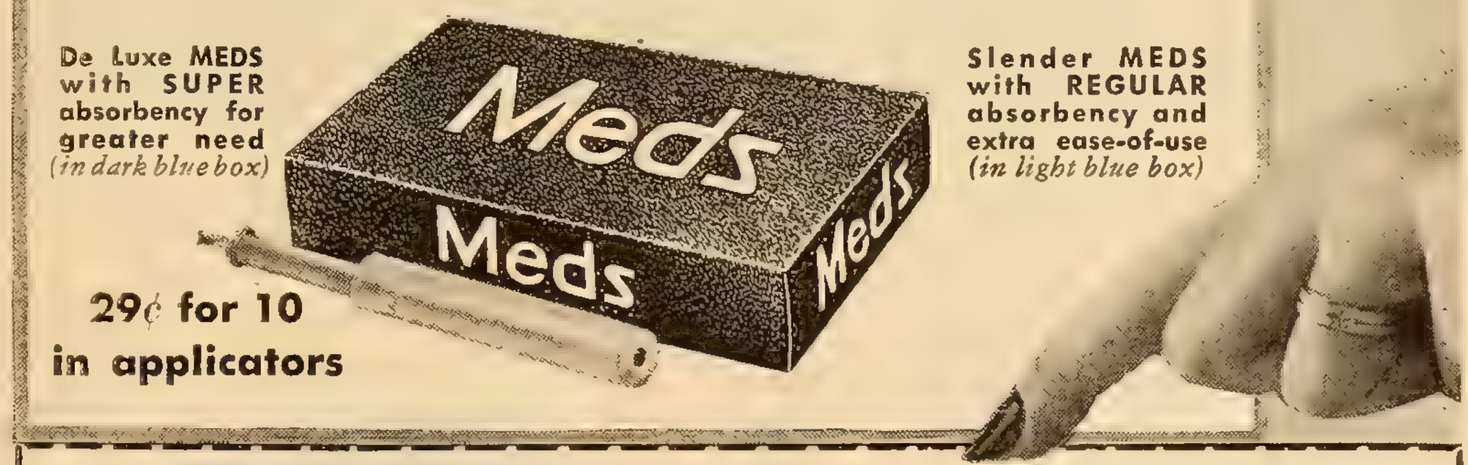

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Lustre-Creme Shampoo was created by the genius of Kay Daumit. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, she combined rich lanolin with special secret ingredients in an almost-magic new formula. Once you try Lustre-Creme Shampoo you'll find its abundant, pleasant lather offers these advantages—compared to soap and liquid soap shampoos you've used before.

1. Lustre-Creme Shampoo leaves hair glowing soft and brilliant, as though it had been given lots of good brushing. **2.** Not drying. **3.** Leaves no dulling soap film. **4.** Your hair is easier to manage, easier to arrange and keep in place. **5.** No vinegar or lemon rinse. **6.** Works just as well in *hard* water.

So, no matter how you've been shampooing, you owe it to your hair to try Lustre-Creme Shampoo. See how soft, how naturally lovely, how brilliantly-alive and well-behaved your hair can be. Simple and easy to use. Economical—a little does so much. Ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo at cosmetic counters in department and drug stores.

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beautiful. She fairly floated down the aisle, the soft folds of her bridal gown shimmering in the candlelight, the long tulle veil making a halo around her dark hair. She carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies-of-the-valley. *I* had chosen those flowers, I remembered with a start. This breathtaking creature was coming down the aisle to marry *me!* The knocking of my spindly knees drowned out the last bars of Mary's song. Cathy was much too beautiful a bride for a yellow parchment-covered skeleton of a private like me. Even the pockets of my uniform seemed too big. I was an endless time finding the ring.

The ring Cathy wears belonged until our wedding day to her father's mother, Memgee, as Cathy fondly called her all her life. Memgee had never removed the plain gold band from her finger since Cathy's grandfather had put it there during their wedding in Liverpool seventy years before. It had arrived in a tiny box the day before the wedding, with a note reminding Cathy of a long-ago incident.

"IF I get married, Memgee," Cathy, at twelve, had asked her grandmother, after listening for the hundredth time to the romantic story of the old lady's wedding, remembered in every detail despite the years, "if I get married, may I wear your ring?"

"*When* you get married, Cathy," Memgee had replied. And she had not forgotten.

My health began to return the minute the minister said "I pronounce you man and wife." (In the next twenty weeks, I gained twenty pounds.) By the time we got back to Four Oaks, Cathy's mother's home where we were to have our wedding reception, I was feeling quite a whole man again. I cut the wedding cake, even opened a bottle of champagne without any help.

We had many wedding presents, but none so gratefully received as a wire from my commanding officer notifying me that I was to report to Armed Forces Radio Service, Sunset Boulevard at Western, Hollywood, California!

This meant that our honeymoon, planned to last two days, could go on, and on. It is still going on.

We moved at first into a dream of a honeymoon cottage, pine-paneled and cozy with chintz and copper, and a real fireplace which Cathy's mother wangled for us somehow. But as it must to all Privates First Class, eviction came to the newlywed Lewises. Much too soon.

We found a little apartment, which Cathy—who could have been a decorator if she hadn't decided to be an actress—has made as luxurious as any mansion in Bel Air. (So she's a not-so-good cook. Can a man have everything?)

The house is very much our own. The study walls are lined with my collection of old English prints. An old sampler Memgee made when she was twelve hangs over the fireplace in the living room. The fire screen and stool once belonged to a Great Aunt of Cathy's who was a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria. Even the kitchen is gay, the way Cathy has done it. All the coffee cans and such are painted in bright colors; ruffles turn up in odd places, on shelves and things. Everywhere there is color and everywhere Cathy's own, special kind of charm.

Now that both of us are working in radio again, the wolf has retreated a step or two from the door. But we hardly notice the difference. We had not realized the Grey Old Dog was there. It was so nice and warm, so friendly inside.

Make Them Want to Behave

(*Continued from page* 31)

is in Irma Simonton Black's book, "Off To A Good Start." She speaks of discipline as ". . . the restraint imposed by rules to educate or train the child to live in a democratic society. The last part is important. If you were going to train a child to live in a dictatorship, you would give him different attitudes and habits from those he will need in a democracy." The thing that interests me is the distinction between training a child for living in a democracy, or a dictatorship. It seems to me that an awful lot of the old ideas about training and discipline would be more suitable in a dictatorship, where no one is ever too young, or too old, to have impressed on him the idea that he's small and inferior and has to take orders from bigger, superior people.

My idea is that discipline is not blind obedience. It is learning the rules of living with your fellowmen so you'll be able to do your share of the work and get your share of the pleasures out of life. You start by learning the rules in your own home, then in the world outside it.

LOOKING back at my own childhood, I remember I didn't mind rules that made sense. In fact, I liked such rules. They helped me figure out exactly where I stood and what was expected of me and what I could expect in turn. I knew that when I broke one of the family household rules, I would be punished. I usually even knew what the punishment would be, which made it possible for me to figure out whether it would be worth it to me to do whatever rule breaking I wanted to do.

There are two common failures in discipline, it seems to me. By far the worst, I think, is the attitude which is based mainly on the convenience of adults. They don't like noise, or messiness, or facing the problems that even the best of children can create at times. All the rules in such a family are made for the benefit of the adults and the needs and abilities of the children are never considered. The children are supposed to behave like small sized adults. But children are not just small adults. They're children and they only learn things gradually and because they need to and want to learn them. You can break a child's spirit with rules designed for your own comfort, but you can't teach him much that way. He may obey when you're around, but the chances are he can't be trusted out of your sight. Worse still, his spirit can be so completely broken that he'll be timid and confused all his life—in other words, a failure. He'll have grown up feeling he has no rights and he'll certainly never be able to put up a fight for what he doesn't think he has.

The other common failure in discipline is going overboard in the other direction—no discipline, at all. A child who's permitted to walk all over everybody, to get the idea that the world begins and ends in him, that his parents and sisters and brothers have no rights, that there are no rules for him, is headed for a very rude and unhappy awakening. Such a child, not having learned how to live in a decent give-and-take atmosphere is liable to find very little room, or affection, in a world where most people have some

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self-respect and will put up a big fight for their rights.

As I said about myself, young children like rules—provided there aren't too many of them piled on all at once and that they are clearly intended for the *child's benefit.* Of course, this means you have to be smart enough to limit the rules to the scope of the child's understanding. Just as you wouldn't dream of expecting a small child who can't get a spoon to his mouth properly to cut his own food with a knife, you shouldn't expect a child who is too young to control his muscles and nerves to stop wetting the bed. In this latter case, above all, you shouldn't punish him, if he does.

Not that punishment hasn't got a place in discipline. A child has to learn two things about discipline. That he's expected to discipline himself, because that will help him get along better in the world—with other people and with himself. And that he should discipline himself, because if he doesn't he'll be punished.

The kind of punishment is another thing. Physical violence is just about the worst weapon you can use against a child. An occasional slap on the hand or backside, when you've simply lost your temper for a good reason, is all right. A child can understand that because he sometimes loses his temper, too. And it will help you get over your spell of annoyance quickly. But severe spanking, especially with some instrument—a hair brush, a whip, a belt—is not only physically dangerous, but the terror created in the child can do untold harm. The difference between a suddenly provoked slap and a cold-blooded, calculated beating is the difference between an accidental killing and premeditated murder. To make a child "good" through fear is to make him respect force and violence. It also serves to teach him how to hate.

Other forms of punishment may seem gentle, but their effects are just as bad. Nagging is one of the worst. Constant nagging and criticism destroy a child's self-respect. Any child is unsure enough in this adult world, without being steadily heckled and having his mistakes pointed out and his shortcomings dwelt on all the time. The silent treatment is confusing and terrifying. A child can understand an outburst of justifiable anger much better than a long drawn out, cold silence.

Most destructive of all is the constant repetition that you don't love a child when he's naughty, or you won't love him if he's bad. Every child needs to feel very certain that he's loved—all the time. Then, if you do lose your temper, sometimes, he'll probably try to remember what displeased you so you won't behave so unpleasantly to him again. But, if you tell him there are times when you don't love him, what's the use of his trying to behave better? Especially, since often children have no way of judging what those times will be. And it's possible to get over the idea that you don't like what a child is doing, but that he himself is all right and you love him. Even very young children can grasp that.

And I hate to have to add this, but I've seen too many startled and terrified children not to. When a child does something accidentally, he shouldn't be punished, at all. Breaking something by accident, for instance, can be shocking enough to a child. A wise mother, in fact, would ease his mind and conscience by comforting him and assuring him that accidents can happen to anyone.

Discipline is very necessary for the healthy growth of children. But discipline does not mean domination. It's got to be the right kind and the right kind cannot be beaten or nagged into a child. He's got to cooperate because he understands it's for his own good and happiness. He's also got to see some good examples around him.

I intend to ask Marilly how she ever hopes to get Butch to stop banging the screen door, when she still allows herself to get all riled up and stalks out banging it behind her when she's in one of her moods. Maybe I can get it across to her by asking how she thinks I'd do as Mayor of this town, if I screeched at all the citizens to obey the parking laws, while I myself continued to park my car in front of a fire plug.

There's no getting away from the truth, and no grown-up should want to get away from it: you can't go banging around imposing your opinions or your personality on anyone—including children—without running into more trouble than you're prepared to handle.

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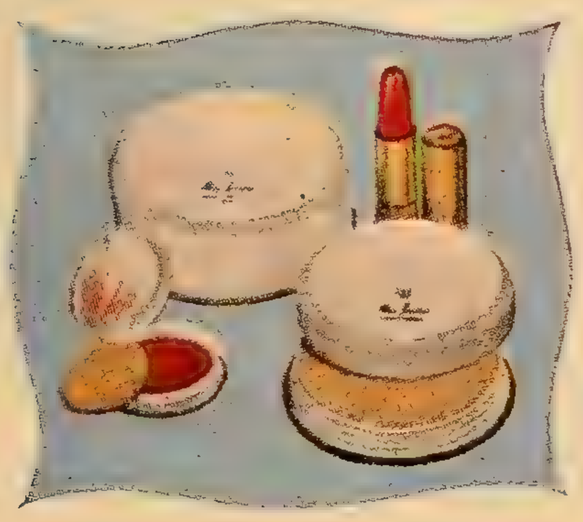

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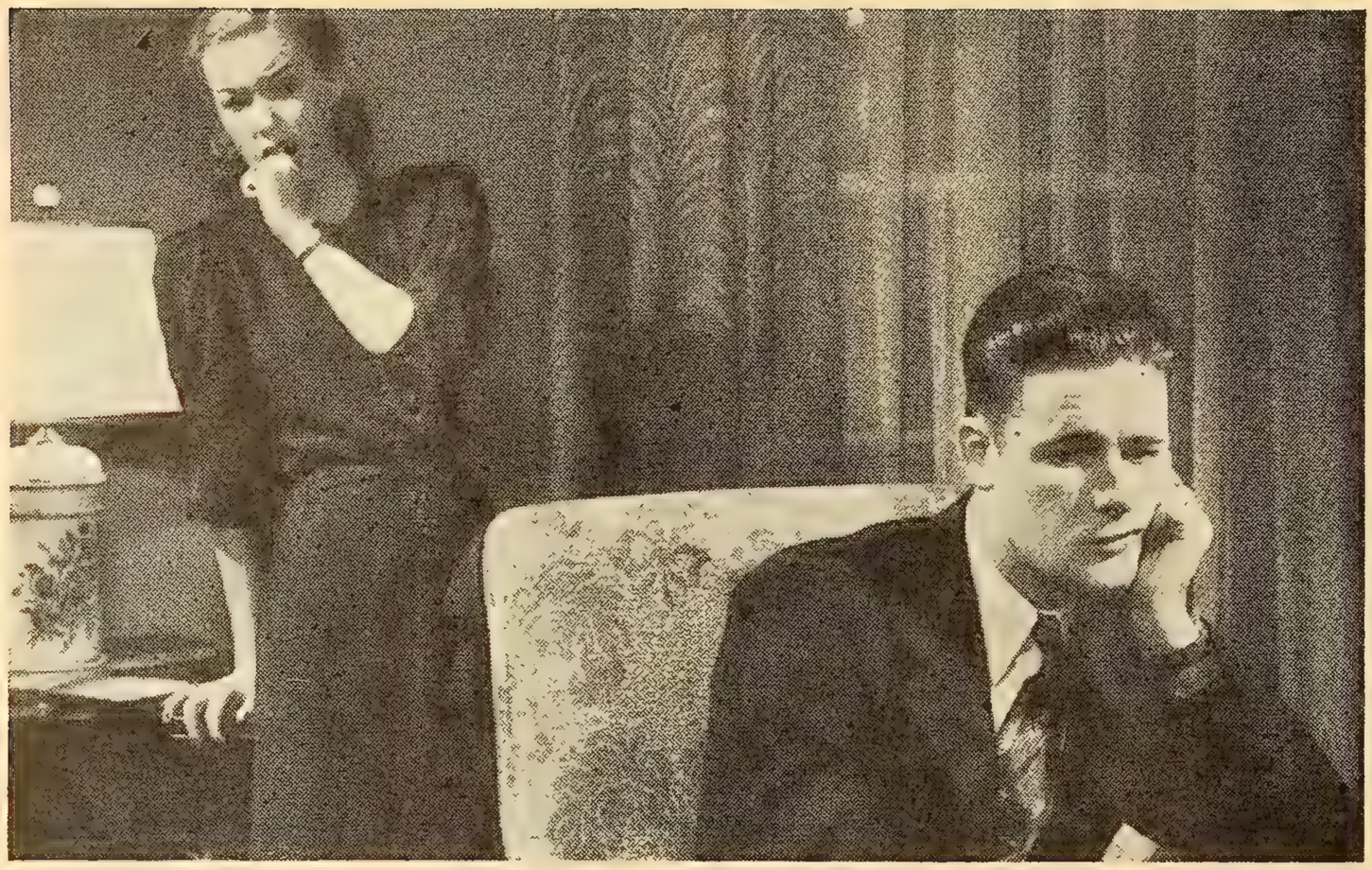
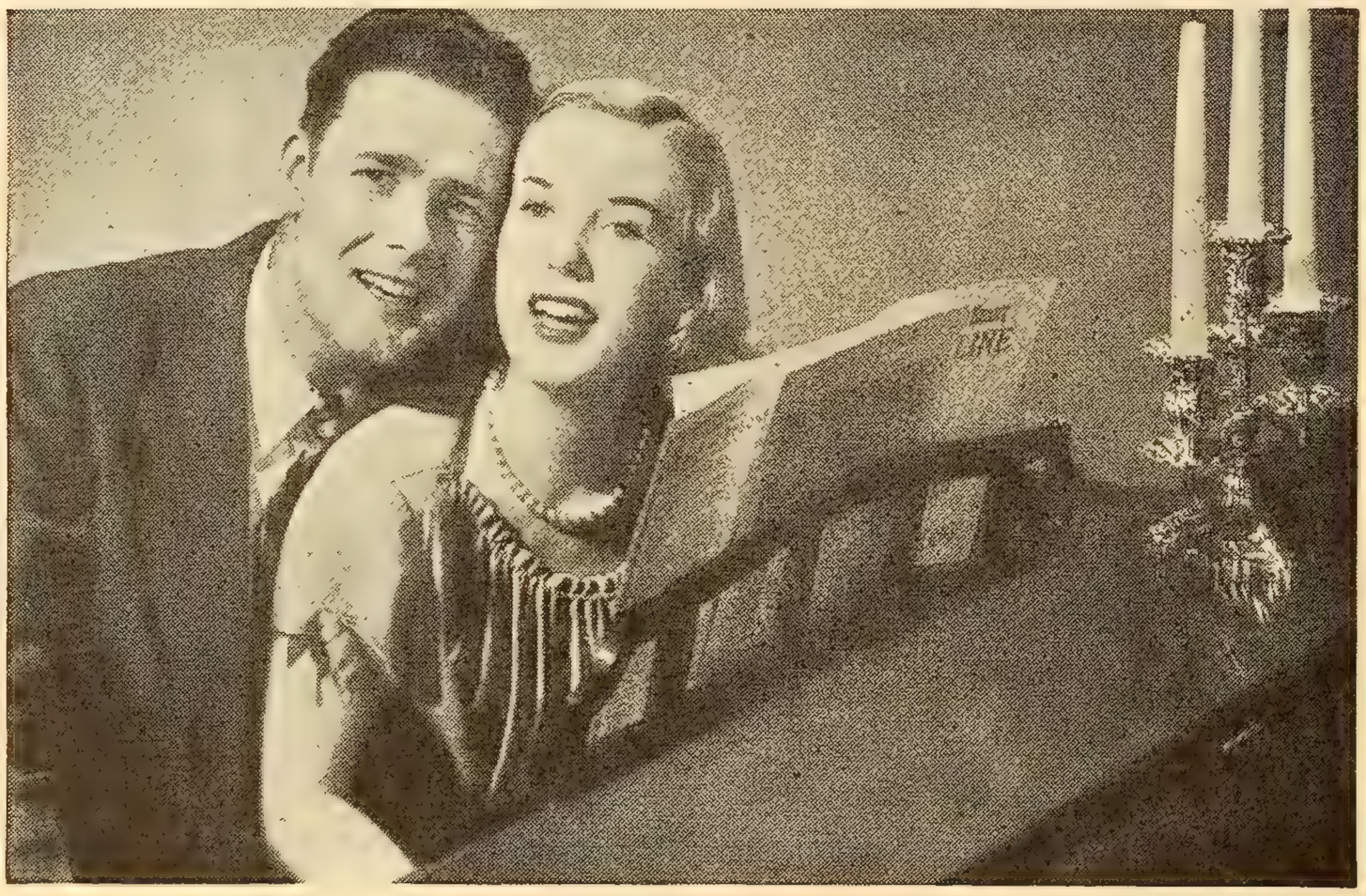


"We were out of tune . . ."

Tirades . . . bickering . . . like jangled notes ruining the harmony of our marriage—and I never dreaming it was *my* fault! Oh, I understood about feminine hygiene—I thought. But, carelessly, I'd depended on just *occasional* care. "That's why many marriages fail," my doctor said, putting me wise. "Never trust to inadequate feminine hygiene," he told me—then advised using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"But . . . it's sweet harmony now"

The song is back in my heart! I feel myself loved and cherished again . . . *happy!* Yes, our discord has vanished since I took my doctor's advice about feminine hygiene . . . always use "Lysol" for douching. "Lysol" is far more effective than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. "A proved *germ-killer,*" my doctor said "—that cleanses *thoroughly,* yet so gently!" "Lysol" is so easy to use and so economical!

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 6: HIGHLY ECONOMICAL . . . "Lysol" is wonderfully economical in solution because it's so highly *concentrated.* Follow simple, easy directions for using this powerful yet gentle germicide.

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R
M

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

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Fair Play!

(*Continued from page* 37)

on one leg while trying to pick up a handkerchief from the floor.

But now Ralph Edwards, the popular master-of-ceremonies and the man who first brought the game to the radio, has turned it into a national sport. Jed and I used to listen on Saturday nights and gasp with amazement at the fantastic stunts contestants were called upon to do as their "consequences." Such things as the two men who were each given half of a thousand-dollar bill and had to find each other somewhere in the middle of the United States. I remember one had to start from New York and the other from Hollywood, wearing high silk hats, hip boots, frock coats, with a list of cities where both were to go. On entering the cities they were to go to certain chop suey restaurants and yell "Heathcliffe" at the top of their lungs. And that's how they found each other—they finally both got to a restaurant at the same time and "Heathcliffe!" was their introduction!

THEN, of course, you remember the famous Mr. Wickel. The unfortunate man who was sent to a certain empty lot to dig for buried treasure? Ralph Edwards hadn't reckoned, I guess, when he broadcast the place over the air that lots of ingenious listeners-in would see the advantage of getting there first. When Mr. Wickel arrived the lot looked like an excavation for a subway.

His "treasure" was finally sent him, buried in a shipment of books!

Another contestant was sent to the Arctic Circle to dig for gold; another they called Mrs. Yiff-Nuff made her debut as a concert violinist when I doubt if she'd ever touched a violin before.

The stunts are crazy and fun and the very daring of them tickles the fancy of the average person. But that Saturday evening we had no slightest premonition, Jed and I, that we two would be players and not just listeners.

We had written in some time before for tickets and they finally arrived . . . four of them. So we had decided to make a big evening out of it and had invited Cecil Storey—he's the other half of the business partnership—and his wife, Dolland, to go with us. On our way over to the studios we had amused ourselves thinking up the weirdest possible "consequences"—like taking a rocket ship to the moon—and kidding each other over whether or not we had enough life insurance, in case Mr. Edwards should happen to pick on us.

Not really, seriously, thinking it was possible. Not for one moment.

We found our seats in the large National Broadcasting Company studio after a short wait outside in line. It seemed to me that everyone in Los Angeles must be trying to get into the show—or, more likely, trying to get *on* the show. Eager, empty-handed hopefuls had approached us on our way in, asking if we had extra tickets or trying to wheedle us out of ours. But there we were and there we meant to stay.

When Ralph Edwards came out on the stage before the program started, both Dolland and I agreed he was exactly as we had pictured him—good-looking, young, bubbling over with high spirits. His humor was cocky and sharp, but never condescending to us, his audience.

We settled ourselves back in our seats,

anticipating a pleasant half-hour.

Then—suddenly—things began to happen so fast I couldn't catch my breath. Here was Ralph Edwards. Right beside us, asking all sorts of questions—and before we knew it we were up on that stage!

There were others, of course. And while Jed and I sat there; while we had a chance to let the whole excitement of the game creep into our blood and make us recklessly willing to do anything—we also could listen and see how the others fared.

One woman was asked if she wouldn't like to talk to Charles Boyer over the telephone. She was willing and they dialed the number—but what she couldn't see—and the audience could—was her husband sitting in another little room, kidding her along with a "Come-with-me-to-the-Casbah" accent.

A girl who had been on the program the week before and whose forfeit had been to wink at every man she saw, paid her return visit. She protested that she *had* winked at every man and she had been promised that one of the men—some unknown—would slip her a hundred dollars. Where was the money?

"YOU haven't winked at me, yet," Edwards said. "It's supposed to be every man you see!"

Hastily she complied and it turned out that he was the unknown man she was looking for.

And all that time Jed and I sat there as if we were suddenly transported to another world, where everything was topsy-turvy. Anything could happen.

When our turn came and Mr. Edwards called us to the microphone, I had the strange illusion that I was perfectly poised and at ease. Jed told me afterwards that he did, too—yet I'll never forget that he couldn't even remember his name when he was asked!

All kinds of things he asked us: what were our names? Where did we live? Was it true that Jed had been home only six months from serving with the Underseas Demolition Squad, Seabees, as Carpenter First Class? Was Jed working for anyone else, or was he his own boss? Did we have a child?

And then came our *question.* If we didn't know the "truth" of it—

When is a piece of wood like a queen?

Even if you're good at answering riddles, I defy anyone to collect his wits enough to be able to snap back the answer at a time like that and in front of a watchful audience of several hundred people in the studio and who knows how many millions listening in over the air. The answer was, of course, *when it's a ruler,* but I think that even if I had known I would have been tempted to fudge. It's the "conse-

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You can't see or feel this stubborn film . . . and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it

BUT

once you try this treatment you will instantly see and feel the amazing *difference!*

JUST ONE TREATMENT with unique Lady Esther Cream shows how much clearer, fresher, *younger* your skin can look!

Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, caused by your natural skin oils mixed with cosmetics and dirt.

You can't see or feel this stubborn film. That's the danger! You think your skin is clean, when it isn't.

Ordinary cleansing fails to remove this stubborn, invisible film. Day after day, it clings . . . dulling the true freshness and beauty of your skin . . . encouraging blackheads and blemishes!

Here's the safe, sure way to get rid of this stubborn, clinging film!

1. Smooth over your face and neck my unique Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off thoroughly.
2. Immediately . . . and this is the important part . . . apply Lady Esther cream a second time. Wipe it off.

This second cleansing, with Lady Esther, really removes that stubborn film. Now your skin is really clean!

Instantly, you see and feel the difference! Your skin looks so much clearer, fresher, younger! It feels so much softer, smoother. Now, your skin has a real chance to build new loveliness.

My Cream is Unique!

The very texture of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different . . . so soft, so effective. And remember . . . every time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most: **1)** *cleanses thoroughly;* **2)** *softens your skin;* **3)** *helps Nature refine your pores;* **4)** *and leaves a perfect powder base.*

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today. Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on your skin!

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Needs No Help From Any Other Cream

quence" that is really the big fun.

Especially since Mr. Edwards had already told us that, if we faithfully carried through our forfeit, we would be given a prize of a plane trip to Timberline Lodge on Mount Hood, Oregon, and a whole week's vacation there with all expenses paid!

So we lost. And paid our "consequence."

"For one whole week . . ." Ralph Edwards was trying to pronounce judgment on us, solemnly, but it looked as if he were having a hard time to keep from laughing ". . . for one whole week, you—Elsa—will take over your husband's job and run it. You will do everything he would do. You will live his life. And you, Mr. Ostling, you will stay home and cook and clean house and take care of little Jerry. Once and for all we are going to settle this age-old question of whose job is the hardest—the husband's or the wife's." And here he could no longer restrain himself from smiling as the audience whooped with laughter. "And if you're still in your right minds by next Saturday, come back and tell us everything that happened. *Good luck!*"

OUR week was to officially start the next Monday, we were told, so the rest of that evening and all next day were a virtual madhouse as Jed and I tried to make plans; as he attempted to coach me in the various business matters that were pending at the office and I tried to give him a schedule of the next week's housework. But it was no use.

The phone rang like crazy. All our friends and neighbors—and even perfect strangers—were calling us to congratulate us or sympathize with us or offer advice. The unmerciful heckling had already begun. Jed was almost invariably addressed as "Well, how's the little woman?" and I as "Elsa, the breadwinner." But I didn't really mind. In fact, I was rather set up over it, and Jed just gritted his teeth in a patient grin.

Came Monday. Habit was so strong that I leaped out of bed and ran for the kitchen and the percolator—before I remembered. Jed was just turning over for that last-minute snooze—when he remembered that our roles had been switched.

From then on, until I dashed out of the house with Jed's briefcase under my arm, it was confusion piled on laughter and laughter on bedlam. Jed is a good cook. A Seabee has to be able to do *anything,* but he hadn't practiced for a long time and he claimed that even Jap strafing was easier to take when he was rustling up a meal than the interruptions of a four-year-old Jerry. But it was good—flapjacks and all—and I ate it luxuriously, savoring every moment of being waited on.

But once out in the car and on my way to work, I was on my own. And I was *scared!*

My first job was to go to the War Assets Administration office to deliver a check for some surplus war material Jed and Cecil were buying. Cecil couldn't help me—Jed was at home, looking with jaundiced eyes at a house that already needed its thorough Monday cleaning—and it was up to me.

The W. A. A. men asked for Jed, of course, when I presented myself and the check. And the sensation I caused when I explained!—the roars of laughter! . . . in fact, I had a hard time making them take me seriously. Their gallantry was the worst and, yet, the best. They made me feel so like a

shrinking violet trying to look like a sturdy oak. But they did help me and I did get through the morning with reasonable success.

Lunch, and on to the office where Jed's partner was waiting.

Cecil explained all over again what the immediate problems of the Storey-Ostling Sales were. We had a shipment of beautiful Mexican tiles to sell—lovely things they are, in soft rose and tans, some in designs, some in pastel mottled patterns, and which were particularly desirable for patios and decorative store fronts. We were doing quite well with a product needed by large commercial laundries. A special feature of ours (listen to me—*ours*! Don't I sound just like a business man?) was a portable basketball goal used extensively in the East and which we were introducing here in California.

The business was new. Jed had been a long time in the service, much of it in highly dangerous work in the Pacific. He had gone in in pre-invasion demolition work in four major operations there. When he came back he had vowed he would work for no one but himself—and that he would be his own man. He was used to risk and the tougher the fight the better he liked it.

But, after all, the business had only been started since Jed was released from the Seabees and could hardly be called an old, established firm. I was terrified that something I might do would endanger the six-months' reputation and fine goodwill the boys had so patiently built up.

Keeping your fingers crossed for a whole week can be quite a strain!

ACTUALLY I made no major mistakes in that time, but I have a sneaking hunch Cecil took the brunt of the most important work on his shoulders. Not that he spared me anything. I had to answer the telephone. I had to talk to clients. I could never say "Just a moment—I'll let you discuss that with Mr. Storey". I had to take part in making decisions. I had to learn the whole complicated business of shipments and orders and bookkeeping.

I even had to go to the Toastmasters' Club on their regular Tuesday evening meeting.

On that I balked, but Cecil explained that the social part of business is just as important as the other. Jed would have gone as a regular member. Ergo, I must take his place.

"But it's a stag affair!" I wailed.

"And don't tell me you haven't a woman's curiosity about what goes on there," Jed abetted him that Monday evening, grinning smugly. Though I don't think he meant me to enter into it as wholeheartedly as I did!

The Toastmasters' Club, Lodge No. 114, Inglewood Chapter, met regularly for dinner—and then adjourned for the evening to a charming little—shall I admit it?—*bar*, popularly called the "Bucket of Blood". *Okay*, I thought to myself, *I'll stick it out as long as the rest. I'll do everything Jed would do.* And of course Jed was right: what woman wouldn't be intrigued at the chance to find out how the menfolk act when there're supposed to be no females around?

I found out. At first the men were highly amused at having a woman there and under those circumstances. They alternated between trying to shock me—treating me like a man—and being overly gallant. As a matter of fact I suspect that many of the jokes that were started and stopped with a "Oh,

"But tonight I'd like to find a case of Pepsi-Cola under the bed."

I can't tell that—I forgot there's a lady present—" were put on just for my benefit to make me realize what devils they were.

But gradually they began to take me for granted. After all, this was their big night once a week and they weren't going to let me change the order of their plans.

For instance, there was the fiendish torture called "table topics." Everyone present at dinner was supposed to be able to get up at a second's notice and declaim intelligently on any topic that was suggested. I drew the OPA. Luckily for me, as I got my shaking knees under me and rose to my feet, that was an alphabet agency I could claim to know something about. Hadn't I held the fort in my rented apartment all the time Jed was away?

I upheld that now-defunct organization in glowing terms. I painted a tearful picture of what would have happened to helpless war wives without its rigid protecting controls. I declaimed on its virtues and mourned its passing.

And sat down to find myself right in the midst of a fine little argument. Naturally there were those there who disagreed with me, but I didn't mind. At least, these men weren't treating me now like a frail, secluded flower who knew nothing of the harsh world outside. They were actually *arguing* with me! It was my first feeling of success . . . of equality.

From there we adjourned to the "Bucket of Blood," as they had dubbed it, though its prosaic, rightful name was the "Whizz Inn."

I've had a cocktail now and then, but this standing-up-at-the-bar, one-foot-on-the-rail was a new thing for me. And I committed a grave social error, one that almost smirched my name and Jed's. I heard the men repeat the silly little phrase "well, is she ever coming up for air?" and then look with obvious purpose at me, but it didn't dawn on me for a long time what they meant. Until, suddenly, shocked, I realized. Jed—or rather me, Elsa—was supposed to order a round. Take my turn at buying one "all around." Hastily I covered up my slip and manfully called for the bartender and redeemed myself.

Jed swears it was one-thirty in the morning before I got in. *Staggered in,* was his expression. But that is untrue. Nervous as I was to start with, I certainly wasn't going to complicate matters further by befuddling my head. I stuck to cokes. As I told him, if I was taking his place I might as well set him a good example! And it was only twelve-thirty when we came in—Cecil and I—the bar closed up at twelve!

But it did my heart good to find him sitting up for me. Now he knows how it feels, waiting.

Meanwhile, there was Jed with the house and a child on his hands. I got an hour-by-hour account of his trials every night, so I can report fairly truthfully.

Monday wasn't too bad. He attacked the housecleaning in a chin-up, fighting mood and he did a workmanlike job. Jerry, who had hardly had much time to get acquainted with his father since his return from overseas, was fascinated at Jed's being home. (In fact, he announced after the third day that the arrangement suited him fine and I could go out every day and leave his daddy at home!) He just tagged around after Jed all that day and was delighted when his father pushed a dust-cloth into his hands and told him to get busy. And what's more, Jerry did!

When I came home that night dinner was perfectly cooked and perfectly served. Hamburgers, macaroni, salad, green peas and ice cream!

And on Tuesday night, the night I was out with the "boys" at the Toastmasters, Jed really did himself proud. Never one to do things half-way, he had determined that part of a housewife's job was entertaining, so he would entertain. He asked my mother and his father (his mother was away) to dinner.

I will never live that down. To hear them all talk, there never was such a Lucullan feast prepared or more grandly served. Steak, he gave them! . . . and potatoes, vegetables, jello and cake! And he refused my mother's offer to help with the dishes or put Jerry to bed. That was his job, he airily informed his guests.

Oh, as far as Jed was concerned, this housewife's racket was a cinch.

But he forgot that a house, once dusted and cleaned, doesn't stay that way. He forgot there are matters more complicated than running a sweeper in running a house. He never realized that phones ringing and doorbells pealing can wreck the best-organized time-budget.

Wednesday was Black Wednesday for him.

It started out badly with the sight of all those soiled clothes in the hamper waiting for him. He had fed Jerry and me and shooed us off, one to the office and one outside to play. He had sorted the clothes and put the sheets and miscellaneous white things into the washing tubs before he even dared to think about his own breakfast.

And it was while he was gulping his first cup of coffee and watching the

toast slowly turn to golden brown, that he first learned about telephones.

Ours rang and he hurried to answer it. The neighbor who was calling was merely anxious to see if there was anything she could do to help Jed and how were things going, anyway, and did he know that the corner market had soap on Wednesdays, usually, and there was a sale at so-and-so's, and on and on. Jed learned right then and there that calls at home are not conducted in the short crisp way of a business office, not if you want to keep neighbors and friends.

When he finally put down the receiver the toast was burned. It was sending up black clouds of smoke in the kitchen.

He burned his hand getting it out. He picked up his coffee cup—it was stone cold. The words that filled the kitchen then could only have been appreciated by another Seabee.

And then the doorbell sounded. Jed had completely forgotten that this was the day the Truth or Consequences people were sending a photographer and a reporter over to see him.

Martha Curry, who is right-hand-woman to Ralph Edwards, told me afterwards that she never saw a funnier sight than Jed standing there in the doorway, an apron covering his bare chest and pants, a harried, drowning look in his eyes.

And they had no sooner got his wits collected and explained what they wanted, than he gasped a short—"oh, my gosh!" and tore off into the kitchen again. They could hear muttered cursings and sounds of splashings and it was more than their curiosity could abide. In they went—and found poor Jed, bare-footed, pants rolled up, trying frantically to turn off the water in the tubs. Neglected, they had overflowed and poured down onto the floor.

Of course, he tries to tell me now that their interruption was an unusual occurrence and not the kind of thing that I could ordinarily expect to complain about. But, as I point out, if it isn't a photographer it's just as apt to be a newsboy collecting for the evening paper or someone trying to sell something. And he certainly can't blame Martha Curry's visit for the wilted flowers she saw that day in the living room.

It went on that way all day. More of his friends and many of his business associates had heard of his new role in life, and called him constantly . . . cooing in the phone that they had just heard of a new recipe he simply *must* try! or urging him to run right down to some store where they had seen the cutest little doilies on sale!

Came me and nightfall and neither Jed's dinner nor his temper was of the best.

Thursday was the Fourth of July and a holiday for the both of us. If this had been an ordinary week Jed would have insisted on our spending the day having fun and he would have helped me with the few necessary chores—the making beds and cooking lunch and washing dishes. So I don't think it was cheating for me to reverse things and pitch in and help. We went out for dinner.

Having had a breathing spell, Jed whipped through the Friday morning duties in record time and then he and Jerry went out for a spree. The rest of the household routine shifted for itself, but when I pointed this out to Jed, he countered by saying that his duties included the care of his child, didn't they? And how could he care properly for him when he just turned him out into the yard and dashed out every few minutes to check up on him? And I had to admit he was right—how many mothers like myself regret the little time we actually have to *be* with our children!

So the two of them went for a ride all afternoon, ending up at the Elks' Hall, where Jed is a member.

Little Jerry loved it. Being treated like a man, hearing man-talk, being in a man's world. The smell of pipes and cigars, the bottles of soda-pop, the utterly fascinating sight of long, green tables where big white balls clicked and rolled as the men pushed them with those long sticks. And having his father with him for the whole day!

But they were back in time to cook dinner, though I understand it meant Jed's throwing his hat on the chair as he sprinted for the kitchen and the fastest rattling of pots and pans ever seen.

That was, actually, our last day of being contestants. Saturday the office was closed and I was home, so it would have been unfair for Jed to have to play the game longer than I.

Ralph Edwards agreed with us and also agreed that we had both fulfilled our parts of the bargain. So back we went onto the program that Saturday night and told about our experiences.

As we told them, somehow the hard parts, the trials and tribulations—my embarrassment at the Toastmasters'—Jed's experiences with burning toast and ringing doorbells and overflowing washing machines—all seemed to dissolve into just plain fun. The audience seemed to feel the same way and they laughed with us.

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But Ralph Edwards wasn't satisfied. "Didn't the experiment prove anything?" he asked. "Have you two been able to figure out once and for all whose job is the hardest—the man's or the woman's?"

Jed looked at me and I looked at Jed. And we knew what each was thinking. *Whose job was the hardest?* Thankfully Jed had turned the house back to me—but *still*—there had been that wonderful day with Jerry! And me—I would miss that heady feeling of respect I had earned in the office—and —yet—it wasn't taking a man's place I wanted! And I *had* missed Jerry!

Ralph Edwards must have guessed by our faces. "Oh, so you won't talk, eh? You're going to keep it all to yourselves. Why, you owe it to humanity to give us the answer—think of all the newlywed's quarrels you could stop and the marriages you could save—" but he was laughing as he said it. He knew the problem was one the Ostlings couldn't solve for the world.

"AND now for your prize for being two very fine contestants," he went on. "With the compliments of Truth or Consequences, you have reservations at the Timberline Lodge at Mount Hood, Oregon. You will fly up and back and, personally, I want to hope you have a grand time!"

I can never describe fully how wonderful that whole week at Timberline Lodge was. We flew, as Ralph Edwards promised (and that feeling I had when the plane first took off was really the worst of my whole "consequence". I hadn't told Mr. Edwards how scared I was of flying!). But it was soon over and I found I had almost enjoyed the trip. The hotel turned itself inside out for our comfort and the name of Ralph Edwards and Truth or Consequences was the magician's open-sesame that gave us everything we had ever dreamed of in the way of luxury. We ate—and did we eat!—we slept late—we skied—we went for long walks in the snowy mountain paths.

In trying to sum up that week when Jed was I and I was Jed, I can only say it was grand while it lasted. I had a chance to prove to myself that I was still capable of holding my own in the world outside my front door. Through the publicity we gained over that first interview on the radio program, I had the triumph of selling some of our beautiful Mexican tiles. Inquiries came from all over the country. I also had an order for a basketball goal from Kankakee, Illinois.

If for no other reason, the week was a success because it gave four-year-old Jerry a real chance to be with his father. Children of men who served in the war have a distorted idea of the role of fathers. Although Jed had been back for six months, he was still not the all-essential person to Jerry that I was . . . he hadn't had the chance to step inside the circle that to Jerry was *family*. But now that is changed. And our little boy has a new concept of a daddy who not only comes home from work to play with him for a little while, to kiss him goodnight and play with him on Sundays—but a parent who feeds him, scolds him, trains him, is interested in him.

And—getting back to the subject of whose job is what—leaving out the question of hardest, or most desirable, or most satisfying, or longest—one thing was proved and this time to Jerry as well—housework, darn it! is still the most *disagreeable!*

Springtime Magic

(*Continued from page* 55)

medium flame until gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly (2 or 3 minutes; but do not boil). Pour into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve with a garnish of raw or cooked vegetables. If desired, chill gelatine mixture until thickened and fold in 1 or 2 cups diced celery or any other diced salad ingredient.

CHICKEN TIMBALES

1½ cups diced cooked chicken
¾ cup finely cut celery
1 tbl. finely cut pimiento
2 tbls. finely cut green pepper
2 tsps. grated onion
1 tbl. vinegar
¾ tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
1 envelope Quick Method Gelatine
3 bouillon cubes
2 cups water

Combine meat, vegetables, and seasonings and let stand. Combine gelatine, bouillon cubes, and water in saucepan. Heat over medium flame until gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly (2 or 3 minutes). Remove from heat and chill. When slightly thickened, fold in meat and vegetable mixture. Turn into individual molds and chill until firm.

BAVARIAN DELIGHT

1 envelope Quick Method Gelatine
4 tbls. sugar
Dash of salt
2 egg yolks
¾ tsp. vanilla
½ cup whipped cream
2 cups milk

Combine gelatine, sugar and salt in saucepan. Add milk and egg yolks; stir to blend. Heat over medium flame until gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly. (Do not boil.) Chill until slightly thickened. Add vanilla, fold in whipped cream. Turn into sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Serve topped with fresh fruit sweetened to taste.

GRAPE JUICE CUBES WITH CUSTARD

1 envelope Quick Method Gelatine
2 tbls. sugar
1¾ cups bottled grape juice
1 cup custard sauce

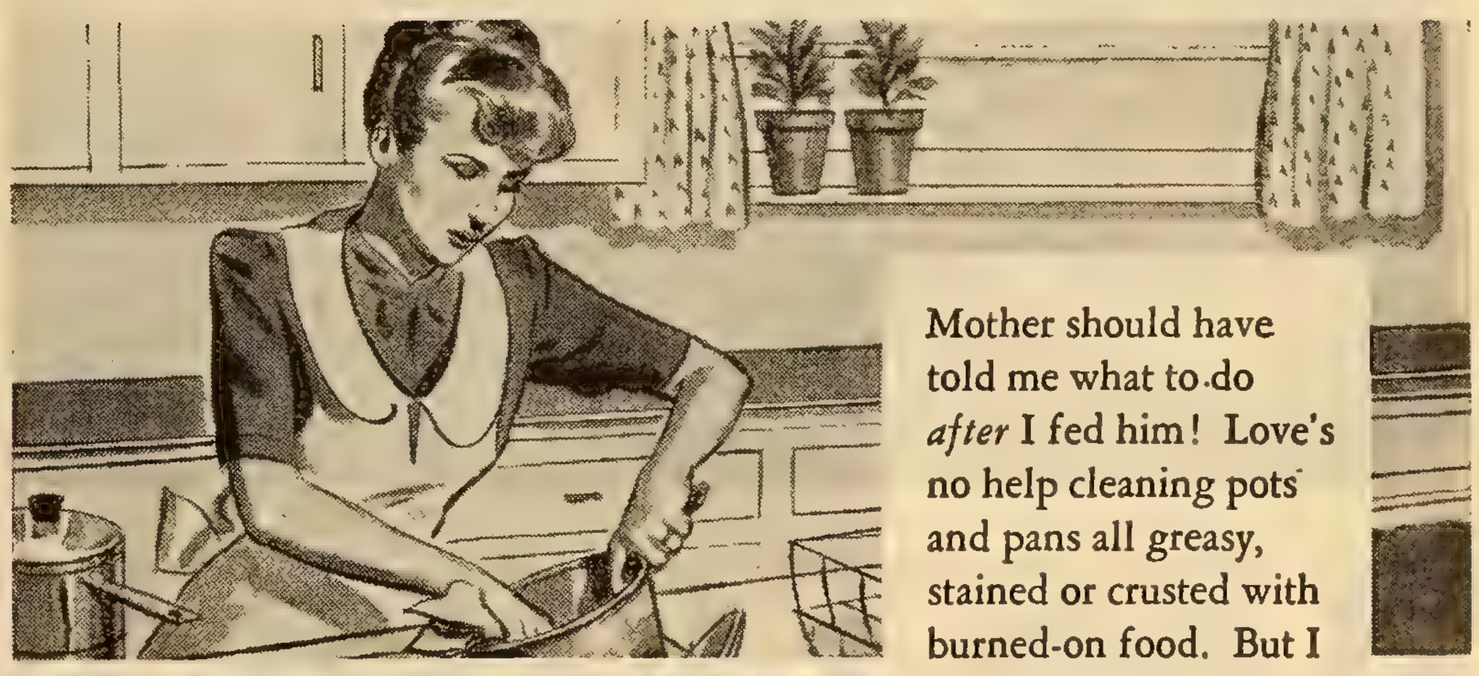
Combine gelatine, sugar and grape juice in saucepan. Heat over medium flame until gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly (2 or 3 minutes; do not boil). Turn into 9x5x3-inch loaf pan and chill until firm. Cut into ½-inch cubes, using sharp knife which has been dipped in hot water. Arrange alternate layers of cubes and sauce in sherbet glasses.

EASY ICE CREAM

2 tsps. Quick Method Gelatine
½ cup sugar
Dash of salt
2 cups milk
1 cup whipped cream
1 tsp. vanilla

Combine gelatine, sugar, salt and milk in saucepan and heat over medium flame until gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly (2 or 3 minutes; do not boil). Remove from heat. Chill until slightly thickened, fold in cream and vanilla and turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator (setting control for coldest freezing temperature). When partially frozen, remove from tray, beat until fluffy. Then return to tray and freeze 30 minutes, stir, then freeze until firm (3 to 4 hours).

I wanted a divorce —from this sink!



Mother should have told me what to do *after* I fed him! Love's no help cleaning pots and pans all greasy, stained or crusted with burned-on food. But I found an easier way —with S.O.S. . . .

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BESTFORM

Some Things Are Better Forgotten

(*Continued from page* 29)

making an effort to recover her blunder —too much of an effort. "They're gorgeous, Terry—"

With as much self-possession as if he had been in his own home, Jud took the bowl from my hands, seated himself on the davenport between Mother Burton and Louise. "These things are interesting when you study them," he agreed. "Each one of these designs means something. Now, the Indians in our part of Arizona—" He went on to explain the patterns to them, oblivious to Mother Burton's glacial stiffness, to the amusement that began to glimmer in Louise's eyes at each unfamiliar turn of his speech.

LATER, after they had gone, after the guest room door had closed upon Jud, and when Stan and I were alone in our own room, I sank, weak-kneed, to the bench before my dressing table. Nothing awful had happened; Mother Burton hadn't openly snubbed Jud, and Louise hadn't openly laughed at him, but I'd been afraid that at any moment they'd been about to. The evening had been a strain. I was almost trembling, and there was a tight, nervous expression on Stan's face. He was undressing in silence, jerking off his coat, his tie.

"I hope," he said finally, "that Clarke's girl gets in tomorrow."

"I'm sure he hopes so, too." Then I pressed my lips shut tight. I hadn't meant to let myself go, not by a word.

"You're not being fair, Terry. I think that Mother and Louise acted very well under the circumstances. You've got to admit that it's an awkward situation—"

But it didn't have to be awkward. That's what angered me. The Burtons could have been pleasant to Jud, could have made him feel welcome. And they might have, in spite of Aunt Lavinia, if they had considered him their equal. The plain truth of it was that they were afraid that Aunt Lavinia would arrive and discover a nobody in their midst—a ranch boy who'd come East to meet his farm-girl sweetheart. Of course they didn't want Aunt Lavinia inconvenienced, and neither did I—but they'd have felt very differently about it had the inconvenience been something of a distinguished personage.

I dared not say anything. I was too angry, and hurt. It wasn't just that Stan's disapproval cut—it was that sometimes he seemed to find it easy to disapprove of me. My hand shook as I picked up my hairbrush, and as if at a signal Stan crossed over to me. He sat down beside me, took the brush from my hand, laid it on the table. His arms cradled me close; he pressed his face against my hair. "Sweetheart —Terry, darling, don't worry. Everything will straighten out."

And then I did cry, a little, over his bent dark head, when he couldn't see. They were tears of release after strain, of a poignant, aching happiness. Stan and I might have misunderstandings over superficial things, but when feelings ran deep, we were together. So long as that was true, little quarrels didn't matter; the Burtons didn't matter.

And in the morning, it did seem as though everything was straightening out—beautifully. Jud had a call from

the hotel: a wire had come saying that Mary would arrive on the noon train. And, at the breakfast table, Jud's social stature increased enormously when young Brad came to spend the morning with us. Introduced to Jud, he regarded him gravely, then asked, "You're from Arizona? Are you a cowboy?"

"Sort of," said Jud. "My Dad has a ranch out there, and I help run it."

Brad's eyes brightened. "You've got horses?"

Jud nodded. "Cow ponies, mostly. We've got a couple nice saddle horses, though. Mine's a Palomino."

Brad took a step forward. "Do you wear chaps?"

"Have to," said Jud, "in brush country. You'd get all tore up if you didn't."

Brad moved still closer. *"Guns?"* he asked.

Jud grinned. "We carry guns on the range sometimes. Can't tell what you'll run across . . . snakes . . . maybe an animal gets hurt and has to be shot . . ."

Brad drew a quivering breath, and switched his line of questioning. "Do you like airplanes?"

"Pretty well," said Jud. "I flew during the war."

"You weren't a—bomber pilot?"

"That's exactly what I was—B-29. How'd you guess?"

BRAD smiled beatifically and surrendered. He had found a two-fold hero—a cowboy and a bomber pilot in one. "I've made lots of model planes," he said. "And I ride. Terry rides with me. She's good."

The two of them were together for the rest of the morning. At noon Jud, much against Brad's protests, went to meet Mary's train. A little later Stan came home from work. "Aunt Lavinia come yet?" he asked.

"No," I answered. "And Jud's gone to meet his girl." We grinned at each other. I added, "I told Jud to bring her back here for lunch if she cared to take the time."

"Fine!" said Stan heartily, and then his smile faded as his eyes went past me to the window. "There's Jud now," he observed. "And—hasn't the girl got a suitcase with her?"

I peered over his shoulder. "Just an overnight case," I said uneasily. "She probably wants to freshen up a bit." But even then I knew.

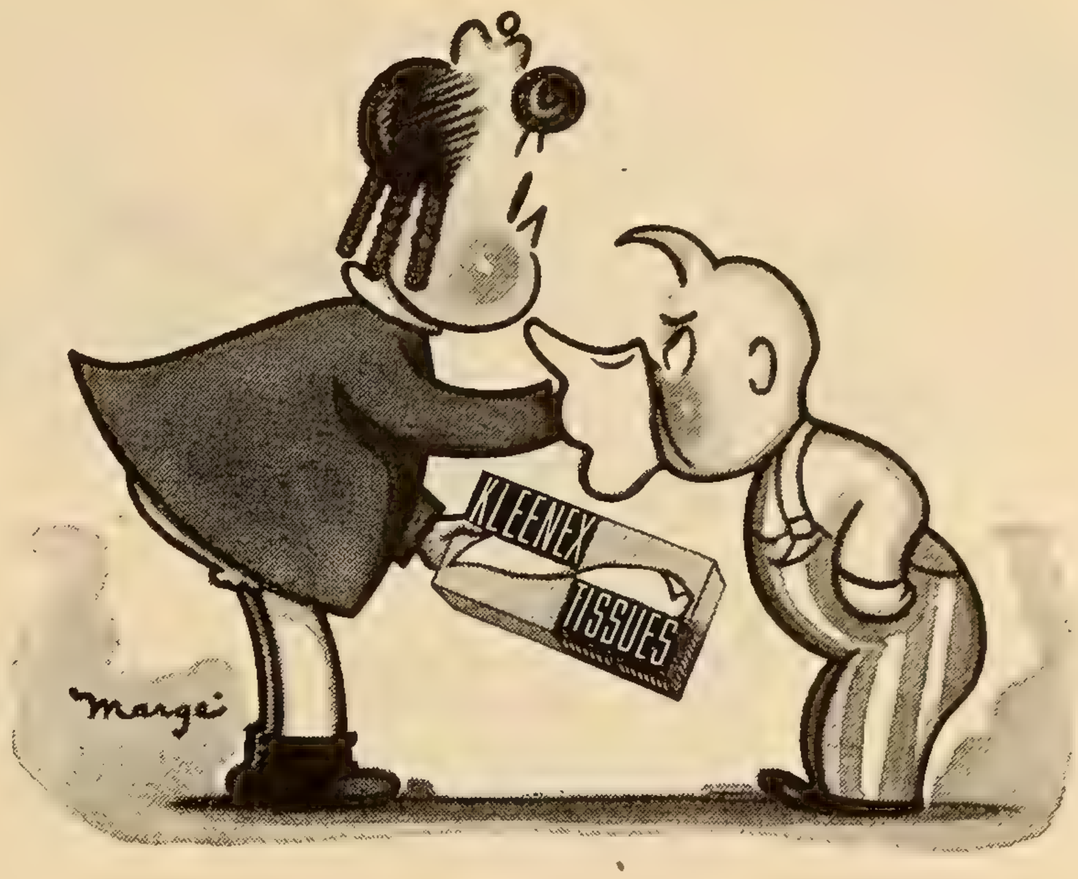
I liked Mary Suddeth immediately—a tall, apple-cheeked girl in WAC uniform, who had nice, intelligent eyes, and very little to say. She grinned at young Brad, said "How do you do" to Stan and me, and "Thank you" to my offer of the little downstairs powder room. When she'd left us, Jud turned to me, his eyes anxious, his drawl thicker than ever in his earnestness.

"Ah know it's stretchin' your hospitality," he said, "but Ah wonder if Mary could have my room for tonight? The hotel is still full, and Ah just *cain't* ask her to stay any old place after that long trip. Ah'll turn up some place for myself. You see, we called her aunt from the station, and she won't be able to come after us until tomorrow. And there isn't a bus line within ten miles of the farm—"

I dared not look at Stan. But I felt him freeze, felt the refusal rising to his lips. "Of course she can stay," I said quickly, in a tone of bright desperation. "And don't worry about a place for yourself. We can make up a bed in the den—"

Brad whooped. "You're going to

LITTLE LULU



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stay!" he shouted. "You're going to stay—"

It was the worst possible moment for Marion to arrive. But come she did, sauntering up the walk. "Hi! Is my son ready to come home for lunch?"

"I don't want to go home!" Brad cried. "Mother, Jud was a pilot, and he's a real cowboy—"

"So I see," she murmured. Behind the lazy fringes of her lashes her eyes glinted. Marion could laugh at a person and yet appear to be laughing with him. "Brad, darling," she said, "you can't possibly stay. Terry has company enough—"

MARION stayed only a few minutes, but she had her effect. She ignored Mary completely, spoke to Jud in a faint but perceptible imitation of his own drawl, and managed to make devastatingly clear what she thought of the situation. "You're wonderful, Terry," she said to me. "But then, of course, it's just like you. You couldn't ask your friends to hunt up a tourist home, although there *are* a number of them in town . . ."

We had planned that Mother Burton and Louise would have Saturday supper with us. But just at supper time the telephone rang—it was Louise, calling to say that Mother Burton had a headache and that they wouldn't be able to come.

Slowly, I went back to the dining room, where Mary was counting out silver and Jud and Stan were placing chairs around the table. So Marion had talked to Mother Burton and Louise . . . otherwise how could they have known that Mary and Jud were with us?

"Oh, say!" Jud exclaimed, when I told them not to set for Mother Burton and Louise, "that's too bad. I wanted Mary to meet them—"

"Yes," said Mary, "it is too bad." Her clear gray eyes met mine for an instant.

Stan said nothing, but his silence was damning. My friends, it said, were keeping his mother and his sister away from our house. Later that evening when we were alone in our room, we quarreled about it, bitterly.

"It's a good thing Aunt Lavinia didn't come today," he began. "If she had, we wouldn't have had a place to put her."

I tried to keep my temper. "She'd have the guest room," I said evenly, "and Mary would have the couch downstairs."

"Nice for Aunt Lavinia," said Stan.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 11th

"She comes to see us once in ten years —and then has to stumble over a collection of strangers."

"I didn't *choose* to invite them. But since they were here and had no place else to go, I couldn't turn them away. The tourist houses are as crowded as the hotel, you know that. And anyway—" my voice began to shake with the pressure of hurt and anger— "when I married you, Stan Burton, I understood that your home would be my home, and that you'd welcome my guests as I would welcome yours."

"Of course it's your home," he said impatiently. "But you don't show too much consideration for the family."

There it was again—the family. And the poisonous part of all the trouble was that the family included Marion, who hated me. Whenever the Burtons and I differed, Marion was there, highlighting the difference, twisting it to my disadvantage. Before she had come this afternoon, there had been strain and awkwardness, but that was all. Now we were divided into two camps: my friends . . . Stan's family . . . And there was no escaping her. She was Brad's mother, and Brad was Stan's son . . .

"Nor they of me," I said. "It wouldn't have hurt your mother and Louise to put in an appearance at supper this evening."

"I don't see why they should have. When you invite every Tom, Dick and Harry—"

I DIDN'T say anything more. I didn't dare. I would have regretted the words the rest of my life. I lay rigidly beside Stan in the darkness, thinking miserably that little quarrels did matter—when your husband took sides against you.

Churchbells woke me, faint in the distance, sweet as the April morning. *Easter* morning—Easter everywhere, I thought, except in our house. Stan's face was grim and set even in sleep. We had planned to go to early services together, but I had no thought of waking him now. What would be the good of the service and the lilies and the hymns, if Stan and I were going to sit stiffly beside each other in the pew, with antagonism and resentment in our hearts?

I got up and went to the window, saw Mary and Jud in the sunlit garden. It occurred to me that it would be a good place to serve them breakfast. They would undoubtedly enjoy eating by themselves, and it would save a strained foursome at our own breakfast table later. I went downstairs, prepared a tray, and started out with it. And then, half way across the lawn, I stopped. Jud and Mary were talking—arguing.

"These people!" Mary was exclaiming angrily. "Don't you realize that they don't want us here? Terry is grand—but she's certainly working under difficulties. Stan is stuffy, and I'm sure his mother didn't come to dinner last night simply because we were here. And that woman yesterday—that Marion—didn't you realize that she was making fun of you?"

Jud grinned. "But honey," he said mildly, "maybe I am funny. And after all, we're guests—"

"Unwelcome ones. And they show it by mocking you, acting as if you were a freak escaped from the circus. And you won't stand up for yourself—that's what makes me furious! Maybe—" her voice caught—"maybe I don't know you as well as I thought I did, Jud

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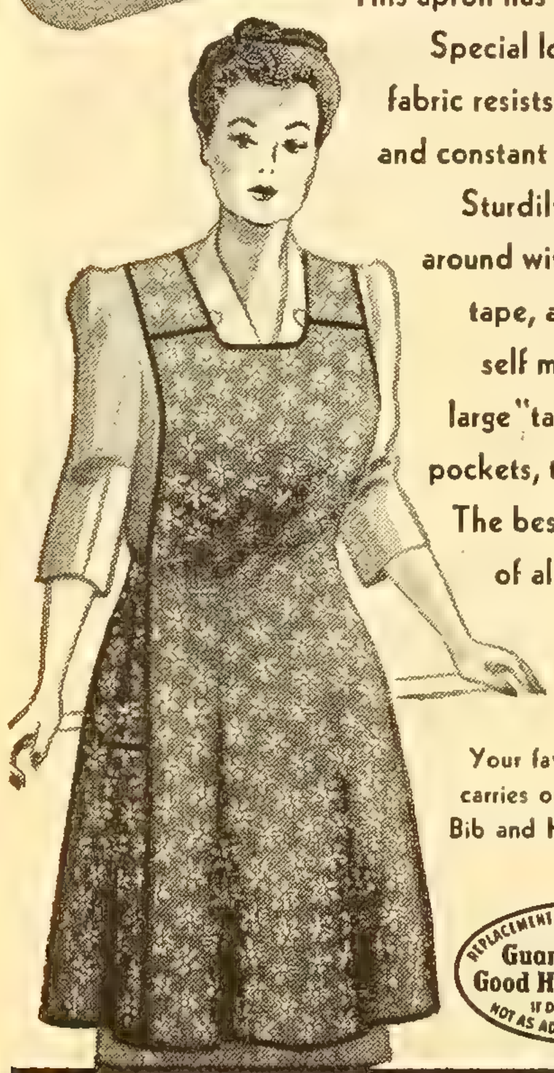

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Clarke. Maybe we ought to wait—"

Jud's grin faded. He shot to his feet. "Now see here—!"

Oh, no, I thought, not another quarrel. There were hard feelings enough in the house. I went forward with as much commotion as I could, brushing noisily against the mock-orange, and the spat was over. But it bothered me, and I was determined to do what I could about it without apologizing for the Burtons. Mary herself gave the opportunity. She came into the living room while I was dusting, and asked, "Terry, isn't there something I can do to help?"

"Not a thing," I said. "I'm only sorry I haven't more time to spend with you. But we're expecting company—"

"I know," said Mary. "Aunt Lavinia. She's my aunt, too."

I straightened, staring at her. "But the Burtons," I said. "They didn't—"

"RECOGNIZE me?" she finished. "They couldn't be expected to. They've never seen me until now—or heard of me, either. You see, Aunt Lavinia isn't really related to me, but she and my mother were dear friends. My own relatives brought me up, but Aunt Lavinia's always kept her eye on me. I stayed with her in Florida one winter before I went into the Service, and she sent me through Miami University. Probably that's why," she added thoughtfully, "she never spoke of me to the Burtons. I mean, she didn't want them to know that she was paying my way through school."

"I see," I said, but I didn't really. I was still trying to digest this new information. "Does Jud know that your aunt is the Burtons' Aunt Lavinia?"

Mary shook her head. "No. I didn't realize it myself until I got off the train and found that he was staying with you instead of at the hotel. I haven't told him—and I see no reason for you to tell the Burtons."

"Oh!" I cried, "But—" I stopped, flushing. My own disappointment was a revelation to me. Until then, I hadn't realized that all the while Mary was talking, I'd been counting on smoothing things over with the family by telling them who she was.

"Please," said Mary. Her voice was gentle, but there was iron behind it—and in the look in her eye.

"I don't see why they shouldn't be told," I hedged.

"And I don't see why they should. I wish you'd promise not to, Terry."

I promised, although I felt like a traitor. Mary's personal history was her own, and I had no right to betray her confidence, but I could foresee Mother Burton and Louise at the dinner table—and they would come today not only because dinner on Easter Sunday was a tradition in the family but also because Aunt Lavinia would surely arrive at some time this afternoon—could foresee more coolness toward Mary and Jud. And Aunt Lavinia—I quaked at the thought of her knowing how Mary and her fiance were being treated.

I had no time to worry about it. The house must be put in order; a dinner worthy of the giant Easter ham must be prepared; pots of tulips and Madonna lilies must be stripped of their crepe-paper-and-ribbon wrappings and placed in glazed pottery jars. Jud's gifts, the Indian rug and the bowl, presented a problem. I tried removing them to an upstairs room, felt guilty, and afraid that Jud might be offended; finally, desperation and de-

fiance in my heart, I left them where they had been—the rug draped over the arm of the sofa, and the bowl in plain sight on top of the piano.

And, after all, it proved to be more pleasant than I'd dared to hope. We were out on the lawn for a while before dinner, and all was peaceful. It's true that Mother Burton tended to look through Jud and Mary rather than at them, and Louise looked frankly incredulous when Jud said "Ah might could" instead of "I may," but nothing more distressing happened. Mary said little, as usual; only I was aware of her cool and measuring glance traveling from Stan to Mother Burton to Louise and back again.

It was after dinner, when Marion brought Brad to the house, that trouble started. I'd been hoping—praying—that she wouldn't stay, that she would elect to spend the day with her husband. But she evidently had no intention of missing Aunt Lavinia; she settled herself comfortably in the living room with the rest of us.

"So nice to see you again, Miss—ah—Sutton—and you, Mr. Clarke," she said sweetly. "I practically promised Brad that you'd be here. He was so afraid you might be gone, and I kept telling him that Terry wouldn't dream of letting you leave on Easter." Her eyes fell upon the Navajo rug and the bowl—almost gleefully, it seemed to me. "Something new, Terry?" she asked. "I don't believe I've seen those things before."

"Yes," I said out of a dry throat. "Jud brought them—"

"I GUESSED as much." She fingered the rug, gazed reflectively at the bowl. "Remarkable," she murmured. "A breath of the Old West, right here in Dickston! Just what we need! We're really so terribly provincial . . . as a Dickston native, don't you find it so, Miss—um—Seldon? Of course," she observed, "life on a farm may be less confining—"

This was too much for Jud. Oblivious as he seemed to be to thrusts in his own direction, he had stiffened at her first mangling of Mary's name. All the easy affability gone from his expression, he leaned forward, but before he could speak, something else happened. Something important.

It happened silently, swiftly, in an instant. Mother Burton and Louise and Stan looked at Marion, and at each other, and at me, and in that fraction of a second their thoughts were as clear as if they had spoken them aloud. This is our own snobbery, they said, only more obvious, more deliberate. A soft pink dyed the fine dry whiteness of Mother Burton's skin.

"I agree with you, Marion," she said. "We are provincial, shamefully narrow—sometimes, I'm afraid, far more so than we realize—"

"Sometimes," Stan put in, "past all bounds of common decency." I shrank from the look he gave Marion. Whatever his private feelings, Stan's courtesy never deserts him. It would be a long time before he forgave her for being rude to a guest in his house.

Marion looked startled; then she laughed. "Well, really—" she began. I was glad that the doorbell rang, glad of the excuse to leave the room. I wasn't worried any longer about Jud and Mary. Mother Burton and Stan were doing their best to apologize to them, and they both knew it. But Marion, cornered, was capable of saying anything, doing anything.

I opened the door to a tall, thin

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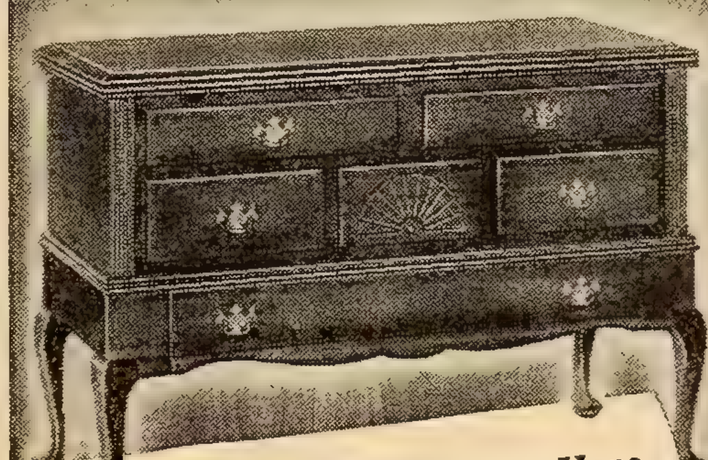

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old woman in starchy black silks, bent like a question mark so that the shoulders and the head with its sharp, hawk-like features were carried far forward. Her chauffeur handed her her cane; she grasped it in a hand as work-worn and dirt-seamed as Jud's own; stretched her free hand toward me. "You're Terry," she announced. "Pretty thing, aren't you? I understand that my niece and her young man are here. How did that happen?"

"It's a long story," I began—but I had no time to tell it. With the aid of her cane, Aunt Lavinia moved amazingly fast. We reached the living room just as Marion was addressing Jud in a broad exaggeration of his drawl. "Wal, naow," she was saying, "Ah might could do that—"

I think that in that moment Aunt Lavinia knew everything that had been going on. "Well, Marion," she snapped. "I'm surprised to find *you* here! Should think you'd want to be with your husband on Easter Sunday. And Mary—" She already had her arms around Mary, was pressing her thin, lined cheek to Mary's smooth round one. "I'm sorry I couldn't get here yesterday. But I've been gardening, and you know my rheumatism . . . How have you been enjoying yourself?"

"GETTING acquainted, Auntie," said Mary.

"*Auntie!*" repeated Mother Burton and Louise in one breath. Marion said nothing. She was obviously past speech. But her face was slowly turning a dull, painful red.

"Don't tell me," said Aunt Lavinia, "that you didn't know Mary. Eleanor Whiting Suddeth's daughter—Eleanor was my dearest friend, and president of the DAR over in Freeville—"

"Oh," said Mother Burton faintly. "*That* Suddeth—"

"Never mind," said Aunt Lavinia. "Time flies, and people forget—" And she actually patted Mother Burton on the shoulder—briskly, affectionately, as if she had been a little girl in pigtails! She kissed Louise and Stan, and then, as if she had been saving the best for the last, she reached up to hug Jud, stooped to shake hands with Brad. Brad was too excited to mind his manners.

"Is Jud going to stay with you, Aunt Lavinia?" he demanded. "Can I come out and see him?"

"I'm sure you can—" She looked up sharply as Marion moved forward and placed a possessive hand on Brad's shoulder. "Thank you for bringing him," she said. "Now run along. I'm sure you're anxious to be home. We'll return Bradley this evening."

Never had I expected to see Marion accept a dismissal, but this time there was nothing else for her to do.

I escaped to the kitchen, and in a moment Stan followed me. He said not a word—just put his arms around me and held me close and hard.

"Darling, I'm sorry—"

I put my hand over his mouth. "Don't say anything. It's best forgotten—"

And for a moment he didn't say anything—just kept his arms around me and held me protectingly. Then he began to laugh—sheepishly, but it was laughter.

"What's funny?" I asked, although I felt like laughing, too—with relief, and the sheer delight of being one with him again.

"Nothing," he said. "Only—Oh, Terry, whatever would the Burtons do without you?"

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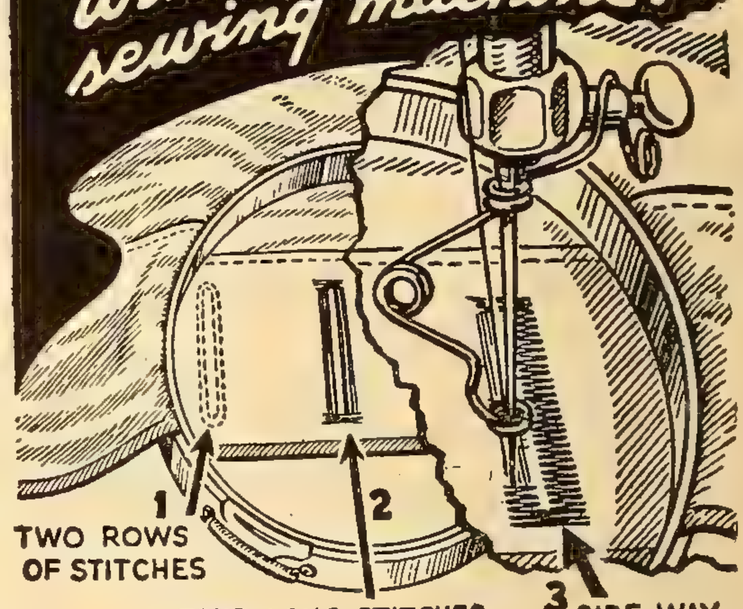

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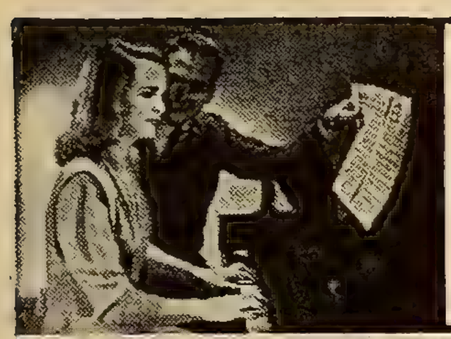

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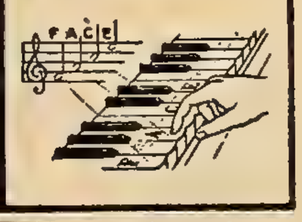

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Antiques for Everyone

(*From page* 56) where prices are far below the dealers' shops—for other pieces to keep them company.

One auction netted her a stunning marble-topped chest of mahogany veneer, its brass handles delicately fashioned in the form of French ladies. A coffee table seemed impossible to achieve, so Tony designed one, using an old gold-framed mirror which she had mounted on short curved legs.

Toni didn't always find just exactly what she wanted the first time she looked for it. For instance, she set her heart on a Spanish chest to match the bed, looked and looked for it without success, and finally, when she had abandoned the search temporarily and was concentrating on something else, came across the very chest.

Basic Fact

(*From page* 57) long sleeves, a round neck, a tricky red leather over-the-shoulder belt which threads through a waistline pocket. With low-heeled shoes it is the perfect costume for the girl on the job. Yet the same dress, with a white eyelet embroidered bertha, white gloves, high-heeled pumps and bag of suede and a black cartwheel hat makes one of the smartest play-time costumes anyone could wish. And that is Mary's number one suggestion—plenty of collar and cuff sets. The important thing is to have enough so that there is always a set ready when you need it—and an extra set at the office ready to snap on for that spur-of-the-moment dinner date. For the extra-frivolous moments, why not a starched pique tie-on bustle with a matching halo hat?

Don't, Mary advises, envy the girls whose accessories always match or contrast their dresses or suits so attractively. Use your ingenuity and your courage and make some of your own. There are patterns galore for hats and bags, belts and gloves. If you feel that making a pair of gloves is too much to start with, try the simpler trick which is to cover the cuff portion of a pair of wash gloves with plaid material, first basting it into position, then using an applique stitch. If you think you can never make a hat, then refurbish one with small saucy bows of the same plaid. The first thing you know, you will be making accessories as if you had had years of experience.

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Do Some Figuring

(*Continued from page* 45)

you came home last time—no one around here recognized you."

"Didn't they?" I asked, in careful surprise—as if I didn't remember!

"Well," Peggy continued in a studied voice, "I guess I was meant to be fat like this. But, gee, I'll never get a date for the senior prom unless I do lose some weight," her voice trailed off in a wail of despair.

"Never get a date"—her words switched on a light way back in my memory department and suddenly I was back in high school in that very town. How I'd longed to be popular like Jerry who lived down the street. I would have given all my worldly possessions (and they weren't many at that time) to have had "coke" dates at the corner drugstore, with boyfriends to squire me to the Saturday football games and the dances in the gym, boyfriends who would make me feel that good times and "belonging" were as much my rightful heritage as that of other girls. I would even have gladly settled for just *one* beau. I finally did acquire one when I was sixteen but it was pretty lonely sledding until then.

"LOOK, Peggy," I said in sudden inspiration. "Let's you and I have a nice, long talk. I can't tell you specifically how to reduce because you will have to go and see your doctor for that, but I *can* tell you that you needn't feel as though it's a hopeless problem. I'm sure if you really want to, and will work at it, you can do a very good job of streamlining yourself."

Then I was telling her, sitting there in the thick, soft grass in Mom's front yard, how all my life, even before Peggy could remember me as her neighbor, I had had a figure similar to that of a plump pigeon. Maybe I wasn't quite that bad, but 51 lbs. is a lot of excess baggage. Come to think of it, that's more than they allow you to take on an airplane, isn't it? Anyway, even for a 5 foot, 7 inch gal like myself it was enough over-weight to give me a bad inferiority complex, one that kept me home from dances—I still haven't learned to dance—and from dates and from having friends as I should have had. The only compensation, and I certainly didn't recognize it as such then, was that I had more time to spend on my music than I would have had otherwise.

But the point I tried to make clear to Peggy was that all my life I had accepted my bulky contours as a necessary evil—something I was born to endure. It wasn't until two years ago, after I had won the place I'd always wanted in the radio world, that my manager, Mike Nidorf, convinced me that something *could* be done about it. Mike's advice has always made sense to me and that, plus a few other reasons which I will go into later, finally forced me to pick up a phone and make a doctor's appointment.

Yes, that's right. A doctor's appointment is your first step. Peggy wasn't very pleased at the thought but I persuaded her not to try any dietary fads or exercise routines no matter how well recommended, without first consulting her doctor. There may be a physical cause for your over-weight which, if remedied, will be your biggest help in reducing.

MARTHA TILTON
Singing Star of Old Gold's, Meet Me At Parky's program, Sunday Nights on the N. B. C. Network

Makes Dull Hair Beautiful

1. Friends — and your mirror — will tell you there is new beauty, more silky sheen, more dancing highlights in your hair after your first, easily applied Golden Glint hair rinse.
2. Emphasizes the natural color. There's a *special* Golden Glint rinse for your hair—12 different shades and many more easily prepared combinations.
3. Relieves tangles and snarls. Pure RADIEN, used only in Golden Glint, adds gloss, saving hours of comb-snagging and brush fouling.
4. Fifty million Golden Glint rinses sold. Why not join the throng of modish women who know how superior to old-fashioned home rinses this scientific product is? Get a 25c or 10c packet at drug or variety store.

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Simulated DIAMOND RINGS MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR
1.95 EACH OR BOTH FOR $2.95

You will love to wear these beautiful Engagement and Wedding rings, set with sparkling simulated diamonds, a perfect reproduction of genuine diamond rings. You may have the rings in yellow Gold-Plate or Sterling Silver.

Send No Money

Just send name, address and ring size. Pay Postman on delivery plus 20% Federal Tax and postage charges.

CLARK RING CO., Dept. 513, Box 5151, Chicago

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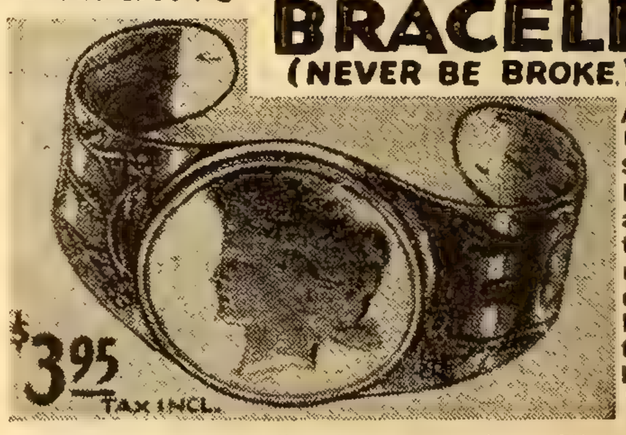
(NEVER BE BROKE)



A real U. S. Silver Dollar attractively mounted on a beautiful embossed bracelet.

Dollar can be taken off and spent anytime. It's new and different—worn by man, woman or child.

SEND NO MONEY Just mail us your name and address and pay postman only $3.95 plus postage—no more. We pay postage if you send $3.95 with order. If not delighted return bracelet within 10 days for money back. Order now.

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345 East 47th Street Chicago 15, Ill.

GIRLS! Want quick curls?

WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.

NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

MONEY QUICK

Sell GREETING CARDS AND PERSONAL STATIONERY

Extra cash with new 1947 line. Just show friends, neighbors, others, tremendous value 16 card All-Occasion assortment. Sells for only $1.00. You make as much as 50c per box. Also fascinating Birthday, Get-Well, Baby, Humorous, Gift Wrapping, Correspondence Notes boxes 33⅓c up. Extra Bonus, Special Money-Saving Offer. Experience unnecessary. Write for Feature Everyday assortment on approval and FREE Personal Stationary sample portfolio.

FREE SAMPLES PERSONAL STATIONERY

Elmira Greeting Card Co., Dept. M-207, Elmira, N. Y.

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WHEEL CHAIRS

bring independence to the handicapped

E & J Folding Wheel Chairs are comfortable, compact and beautifully designed of chromium plated tubular steel. Because they FOLD for automobile travel, E & J Chairs make it possible for handicapped individuals to work, play, go anywhere!

Manufactured in California
7748 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46

Lightest and Strongest Wheel Chair

Everest & Jennings Wheel Chairs weigh only 34 pounds . . . Width open is 24½ inches . . . Closed 10 inches. Your dealer can supply you . . . or write direct for catalogue and information about E & J Folding Wheel Chairs.

EVEREST & JENNINGS, Dept. R
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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

In my own case, the doctor prescribed thyroid. Apparently, without being aware of it, I had always had a thyroid deficiency because I am now at my normal weight—135 lbs.—as compared to my former 185 lbs. But you couldn't convince my mother that I am healthier and better off than ever before. You know how mothers are! She thinks I'm ready for the grave and if she had her way I would be gorging this very minute on apple pie and hot biscuits to gain it all back.

The next step, as I told Peggy, is to realize that the whole process of reducing is going to be a most unpleasant one. Then, when those first real hunger pangs get underway you won't, in despair, reach for a chocolate bar. For there will come a time when you decide that if you can't have the kind of food you're craving, you just won't eat anything—you'll smoke a cigarette instead. Don't overlook that danger signal. You just can't afford not to eat what they tell you to for a prescribed diet is always carefully figured out as to the exact amount of vitamins and calories your body needs and it won't allow for any eliminations or substitutions. If you try any, you'll find yourself with a sick tummy, a bad headache and an all-round good case of illness.

My prescribed diet was the usual one in which sweets, starches and fats are taboo. Here is a day's sample menu:

BREAKFAST

Fruit juice, poached or soft-boiled egg, one piece of toast with butter, black coffee (no sugar or cream)

LUNCH

Piece of lean meat, roasted or boiled but never fried; salad without dressing, fruit for dessert and a glass of milk

DINNER

Same as lunch, with the addition of a cup of clear soup and one vegetable. You may, if you prefer, have tomato juice in place of the soup. One slice of bread with butter is allowed for dinner or, if you prefer, at lunch; only two slices of bread a day are permitted.

When you get hungry during the day (which will be most of the time) nibble on raw carrots, celery or radishes.

Your weight loss may be much slower or faster than mine. It took me only eight weeks to trim down to 135 pounds, though it seemed at least a year. The first few weeks I lost 5 pounds a week—the shock to my system was so great—then two pounds, sometimes only a pound and a half, a week. Remember, that the last fifteen to twenty pounds is much harder to take off than the first and that even after you are down to a normal size, it will take considerable time to stabilize your weight. By stabilizing, I mean reaching the point where a dish of ice cream, when you want it, won't send the scales soaring. It took me from six to eight months to arrive at that stage. Now, if I want a dish of ice cream, or even a bowl of chili and beans—Number One on my list of favorite foods—I can enjoy them without worrying. Most of my friends consider my present food fare a diet but I've become so accustomed to it that I never give it a thought.

I don't eat breakfast except on the days that I broadcast as I'm one of those go-to-bed, get-up-late people who operate best on from nine to ten hours sleep. The days I breakfast, it is only orange juice and coffee. My lunch is generally a sandwich. Then

NEW! a liquid 'LIPSTICK' CAN'T SMEAR! WON'T RUB OFF!

ADA LEONARD, famous stage beauty

Instantly . . .
make YOUR lips more thrilling!

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that actually can't smear—that really **won't** rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. At better stores everywhere $1.

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Mail Coupon for Generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 7144
2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12¢ (2¢ Fed. tax) for each.

Check shades wanted:

- ☐ **Medium**—Natural true red—very flattering.
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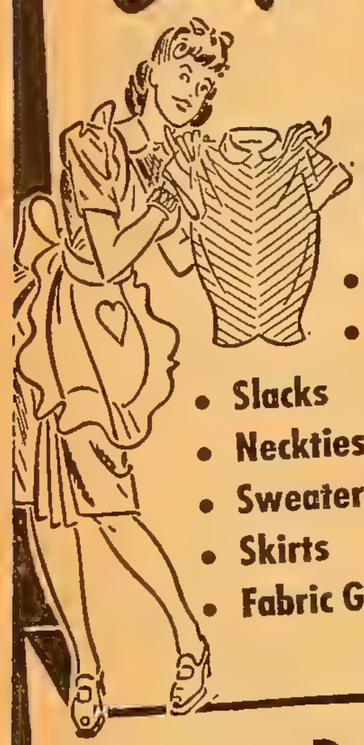
Ladies, accept this challenge

Dry Clean at Home



- BLOUSES
- DRESSES
- Slacks
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- Fabric Gloves
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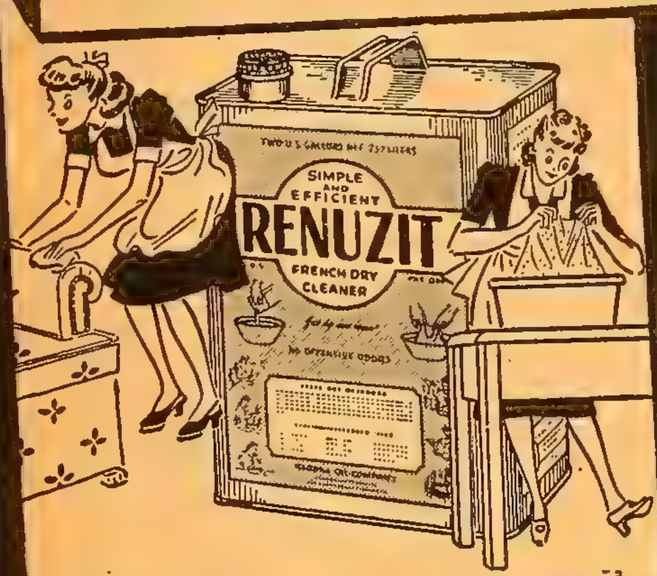
Expert Results or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

What a chance to discover Renuzit, America's Largest Selling French Dry Cleaner! Try it to dry clean your lovely dresses, blouses or other pretties. See how easy it is to "dip and rinse"—how much money you save—what expert results you get! With the "Double Money-Back Guarantee"—use it according to directions—if not completely satisfied, return the unused portion to Renuzit Home Products Company, Phila. 3, Pa., and receive double the price.

1 gal. . . 79¢ 2 gal. . . $1.55

Slightly Higher West of Rocky Mts.



Everything Comes Clean With

RENUZIT

FRENCH DRY CLEANER

For Hard to Remove Spots!

NEW! RENUZIT SPOT AND STAIN REMOVER

Fruit, Chocolate, Lipstick, Grease and almost all other oil and water soluble spots!

for dinner I have what I want—most often a good thick steak, a salad, rolls and dessert.

Peggy was none too happy as she listened to my current menu—apparently, she felt that by now I should be able to have lemon pie for lunch and dinner if I wanted it. Hopeful that there must be an easier way, she asked me about exercise. I had to admit that that is an alien subject to me. I imagine, however, that exercise taken consistently would undoubtedly help you to reduce but the truth is that I have never in my life done anything more athletic than walk. Even when I was in school I avoided sports as diligently as mathematics. Oh, I managed to get by in my studies but music was, and still is, the only thing in which I was really interested and which I could ever do well. Mother had always determined that her four girls should have the opportunity, which had been denied her, to study music. I started piano when I was three and when I was six was busy organizing concerts with neighborhood talent to which the admission was the huge sum of one nickel.

ODDLY, though I was shy and timid about everything else, I could sing or play before an audience without suffering too much. I had simply spent so much time practising that I *knew* I could do it. That reminded me of Frank Sinatra and I had to tell Peggy about the time he and I were singing on the Tommy Dorsey program. Frank was still comparatively unknown then but he had every confidence in his own future. "You wait, Jo," he used to say, "I'm going places." With Frankie, that wasn't and isn't conceit. He just knows that he's good—through no particular credit to himself; he just is. When, in 1941, I, too decided, to go out on my own, Frankie was there for my first solo to give me a pat on the back and an "I knew you could do it." He's a real person.

Peggy's wide-eyed approving look was silent endorsement of my words about Frankie-boy. Coming out of her Sinatra-filled dream she began querying me further as to the reasons for taking the drastic step of dieting (I could see plainly that she thought drastic a mild understatement for doing without chocolate sundaes) and did I really think it had been worthwhile?

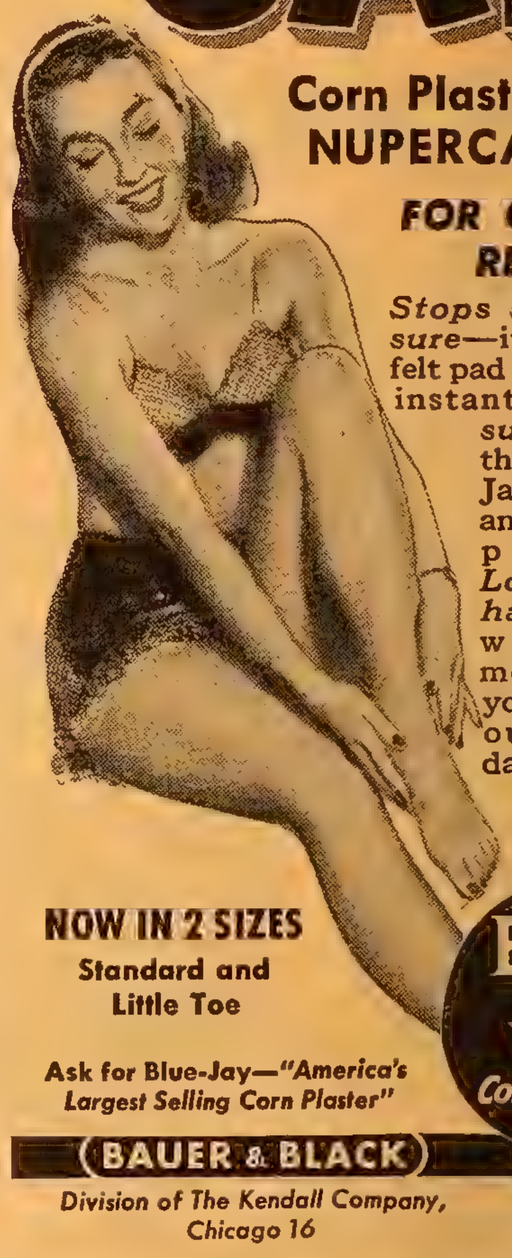
To answer her first question I must go way back to my first singing job. That was right after high school graduation when I joined my two older sisters in a trio—they had been singing over the radio for sometime. Next, there was a stint with the Pied Pipers, then with Dorsey's band, following which Johnny Mercer gave me the biggest opportunity I had yet had, a chance on the Mercer Music Shop. It seemed that whenever my career came to a standstill someone was always there to help me up to the next rung—and nothing much was said about my weight.

Not, that is, until I made my second personal appearance at the Paramount in New York and some of the critics were most uncomplimentary about my well-cushioned contours. To add to my troubles, the GIs were writing me for pin-up pictures. I sent them—but with misgivings. I definitely wasn't the pin-up type and that hurt, too, because from those GI letters they had evidently conjured up quite a dream girl. But the last straw came when motion picture companies began mak-

CORN AWAY!

HAPPY DAY!

BLUE-JAY



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Stops shoe pressure—its soft Durafelt pad relieves pain instantly! *Curbs surface pain,* thanks to Blue-Jay's exclusive anesthetic Nupercaine! *Loosens the hard "core"* with gentle medication—you just lift it out in a few days!

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NOW IN 2 SIZES

Standard and Little Toe

Ask for Blue-Jay—"America's Largest Selling Corn Plaster"

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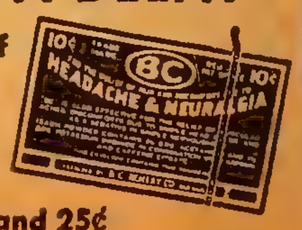
NEXT TIME YOU FEEL A HEADACHE COMING YOUR WAY

TAKE A "BC" HEADACHE POWDER WITHOUT A DELAY

"BC" for quick relief from HEADACHES NEURALGIC PAINS AND MUSCULAR ACHES—10¢ and 25¢



Caution: use only as directed.

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

LOVALON, simple and quick to use after a shampoo, does these 4 things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Brings out lustrous highlights.
2. Adds a rich, natural tint to hair.
3. Rinses away shampoo or soap film.
4. Leaves hair soft, easy to manage.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach — merely tints the hair as it rinses. Comes in 12 flattering shades. Try Lovalon.

At stores which sell toilet goods

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Replacement or a refund of money — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — if not as advertised therein

Marvel — Whirling Spray Syringe for Women — $3.50 — At drug counters throughout the world

Free Booklet—The Marvel Co., 11 East St., New Haven, Ct.

MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR DIAMOND RINGS

Genuine Diamond Chip engagement Ring set in square 10 kt. Yellow Gold Mounting—perfectly matches the lovely Wedding Ring with 3 brilliant chip Diamonds in embossed 10 kt. Yellow Gold setting. Either ring only $4.95 or both for only $8.95 plus postage and 20% Fed. tax on our Money Back Guarantee. **Send No Money!** Just send name and address with piece of string or paper showing finger size. Pay postman on delivery.

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Help yourself to **BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS**

Don't be embarrassed by short, broken, thin nails. It's so easy to cover unsightly nails with NU-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy, they bring you long, lovely nails that everyone admires. Can be worn any length and polished any shade. **Help you overcome nail biting habit.** Set of 10 only 20c at all 5c-10c stores ... and at Sears.

NU-NAILS *ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS*
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Dept. 16-D, Chicago 44, Illinois

ing tentative overtures—provided, of course, that I rid myself of considerable surplus flesh. It seems that the camera puts a good ten pounds on everyone. That goaded Mike into action and he stopped needling me in favor of a simple order "to go see what could be done."

As to Peggy's query as to whether it was worth it, I can answer with all my heart that it was—a thousand times over. In so many ways—to be able to buy a size 14 instead of a size 20 dress, to be able to wear sweaters and skirts, to see the look of surprised incredulity on the faces of my friends when they saw the new me—these were only a few of the happy moments that repaid a thousandfold.

ONE of the biggest thrills of my life came one summer afternoon when I walked into my apartment overlooking Central Park in New York. Dad was arriving from the coast that afternoon but, due to a broadcast, I was unable to meet his train. As he was to see me for the first time since my transformation from an ugly duckling, I dressed so carefully—a sophisticated upsweep for my hair, a green linen dress whose lines gave me credit for a better reducing job than I had done and, of course, dark glasses which I always wear when I got out in the sun. As I opened the door I saw Dad standing at the window talking with my sister. He half turned and observed me with casual interest as I walked across the room. At first, his lack of welcome was like cold water flung in my face, then I realized—he thought I was a friend of Chris's, my older sister who lives with me as companion and secretary. I walked to within a few feet of him before he knew; suddenly I was in his arms, laughing and talking. I'll never forget how proud and happy I was that day.

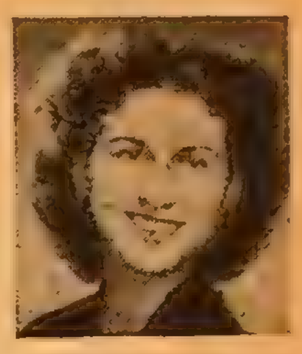
My Dad, incidentally, has always been my idea of the most wonderful man in the world. He and mother moved from Gainesborough, Tennessee, to Coalengo, California, a boom oil town when Chris and Pauline, my two older sisters, were babies. Dad became a wildcatter, working on the oil rigs and later was promoted to driller which, as you may know, takes plenty of brawn and skill. I lived for those times when he would take me with him on his towers—the oil man's name for shifts. The oil field, lighted with the flares of waste gas and throbbing with the steady rhythm of the oil well pumps, was to me a place of enchantment. Perhaps that's one of the strong holds California still has on me.

But how did I get on the subject of oil fields? Oh, yes, I was convincing Peggy that a severe reducing regimen is worth the effort. And all I can say, over and over, underlined, italicized and capitalized, is that, in so many different ways, it *is* worth it. Your whole physical system will tone-up. Improved health and vitality will give clearer texture and color to your skin, new sparkle to your eyes and added life and lustre to your hair. I may sound like an advertisement for an iron tonic but it's all true.

With that as a starting point and with a figure to be proud of—rather than ashamed of—you'll have an inspiration to dress with more care and dash and to be better groomed. You'll naturally want to set that figure off to the best advantage possible so first thing you know you're hard at work on every trick of dress and makeup which will play-up your good points and

shop-along

with ELLEN CHANIN



SHOPPING can be so satisfying when we find products of good value — and we have three to recommend this month.

★ ★ ★ ★

Start with a Soup Bar . . .

This is our own private discovery on how to steer a man off to a happy start at a buffet supper. Before you send him foraging among the ladies and the lobster, give him a warm welcome at the soup bar. Ours is famous for an appetizing he-man favorite — Betty Crocker green split-pea soup. 5 minutes to prepare, and the inevitable 5 minutes more to make more. We take the compliments — but Betty Crocker deserves them. You ask for Betty Crocker Pea Soup ingredients.

★ ★ ★ ★

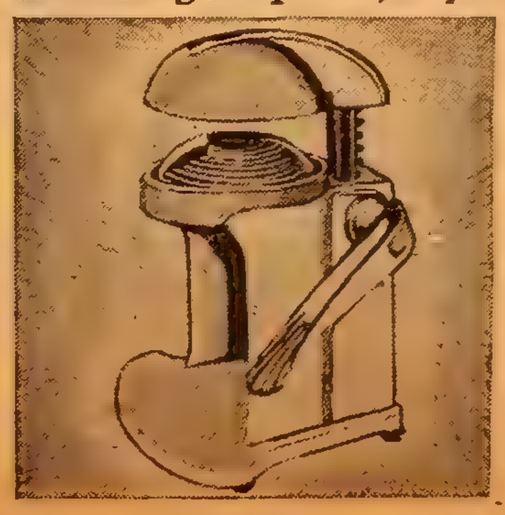
A Second Look

There are two kinds of pedestrians: the sky-lookers, the pavement-gazers. Being pavement-gazers ourselves, we recently spotted a pink feather too small for any use, a lone earring of no value . . . *and* a lesson of great value. The smartest feet on the avenue wear beautifully shined shoes. Having noted — we profited, and now belong to SHINOLA'S "Shine Your Own" clan. It's an easy-to-use polish and its multiple blend of oils *protects* as well as polishes by preserving and adding to the natural oil of the leather. Insist on SHINOLA, in paste or liquid, all colors.

★ ★ ★ ★

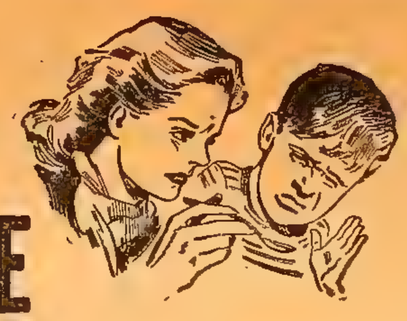
Modern Juicer by Mail!

Fresh orange juice for breakfast at the flick of a wrist! This wonderful new, streamlined, Juicerette extracts ALL the juice. In gleaming snow-white baked-enamel with contrasting red plastic, easy-to-clean, "Konvakup." Mailed post-paid to "Shop-along" readers who send in $2.98. Leecraft, Dept. M4—405 Lexington Ave., New York 17



(Adv.)

Do you have to FORCE your child to take a laxative?



DOES YOUR YOUNGSTER rebel at the laxative you give him? Do you have to *force* it down his protesting little throat to get him to swallow it?

That's such needless, old-fashioned punishment! Today, millions of considerate mothers give their youngsters Ex-Lax! And how the children go for that delicious chocolate taste of Ex-Lax. They just *love* it!

Most important, Ex-Lax is a laxative that parents have learned to trust! It does its work thoroughly and effectively, yet *gently* too! Not too strong, not too mild, Ex-Lax is the "Happy Medium"...a happy solution to the laxative problem for grown-ups as well as children.

No wonder Ex-Lax is America's favorite family laxative—*used by more people than any other laxative.* Last year alone, over 40 million boxes of Ex-Lax were sold! As a precaution, use only as directed.

10c and 25c

The "Happy Medium" Laxative

★*When you have a cold—and if you need a laxative—don't dose yourself with harsh purgatives. Take Ex-Lax!*

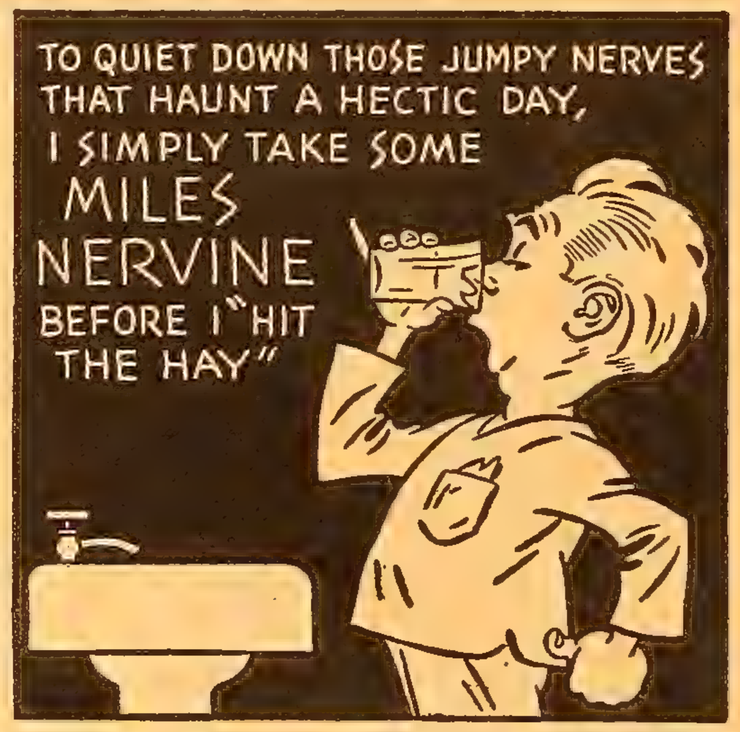
VETO Colgate's Amazing New Antiseptic Deodorant, Checks Perspiration, Stops Odor—Yet is **Doubly Safe!**

Only VETO Contains DURATEX, exclusive new safety ingredient! Veto is different from any other deodorant... Does *not* rot clothes. Safe for any normal skin. Stays moist in jar, never gritty, rubs in easily. Use *doubly safe* Veto regularly to guard daintiness—and to check perspiration, stop underarm odor *safely.*

DOUBLY PREFERRED!

Registered Nurses who have tried Veto prefer it almost 2 to 1 over any other deodorant, according to a nation-wide survey.

APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS—Better Fabrics Bureau



Do you sometimes come home from work with nerves on edge, feeling cranky and irritable? Do you find it hard to sleep after a trying day? Then why not try Miles Nervine? It can ease your tense, jumpy nerves and induce restful, refreshing sleep.

MILES NERVINE

is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Buy Miles Nervine at your drug store. Effervescent Tablets 35c and 75c. Liquid 25c and $1.00. Caution: use only as directed.

MILES LABORATORIES, INC.
ELKHART, INDIANA

MILES NERVINE

minimize your bad—which we all have.

My hair is one of my good points—or so I've always been told as it is naturally curly and referred to by kind friends as red-gold, rather than just plain red. My answer to frequent queries as to how I keep it in condition can be summed up in three points: brushing, scalp massage and frequent, thorough shampooing. Brush your hair till your arm is tired and your hair shines. Before and after a shampoo massage your scalp well. This will also work wonders at night because massage stimulates the scalp and loosens up those tight nerves which are the cause of so much scalp and hair trouble.

Although a fairly smooth skin has also always been one of my assets (despite a generous sprinkling of freckles) when I started cutting out starches and sweets my skin became so much fresher and clearer that everyone remarked about it.

AS for clothes, you'll find that now a whole new world of style and color is yours for the asking. Where before you had to be oh, so careful to find things that slenderized—black, mostly, and straight simple lines—now you can deck the new you out in becoming colors and flattering, feminine styles.

I'm a true Californian in that I stick very closely to the casual type of sport clothes, comfortable flats and no hat—all my friends say that they always know when I'm going away because that's the only time I ever wear a hat. I had always had a frustrated desire to wear sweaters and skirts so now I practically live in them—and never tire of them. Of course, I do go in for good-looking, form-fitting black dresses and high heels for my broadcasts. I guess you wonder why black when here I've just been telling you that you can wear other colors once you reduce, but the fact is that with my coloring, black is my most becoming color.

I'll never forget one of my first broadcasts after my renovating job was complete. There were two GIs sitting in the very first row, all shined up and resplendent with their campaign ribbons and medals. They kept nudging each other and exchanging significant glances as I came out on the stage and I knew I was getting the good old once-over. When my last song faded away and the control man gave the off-air signal, the two GIs were the first on the stage to speak to me.

"Gee, Miss Stafford," said the younger one, who looked about nineteen, "we never missed a broadcast of yours when we could help it, all the two years we were overseas. I used to tell my buddy, here, that the first thing I was going to do when I got back to the States was to come and see what you looked like in person. And, gee, you're just as pretty as I imagined you."

Well, believe it or not, I consider that about the nicest speech any man ever made to me, and it made up for every minute of those hunger-filled days.

My strongest argument I saved to the last—how much a good figure can do for your popularity stock with the opposite sex. In fact, you'll find that your appearance and the confidence you have in that appearance, will influence every phase of your life for the better—your career, your relations with other people and, of course, your romance. Although there is no special person in my life at present, I feel I am better equipped to handle romance

when it does come because I now believe in myself, which is all-important. Peggy here offered the suggestion that I am probably hard to please where men are concerned, but that isn't true. I haven't any special qualifications to which my dream man must measure up other than that he must have sincerity and a sense of humor. And he will more than likely be a musician or connected in some way with the music world because every man I've ever dated much has been.

Just as I was finishing off my views on romance to Peggy—she is such a flattering little listener with her avid attention that you ramble on before you know it—my closest companion came rushing around the corner of the house and into my arms. He's a golden-haired, six-months-old cocker spaniel by the name of Mike and as he's the first dog I've ever owned you can imagine that he holds a very special spot in my life and affections. (Yes, you've guessed it. He's named for my manager who gave him to me.) The pup and I soon discovered we like the same things—people, walking, curling up in front of the fire with a good book. There is, I'll have to confess, a slight discrepancy in our tastes in books as I prefer Thurber and Mike likes authors whose books have a somewhat heavier, more edible stock. Peggy and Mike were old friends on sight and she was a little more receptive to his ardent love-making than I am. His muddy paws make such strange designs on clean clothes I have learned to temper my affection with caution. But not Peggy—she was busy rubbing his cold nose against her cheek when she made her momentous decision.

"I guess, Jo," she said firmly, "if that's all there is to it, I can do it. When do you think I should start?"

"Not," I said, with equal firmness, "till tomorrow. Today we're having chili and beans. I made up a whole kettle after dreaming about it for months back in New York. Let's go."

So Peggy and I, with Mike watching, ate chili and beans and more chili and beans. Which all goes to prove my point—that dieting needs a firm will. Or does it? I'm afraid I left Peggy wondering. But, wondering and questioning aside, if it so happens that you're carrying extra poundage around with you, why not face it squarely? Dieting, like all forms of discipline, is a tough regimen to put yourself on. There will be times when it won't seem worth it. But you want to keep the picture of your goal before you. Isn't that slim, attractive person worth a little sacrifice now? And how did Peggy's own weight problem turn out? I don't know because she's not through with her program yet, but she's started. And good luck when you try.

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This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Called BLONDEX, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights. Safe for children's hair. Get BLONDEX at 10c, drug and department stores.

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When you finish with your BLONDEX shampoo, use BLONDEX GOLDEN RINSE to add the lustrous touch of golden color so often needed. Not permanent—washes off as easily as make-up. Costs little. Sold everywhere.

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Easier—Daintier—More Convenient

Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication For Hours. Stainless—Leaves No Odor!

There has long been an urgent need of a higher type method for intimate feminine cleanliness. One that would be *effective* yet *absolutely safe* to tissues, easier and daintier to use and not offensive to a woman's delicate feelings.

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Zonitors actually destroy offending odor. Help guard against infection. They are *so effective* they immediately *kill* every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE Zonitors kill every *reachable* germ and keep them from multiplying. Any drugstore.

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Introducing

BEN GRAUER

BEN GRAUER is looking for a city in Guatemala. It's not a romantic dream, but a project that the busy announcer intends to set in motion as soon as he can spare the time, and as soon as he finds out where he can get an Army surplus Beechcraft. A keen student of archeology, Ben has made several trips south of the border. On one of them he spied from the air what he believes to be an ancient Mayan city. Ever since, it's been his cherished plan to form an expedition, go back to Central America, and bring forth whatever treasures his own private discovery has to offer.

Until then, Ben continues as the familiar voice that brackets many programs: NBC's America United, Home Is What You Make It, Supper Club, Symphony of the Air, and others. To English-speaking audiences all over the world, he's "the Voice of America," the official narrator for the Department of State's Office of International Information and Cultural Affairs (O.I.C.) series of films, which project the American scene for people in other lands.

Born in 1908 on Staten Island, Ben migrated with his family when they decided Morningside Heights in Manhattan would be closer to the center of things. His career grew along with his education. It began at eight, when he was sent to one of those Saturday afternoon dancing-and-manners classes where little boys are taught that there are pleasures in life more rewarding than scaring little girls with worms. Ben attained such a degree of suaveness that he caught the eye of a motion picture representative who visited the school, and was one of a group selected by him to take part in a film production. He performed so creditably that he was engaged for regular work.

He was, for instance, the original Georgie Bassett in the first movie of "Penrod." He remembers working with Carlisle Blackwell, Theda Bara, Pauline Frederick and another juvenile of the time—Madge Evans. He had a part in Griffith's film "The Idol Dancer," and starred in "The Town That Forgot God."

It was right after his graduation that he veered from the greasepaint and the cameras to the newer field of radio. Two hours after his first and only audition at NBC he was decorated with a contract as a full-fledged announcer.

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SIMPLE CHEST COLD
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The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

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Sterling silver ladies ring in new lovely pattern, set with brilliant white stone. Given for selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each, remitting the $1.00. Order 4 salve by 1c post card. You can sell the salve in a few hours. (Will mail ring and 4 salve NOW if you send $1.00 with order.)
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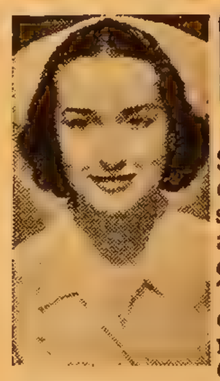

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FREE—Illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mailed in plain wrapper.

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Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page* 43)

hours. So I started to work immediately making a living for myself and baby. After I had been working a few weeks I met an inspector where I worked, who was very handsome. He asked me for a date, and after that we were together constantly. I took him to the rooming house to see Janet and told him all about my past. He loved her immediately. He also said he loved me that much more because I told him the truth. When Ed asked me to marry him I knew that Life Could Be Beautiful, and that God was indeed good to me to give me a fine husband and father for our child. Janet went to our wedding when she was eleven months old. After that my husband had me stop working and give all my time to the care of Janet and the house work.

My husband's parents say there is no use in bringing up the past, the present is what counts. My own parents have finally forgiven me and I'm not ashamed to face the world anymore. I think I have at last paid for my sin and that God was just in guiding me to find the only man I could ever love enough to be his mate for life. My husband adopted Janet and now she is really and truly ours.

Mrs. O. P.

No Desert Is Lonely

Dear Papa David:

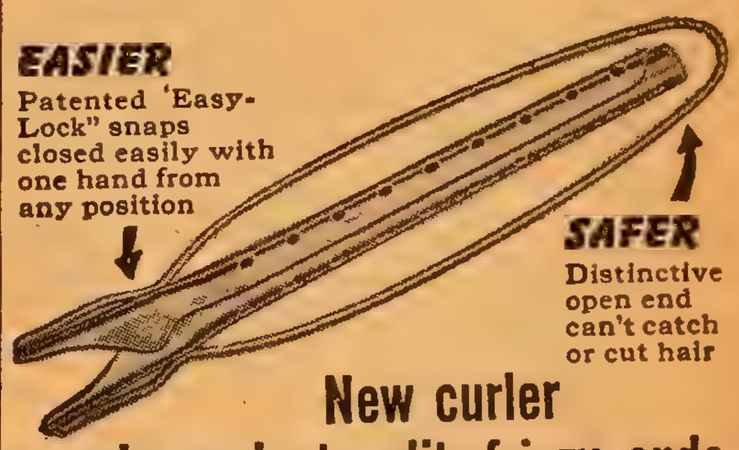
Years ago I married and my first home was out in a small mining camp in western Arizona. We were forty-seven miles from a railroad, there were just seven white women in the camp, my husband was cashier of the new bank, and we pioneered truly, living in a tent. Indians and Mexicans were our neighbors.

I had been a nurse for ten years previous to my marriage, and to say I was lonely and heartsick is putting it mildly. I spent my days pitying myself and making life as miserable as possible. I had read much of the beauty of the desert, but I was too blind to see it, so I just looked through the darkened windows of my soul and saw gloom.

Then a terrible thing happened, a plague broke out in all its fury. Little children died like flies, and the two doctors could not diagnose the disease. I worked over those little ones tirelessly. I forgot time and place as I watched them pass away one by one. I used my wedding dress to line goods boxes in which to place their little forms. My Christian husband and I stood at their little graves, with the open Bible and read of that Home where little children play on the streets, in a land tearless, and eternal. I received the tearful thanks of those parents for my labor of love, and more children kept dying. Finally I begged the mine superintendent to take a tiny girl to a large city 178 miles away. Through a long night we passed the old black Arizona craters going sixty miles an hour, the little child on my lap nearing death's door with each mile. At last we arrived at the hospital, and the child was treated by experts who found the cause to be copper poisoning in the water they were drinking. We sent the word back, water was hauled in, and death at once was forestalled.

No longer did the desert seem dreary to me. I solicited money to build a

Revolutionary New Curler Avoids Broken Hair Ends



New curler guards against split, frizzy ends

No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" curlers "baby" brittle hair-ends, treat them smoothly, gently—thanks to the unique "open-end" feature. No wonder your hair looks so lovely, so soft, so natural, so becoming!

Get a whole set of these new, safer curlers today

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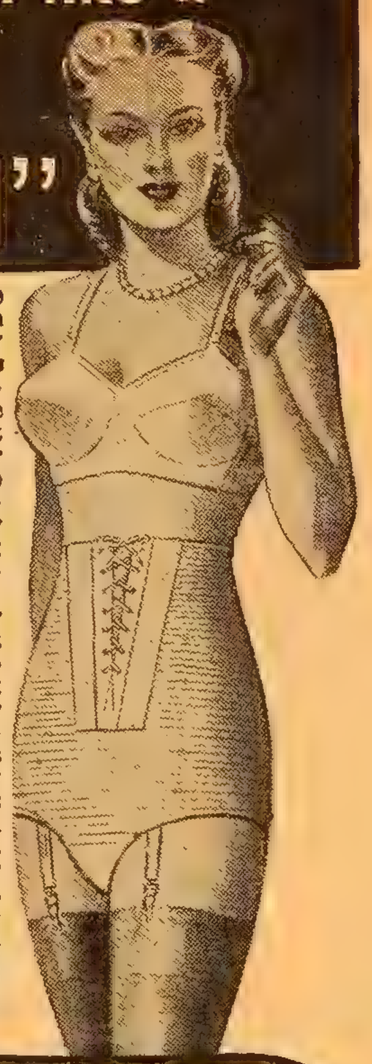
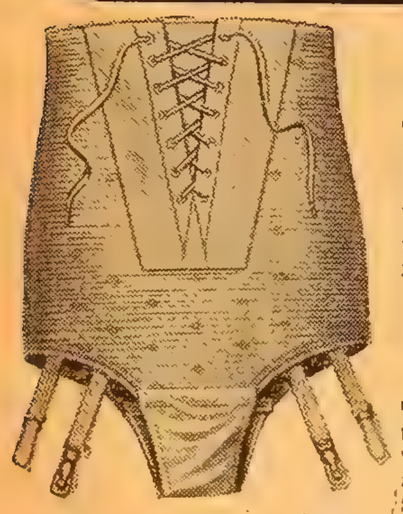
"SLIM SIXTEEN"



Does a bulging tummy make you look years older than you really are? Are ordinary girdles uncomfortable to wear... do they fail to flatten out your abdomen the way you want? Then here at last is the answer to your problem! TUM-E-SLIM, the wonderful new health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel like a "Slim Sixteen".

So why go on day after day with a tired back that needs posture support to bring relief? Why look droopy and beyond your years because your mid-section bulges and your clothes don't fit right? Read below why TUM-E-SLIM brings you vital control where you need it most . . . how it helps to "harmonize" your figure to more stylish lines . . . why it's so comfortable to wear. And remember, you can have a TUM-E-SLIM sent to you to wear on FREE TRIAL. See our offer in the coupon.

"TUM-E-SLIM"
HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



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TUM-E-SLIM has a built-in front-laced panel. Adjust the laces to your own greatest comfort. Your tummy is lifted into shape, flattened out . . . yet you feel truly comfortable.

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TUM-E-SLIM is made of two-way S-t-r-e-t-c-h wonder cloth—it stretches as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

HEALTHFUL, ENJOYABLE FIGURE CONTROL — ALL DAY LONG!

You can wear TUM-E-SLIM all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front-laced panel brings you perfect personalized fit. The design of TUM-E-SLIM is based on scientific facts of healthful figure control. Made by experts of quality materials. Comes with detachable crotch of rayon satin material; also 4 detachable garters. (Remove garters when not wearing stockings.) Color: Nude. All sizes. Only $3.98 in regular sizes. Sent on Free Trial. Give measurements asked for in coupon below.

FREE "Magic" Plastic Laces. For your extra added comfort you get a pair of Plastic laces that stretch gently as needed. Try them in TUM-E-SLIM instead of regular laces. See which you prefer.

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Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a TUM-E-SLIM. I will pay postman $3.98 (plus postage) (sizes over 38, $4.98) with the understanding that this payment is only my evidence of good faith and is not to be considered a final purchase unless I decide to keep the garment. In 10 days I will either return TUM-E-SLIM to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is..... Hips are.....
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R
M

school for those little dark-skinned children, and found that I had too much to do to ever again think of self. Out on that lonely desert, Life Became Beautiful.

Mrs. R. P.

The Greatest Blessing

Dear Papa David:

I came home from the war terribly frustrated and embittered with life. I had lost faith in mankind, myself, the future—and everything. My friends and relatives kept remarking on the way the war had changed me and this gave me a complex, which later turned to pitying myself. That was fatal! The more I pitied myself, the weaker I became until finally I had no courage left to fight for freedom from my unhappy obsessions.

One day, I heard that one of my war buddies had just gone through another operation on his leg. It was his fifth operation since he was wounded and left for dead in the Battle of the Bulge, nearly two years ago. Another buddy asked me to go along to the Veterans' Hospital to see Jim and, although I shrank from seeing more of the misery brought on by the war, I liked Jim so much that I went.

We found Jim in great spirits. His leg was in a heavy cast from his hip to his toes and it would be several weeks before the doctors could tell whether the operation had been a success. But Jim had faith! He laughingly showed us how he could wiggle his toes—"I haven't been able to wiggle them for nearly two years," he said. In a more serious mood, but not a despairing one, he said that if this operation were a failure, then the next one would mean amputation. "I'm still going to be a doctor," he said, "I'll only be thirty-three when I get through medical school."

In a bed near Jim's, there was a patient who looked too young to have been in the war. "He's nineteen," Jim told us, "and the happiest fellow in the ward." I went over and talked with him and couldn't help noticing that he was minus one arm and one leg. But he wasn't worrying over anything—except that he couldn't go home for Christmas. He even had plans for the future—he hoped to make his fortune as manager of a hotel back home. Such wonderful hope!

Something happened to me in that hospital. I left there counting my blessings. Here I was, all my limbs in good shape and should have been enjoying one of the greatest of all blessings—good health. I had a good home, loved ones, friends who had stood by me, a small job with opportunity for advancement, and a girl who loved me in spite of the way I had neglected her.

I couldn't sleep that night for counting my blessings. I thanked God that the war is over. I realized for the first time that I should be helping to build the lasting peace. I counted my blessings as an American, living in the most wonderful country on earth.

L. W.

Someone For Aline

Dear Papa David:

We have an adopted son and people often say, "Oh, you were so good to take a child and accept the responsibility when you didn't have to." We know that they mean well and think nothing of it. You see, we know that we were just lucky to get our child and there was no goodness involved. We did it to please ourselves.

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Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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NEVER wait! At first sign of sore toes from tight shoes, protect them with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll have instant relief and stop corns *before* they can develop. But—if you have corns, callouses or bunions—Zino-pads will relieve the pain almost like magic.

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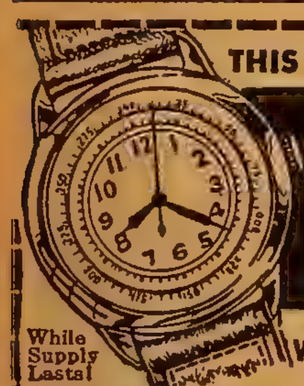

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WORLD-WIDE DIAMOND CO. Dept. H938
2451 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 16, Illinois

However, Papa David, I do want to tell you about an adoption that should restore everyone's faith in humanity. I doubt if I could have been big enough to do what this woman did.

Miss Smith was a teacher in a small town. She was bound by all the unwritten laws assigned to all teachers and she lived a life completely free of public criticism.

Aline was a child who never had a dog's chance to be good. Her mother left her father to live with another man. The father did not want Aline and the mother did not, either. No one wanted her. She was a pretty child but her way of living gave her too much worldly knowledge to be acceptable in a close-knitted elementary school.

No one made Aline attend school regularly and no one cared so she was in the fifth grade when she was twelve. She was sent to the principal's office constantly for having said something about sex. There was no solution to her problem since there was no real home to appeal to.

Before Aline's thirteenth birthday her mother accused her of being too affectionate with her step-father and asked the local authorities to send her to a reform school. There was no real charge and it was not considered the right thing to do. The mother would not let her live at home so she was carried to the county jail to just wait until something happened.

Miss Smith passed by one day and Aline called to her. She said, "Please just talk to me. I am so lonesome."

To make a long story short—Miss Smith became interested in Aline and accepted the responsibility of her care. Everyone warned Miss Smith that she would rue the day and they reminded her over and over that she could never change the child from the delinquent she 'naturally was.' That decided it for Miss Smith. She legally adopted Aline and then moved to another section of the state. Before she moved, though, everyone felt a little softer toward Aline and it was a miracle what her foster mother had done for her. For the first time in her life someone loved Aline and she responded to that love as a flower looks to sunshine.

Mrs. A. D.

"You're Always Here"

Dear Papa David:

About two years ago my health broke and my doctor advised me to move to the country to get rest and fresh air. Although the housing situation was bad, we were very fortunate in renting four large rooms on the second floor of a fine old farm house. An elderly widow owned the place and she occupied the first floor. A school bus stopped each morning to pick up my son and take him to a school. So after a few weeks of fixing and repairing, we had a lovely apartment to move into.

We fell in love with the country immediately and also with our rural neighbors. We were hardly settled when they began dropping in, bringing gifts of fresh bread, or homemade pies and cookies. And whenever they butchered, we had enough fresh meat to last a week. They were swell but quite different from our city neighbors. But then everything was different now. Instead of staying up half the night, playing cards, going to parties, and night clubs, etc., we stayed at home, popped pop corn, listened to the radio, and went to bed at ten o'clock. On Sunday we attended the little country church and although this

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was a new experience for us, the members welcomed us with open arms. Not only that, but they began to invite us to their homes for Sunday dinner.

And so for over a year we three were very happy. In fact, it seemed like living in a heaven on earth but I began to spoil it all. It began when my husband had to stop work on account of an injured back. By the time he was able to return to work our savings were gone and we were deeply in debt. After this it seemed that no matter how hard we tried we just couldn't get ahead. To make matters worse I began to envy my sisters and also to long for my old city life. You see, my sisters had married men who had very wonderful positions and they gave my sisters everything money could buy. It seemed they had everything while I had nothing.

THE result of all this was that I got such a case of self-pity that everyone around me began to suffer and I began to neglect everything. Soon our neat little home was a mess. I made it quite plain to the neighbors that I felt I was superior to them. I called them hicks and forgot their kindness and generosity. Our meals were concoctions scrambled together in less time than it takes to write about it. I spent the biggest part of my time in a rumpled housecoat and my hair would go uncombed for days at a time. I forgot that the Bible states a cheerful heart is a good medicine and I nagged constantly. When my husband started to lose interest in me I thought he was tired of country life and was only sticking it out on account of my health. I didn't blame his lack of interest on my appearance or actions, but I thought if he was tired of me I would step out of his life. Funny, but instead of planning to return to the city, I planned suicide.

Our landlady was going to spend a few days with a cousin and I would be alone in the house and could carry out my plans perfectly. She left on a Wednesday and on Thursday morning I was up long before daylight. I put my husband off to work and for the first time in months, I kissed him goodbye. After he left, I washed my hair and put it up in pin curls, got my son off to school, and then started to clean the house. Somewhere in my befuddled mind I must have had some spark of self respect left because I didn't want anyone to see the place in its present condition. By three o'clock however I had it pretty well straightened up. As my husband got home at four-thirty I would have plenty of time to bathe, write a note, and turn on the gas. I was just slipping my best dress over my head when I heard an automobile stop. I never had any weekday visitors anymore and so I rushed to the window just in time to see the school bus pull out and my rosy-cheeked son running around the house. He came into the house as happy as a lark because there was a teachers' meeting and he was dismissed two hours earlier than usual. Then really noticing me he said, "Gosh, Mom, you look like a movie star. Is it your birthday or something?"

Then as I handed him a glass of milk, he looked up at me and said, "You know what I like best about the country? No matter what time I come home you are always here."

Well Papa David, that was several months ago and I'm still here waiting for him and his daddy each night. Only now I meet them each night in

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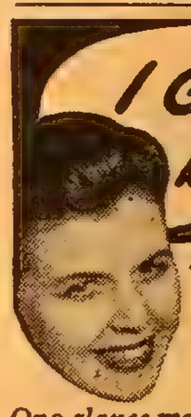
I GOT RID OF BLACKHEADS



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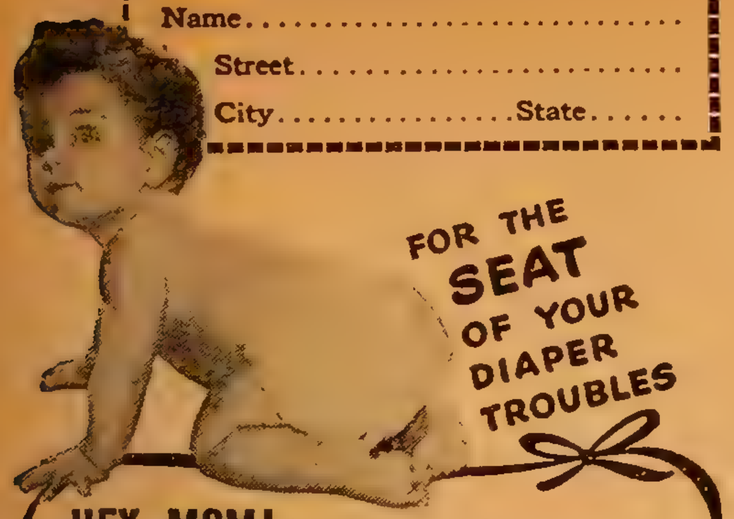

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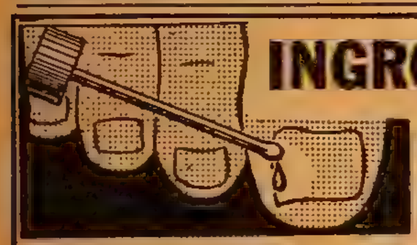

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a crisp house dress, with a smile on my face. The house is once more spotless and a good meal is awaiting them. Our neighbors act as though nothing ever happened; they're grander than ever. We are such a happy threesome. Although money is as scarce as ever, I've found that it's usually the things money can't buy that make life beautiful.

K. E. K.

"If You Need A Friend"

Dear Papa David:

On a bleak winter day I landed on the northern coast of Maine to take charge of a small country pastorate.

As we neared the church, the old deacon with whom I was riding pointed to a well-kept house and said, "There is a man living there of whom you must beware. If you have any dealings with him he will cheat you in one way or another. He is a horse trader and a cheat, and he has a very bad reputation in this part of the country."

It was some months before I met that man, whom I call F. R. He passed me one night as I was walking home from town; by then we both knew each other by sight. He asked me if I cared to ride with him, and I got into his sleigh and as we rode along he told me that he had just bought some baked beans and brown bread in town and said there was a bakery there that prepared them just to his liking.

Suddenly he turned to me and asked: "Have you any baked beans for tonight?" I told him that I did not, whereupon he stopped his horse and said: "Well, you should have baked beans and brown bread on Saturday night, and I want to go back to town and get some for you and your family."

I could not persuade him otherwise, and we both went back to town and he bought the beans and brown bread and presented them to me. Beans never tasted better in my life than those, for more reasons than one.

Another day as I came home in the afternoon I found a burlap bag full of potatoes and a box of very fine smoked herring leaning against my door. I had no idea where they came from for about a month, when one day F. R. asked me: "Did you get the potatoes and fish all right?" He had left them.

A very pressing financial need presented itself while I was there and I needed some money at once, so I inquired about a loan of one hundred dollars and no one knew of any one who could help me unless it was F. R. I was practically forced to go to him. Whereupon he took his check book and wrote out a check for one hundred dollars, refusing any kind of security or papers, telling me to take my own time to pay it back.

When the time came for me to leave that part of the country I had just enough money to meet my expenses and pay back the hundred dollars I had borrowed, so I went to F. R. with the money. He took it out of one hand and put it back in my other hand, saying, "You have done a work here that I never could do, and I appreciate it and I have never intended to let you pay back that money; take it and do some good with it for other people."

Six months later, in a new field, I broke down physically, from overwork, and I went back to the old field for a short visit. When I again met F. R. who inquired all about me and my family, he insisted that I bring my family to his house for an indefinite vacation, until I was well again. This touched me very deeply, for I had no money and did not know where to go to re-

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cuperate, but I took him at his word and we moved into the finest front room in his home, and we ate at his table. His wife was an excellent cook, and soon I began to feel well again.

He took me to the leading doctor in those parts and told him to give me a thorough examination, and to do everything he possibly could for me, and to send the bill to him, and not to let me have one cent of expense for medicine or service.

When fully recuperated, I said goodbye to F. R. He shook my hand and said, "I want you always to remember one thing: If ever you need a friend or any help, if you ever need any money, or know of any way that I can assist you, I want you to send me a telegram at once, and no matter where you are I will be a friend to you."

For thirty-five years those words have lived in my mind—"If ever you need a friend."

F. W. R.

A Sincere Prayer

Dear Papa David:

Indeed, I found out today what you mean by Life Can Be Beautiful. I know, from seeing with my own eyes, a heart-broken mother so happy that the only outlet she could find was in the deep, relieved sobs that came from deep down within her inner being, and the wild tears that ran crazily down her face. From seeing a small bit of a ten-year-old girl clasp her thin little hands, lift her sightless eyes, and all unconscious of the people around her say a sincere prayer, "Thank You, God." There, I saw life in its most humble, most unaffected beauty.

Mrs. F.'s husband is a bed-ridden invalid. Never will be about. She, herself, has only ten per cent vision in one eye. A little ten-year-old daughter is entirely blind. A son, that was the main support before the war, is a patient in a government hospital. The family's only income is a $45.00 a month grant to the blind, and $50.00 from the Aid to Dependent children.

Last week, Mrs. F. had just received the family's subsistence checks, and she started for the grocery store, feeling her way along in her groping way, with the strap of her bag over her arm. Suddenly she felt the bag tugged from her arm—dropping her cane, she reached out to grab it, but it was gone, and she heard the running footsteps of the purse snatcher.

She realized instantly what had happened, and screamed for help—but it was too late.

However, her plight and sad story was written up in the paper. In less than twenty-four hours the relief started coming in to the paper, to be given to the family. Today, it was my pleasant duty to be appointed messenger to take the contributions to the saddened family. When I saw that worried mother holding that three hundred dollars close, close to her face, I wasn't ashamed of the tears that blobbed over and out of my own eyes.

One man from Chicago sent seventy-five dollars. Two other checks for the same amount came by air mail, smaller donations were pouring in. And—today, verily, I am a happier and more humble person than I have ever been in my life.

I found there were people in the world that will fly to the help of the unfortunate—that they will give and share. I was reminded that we are the common brotherhood of a common fatherhood, and that that Father did not preach "Love One Another" in vain.

E. G. H.

Just Ordinary Things

Dear Papa David:

When I was born, my parents thought they had a perfectly normal little girl. At the age of three, my grandmother noticed that my eyes didn't act or look right. I was taken to the doctor and it was discovered that my eyesight was so poor that I was nearly blind.

As I grew older, naturally I began to see the difference between me and other children. There were so many things I couldn't do, so many times I was humiliated or embarrassed because of mistakes I'd make.

I went to doctors all the time I was growing up. Nature wouldn't permit an operation and glasses couldn't be fitted. At the age of twenty-one I was married. During the next year and a half, I never read a book, or threaded a needle, or did anything that was close work in front of my husband.

Then one night, I was fooling around with a miniature telescope and discovered I could read quite far away with it. For the next few days I carried that little lens with me wherever I went and used it constantly.

Finally, my husband suggested my going to see the eye doctor again. I did, and came out of the office singing! My eyes had changed in such a way that I could finally be fitted with glasses. On the way home, I said to my husband hopefully, "Maybe I'll even be able to drive a car."

A month later, I got my glasses, and in another two weeks went to work on my first real job. I had to go to work just to see how it felt to be as capable as other people. No more mistakes, or knowing that other people could do a better job. I never had so much fun in my life. There is nothing I like better than driving a car.

In the next year and a half my glasses were changed three times. My lenses are very thick but who cares?

Mrs. W. L. K.

Not A Thing Apart

Dear Papa David:

Not for all the rice in China, where I was stationed with the Air Corps, would I have given up another birthday party for my little girl. But there being a war on, needless to say I had no takers.

I was in the Canal Zone, her first birthday, that time of rattles and soft, woolly animals. Her second birthday I was in Brazil and missed out on the pull toys and picture books that make a little girl's eyes starry, and now I would be too far away to see her take her doll babies for a ride in that repainted doll buggy of her dear mother's. And all because I was off here fighting for some kids I did not know from a Chinese dialect.

While walking, I was snapped out of my deep bitterness and resentment, by the "DingHow" greeting of not one, but two grinning small Chinese boys. They indicated they would put a grand shine on my shoes if I would be good enough to rest them on their homemade shoe shine boxes.

Well, I divided my business and consolidated my thinking. These shoe shine boys reminded me of others like them in New York's busy Madison Square, that small green in the Berkshires, that park in New Orleans, that corner in Los Angeles. And I suddenly knew, as long as these two in China were vulnerable, no child was truly safe in my own country.

So what a small thing was my contribution, one more birthday party away from my little girl. Before I re-

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R
M

turned to the States, I was to miss another). As my shoes brightened, so did my spirits. And needless to say I tipped them much more than the dimes I usually made my limit.

This birthday I will be with my little girl, and when we sing "Happy Birthday to You" I shall again be reminded of this, that her happiness and mine are not a thing apart from that of all other people's.

T. H. F.

Life Can Be Fun!

Dear Papa David:

Someway life never went just right for me. It had a habit of taking wrong turns, rushing down blind alleys, and staying just in advance of me, so that all I got was a handful of expensive tail-feathers, now and then.

In school, in order to wangle passing grades, my nose was buried so deeply in a book that I couldn't get my eyebrows over the edge. We were poor, and my clothes weren't right. This soured me. Classmates took a look at my double-edged disposition, and made friends in some other direction.

There was a fine young fellow, in later years, who threw himself away on me. He let me spend five years breaking his heart. Finally he was drafted and went to fight the Japs. He gave up then, and I never did know what became of him.

Then either a set of bad tonsils or a naturally sulphuric-acid temperament really took it out of me. Within a year, I had two attacks of acute rheumatic fever. The family was afraid I wouldn't recover. I was afraid I would. I lost. I did.

But a too-long burdened heart said, "Ouch!" and goofed off . . . it now could afford me no more than three or four hours of activity a day. Squalling for once didn't cure it. All my poor mother's scurrying around, my dad's anxiety, didn't help. Like a pain-crazed animal, I snapped at everyone that came near.

A couple of ex-service brothers were a little more realistically grim.

"Hit a brace!" howled the ex-lieutenant. "I can tell a gold-brick a mile off." I wept.

One day a young widow friend visited me, while her eleven-year-old boy played outside. I noticed for the first time a peculiar stiffness in her step.

"Yes," she said, "the doctor's afraid it's some sort of paralysis. It seems to be creeping up my legs." At my look of horror, she went on with a smile, "Rickey says he'll look after me."

Someway the shocking thing opened my eyes. I began to read the stories of my friends. The girl whose husband was a beast. The child-loving couple who had had four still-born babies. The grandmother left alone and forgotten by her family. And yet these people could laugh and love life.

Then I surveyed my own family scene. The intense shroud of gloom. The unhappy voices, the air of no-hope. All, I realized, the appalling by-product of my own snarling personality.

I set about to remedy it. The next day my mother got an invitation to spend the week-end with an old friend.

"Of course, go," I told her. "The boys will help me keep house, and you'll be surprised at our independence."

She was uncertain, but a stunned family rallied nobly to join in the chorus. I will never forget her face as she turned to me to say she would go. It bore a peculiar look. Later, I puzzled it out. It was peace.

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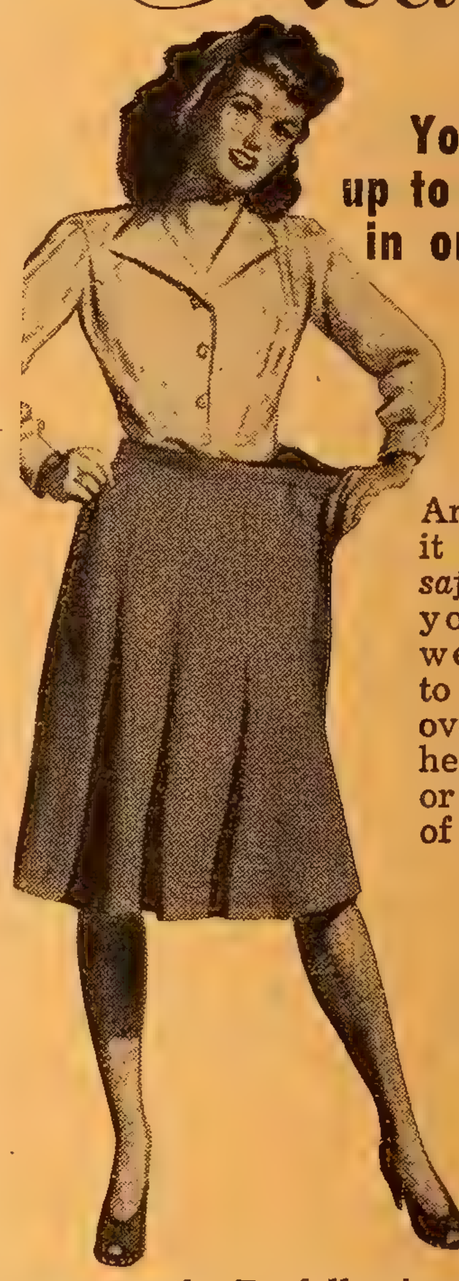

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My father's face wore a new look, too, but I recognized that. It was a smile.

Since then, I have made an everyday determined effort to behave like a human being. My family seems to think I'm succeeding, and—I'll let you in on a secret—I feel like a human being.

Two big brothers can be a lot of fun—especially if they're with one all the way. And they've been with me—and for me—all the way since then. Mom and Dad—for them, I say, "Thank God."

Miss G. M.

The First Step

Dear Papa David:

I never knew my parents. I didn't even know who they were or anything about them because the records of the orphan asylum where I lived during my childhood didn't say anything about my early history except my name and age. I grew up in the orphanage and hated it every minute. Not that anyone there was cruel or anything, it was just that there wasn't any time in the over-worked lives of the orphanage matrons to give us any of that personal attention kids have to have to be happy. I was so starved for love that all I could do was substitute hate for it.

It was even worse when I was older and got sent to the high school in the town. Up 'til then I had gone to classes right in the orphanage, but it was decided that they should give me this chance because I was considered an awfully good student. I felt as though everyone was making fun of the two hand-me-down sweaters and skirts I wore rather than wear the ugly checked uniform dress of the asylum and that wherever I went everyone was whispering that I came from the asylum. When any of the students made friendly advances I thought they did it out of pity and I was cold and unfriendly.

One day everyone in the class was all excited about a party being given by a girl named Dina who was the prettiest girl and very popular and whose parents were well off. I think I hated Dina more than anyone else because she seemed to have everything that I wanted. So when she came up to me that same afternoon to ask if I would come to her party, I made a nasty remark about not being able to accept because I couldn't decide if I should wear my sky blue pink silk dress or my velvet dress to the party. Dina looked at my well-worn skirt and sweater, and she turned all colors of the rainbow and said "oh" in a sort of funny way. The next day when we came to class we were all surprised to find queer little invitations on our desks. They were written on funny brown paper like paper bags, and invited us to Dina's indoor picnic party! There was a p.s. that said, "You'll be sorry if you don't wear your old clothes." I looked across the row at Dina and she returned my look and I knew in a flash that she had changed her plans for my sake to save me pain and embarrassment and to get me to come to her party. It hadn't been pity; she must have really liked me for myself, which was something I had never thought possible. It gave me a queer wonderful feeling. It was the most beautiful moment of my life.

That was many, many years ago, Papa David, but there have been many more such moments ever since. Not that I became a sweet and sunny person all at once, but I took the first step when I went to Dina's party and each

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step after that became easier and easier until by and by instead of being ashamed of my background I was proud because I had risen above it. And there came the time when the happier moments came more often than the unhappy ones.

Mrs. E. G.

Overflowing With Joy

Dear Papa David:

It was a dreadfully cold day on the fourth of November, 1938. Very early in the morning the first snow of the season began to cover the beloved playground of the old country home. Even though I was little more than a child I realized that our fuel supply was completely exhausted. I also knew that it would be several days before we could possibly get fuel. My father was dead and there was only my small brother and aged grandfather to depend on.

The day grew more ghastly by the hour. A strong wind sprang up, blowing the snow. I stood by a kitchen window and wondered what we must do. As I gazed out over the snow-covered acres God must have heard my silent prayer. Beyond the meadow at the edge of the forest a stately old beech tree shattered to the ground. All the family bundled up and rushed out to view the wreckage. We stood by the old tree happily elated that at last we had plenty wood for heat. It wasn't long before we had gathered a supply of wood and were settled comfortably by a warm fire in a nice warm room our hearts overflowing with joy.

As I sat there watching the firelight brighten up the room and the faces of my loved ones, I gazed into the glowing embers and thanked God for a lovely fire that made life very beautiful once more. I still remember the joyous laughter of my old grandfather and the gracious smile upon my mother's face.

Miss V. M. M.

Better This Way

Dear Papa David:

I had a good position in the government postal service, liked it immensely, was happily married and had a daughter two years old. Apparently there could be nothing but the brightest kind of a future for us.

Then, one day, I became ill. The doctor who attended me pronounced the ailment endocarditis.

After many months I was able to be about a bit and attempted creative writing as a means to gain a livelihood. There was plenty of paper available but postage was rather scarce. However, I did manage to obtain stamps once in a while and they paid the fare on my various stories, articles and bits of poetry, which traveled to the eastern magazines only to return with terse rejection slips, but I doggedly plugged away.

Then one day my daughter became ill. After a few days of uncertainty it was finally discovered that she had that dreaded disease, "poliomyelitis." To her pitiful pleas to "rub the pain out of her feet" both my wife and myself responded many, many times each day and night.

Then when all medical aid in our little town was exhausted we took her to a children's hospital in a large city where, after many months' stay, we were informed that an operation would be performed on her right foot—this after a previous one in which a cord was cut. We went to the city and brought her home.

Then came the school days. Her right leg was entirely useless but with the aid of a hip-length metal brace it was possible for her to walk although with great difficulty. By sheer force of will power and determination she was able to complete her studies in high school and also the State University where the faculty attempted to discourage her on account of her physical condition. Her main subject was journalism.

After her school days were over she showed me, one night, an article she had written. It was good. In fact it was very good. Anyway that's what a large national magazine thought. Her very first try she landed in it! A full page, with illustration. I had tried to crack that magazine for over twenty-five years and none of my effusions had ever been printed therein. What I had desired for so many years my daughter was able to obtain with but a single try. Not only that but she has repeated again, again and again.

I like it better that way.

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Mr. C. McC.

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